July 21, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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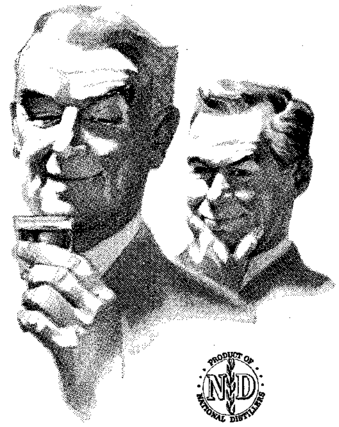

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Fallen Angels—Noel Coward's 1925 comedy about two matrons brooding over a bygone lover owes its lively moments entirely to Nancy Walker, who registers a superlatively farcical performance. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Vivian Blaine and Steven McQueen now have the leading roles in this not too expertly written melodrama, dealing with a drug addict and his upstanding wife, by Michael V. Gazzo. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this buoyant roughhouse comedy, and it is hard to think of a happier combination. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the excellent cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A Southern-household drama by Tennessee Williams in which Marjorie Steele and Thomas Gomez at present head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** A Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis, as dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. With Susan Strasberg and Joseph Schildkraut. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Andy Griffith (who will be replaced on Monday, July 23, by James Holden) is the hero, and Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall (Louis Beachner will fill in for him for two weeks starting Monday, July 23) are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?:** Another comedy by George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch." Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston are Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—The diverse talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., are not quite enough to redeem this fairly tedious and elementary piece about the triumph of a night-club entertainer. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the gagged-up book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss did the songs; and Jack Carter, Kay Medford, and Olga James are in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little overoperatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PLAYHOUSE
THEATRE
AL FABRY

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

My Fair Lady—An outstanding musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, are almost beyond compare. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe composed the music, and the sets and costumes are the work of, respectively, Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Faces of '56—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is very pleasant, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. The songs, dances, and sketches are largely the work of June Carroll, Paul Lynde, Louis Botto, and Ronny Graham, and the settings provided by Peter Larkin are charming and summery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** A story of a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (including Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Julie Wilson, and Neile Adams have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, July 20: "The Marriage of Figaro." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, July 24, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Man with the Golden Arm," an adaptation by Jack Kirkland of Nelson Algren's novel. With Frederick O'Neal, Robert Loggia, and Peggy Feury. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Lori March and Alfred Ryder. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—A play by Douglas S. Cramer, "Call of Duty." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Paul Hartman, Hal LeRoy, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-8247.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Sunday, July 22: Cesar Romero in "Strictly Dishonorable." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Tallulah Bankhead in "Welcome, Darlings!," a new revue. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Monday, July 23, at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 21: "Plain and Fancy." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "The Student Prince." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:45 and 9:30.)

Camden—Through Saturday, July 21: Mae West in "Come On Up, Ring Twice," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Barbara Baxley and Elaine Stritch in "Bus Stop." (*Camden Hills Summer Theatre,*

	Page
BOOKS	82
THE CURRENT CINEMA	44
LETTER FROM PARIS	74
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	68
THE RACE TRACK	80

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The Man who never Grew Up

Sure enough there goes Peter to sail his yacht in the lake in the park. Every second is precious. There's a breeze around the corner that must not be lost. A breeze as important to Peter as a following Trade Wind. A breeze to thrill ageing eyes with white-billowing sails. A breeze to carry his craft over dreams and oceans, as he stands there watching — a man among boys, a boy among men. Freedom, security, peace, and for his old age, happiness — these are his right by birth. It is the aim of the Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies to see that his country has the armed strength to let him enjoy them.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Camden, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 21: "Still Life" and "A Phoenix Too Frequent." Wednesday through Saturday, July 25-28: "The Mousetrap." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 28: "The Seven Year Itch." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 28: "Kismet." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, July 23: "Bus Stop." Wednesday through Monday, July 25-30: "Anastasia." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 21: Bert Parks in "You Never Know." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Jayne Meadows in "Tea and Sympathy." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 21: Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "The Chalk Garden." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Bert Parks in "You Never Know." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 21: Art Carney in "The Seven Year Itch." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Carol Bruce in "Anniversary Waltz." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 22: Tamara Daykarhanova in "Anastasia." Tuesday through Sunday, July 24-29: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 21: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "Anniversary Waltz." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 21: "Wish You Were Here." Starting Monday, July 23: "The King and I." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Saturday, July 21: Jocelyn Brando in "Bus Stop." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "Anastasia." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 21: David Wayne in "The Ponder Heart." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Beatrice Lillie and Fred Keating in a new revue called "Beasop's Fables." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Thursday through Saturday, July 19-21: "Tosca." Wednesday through Saturday, July 25-28: "Kismet." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Evenings at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 22: "Plain and Fancy." Starting Tuesday, July 24: "The Student Prince." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Saturday, July 21: "Guys and Dolls." Sunday, July 22: "That Man Lincoln." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "Brigadoon." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 21: Dolores Del Rio and Lili Darvas in "Anastasia." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Billie Burke in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, July 29: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in an eleven-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 21: "The Yeomen of the Guard." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 21: Chico Marx in "The Fifth Season." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: A group of Ballet Theatre dancers headed by Nora Kaye and John Kriza. (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 22: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Tuesday through Sunday, July 24-29: "Susan and the Stranger," a new play by Robert Nathan. (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 21: Russell Nype and Jane Morgan in "Paris." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Jerome Cowan in "The Magnificent Yankee." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 21: Charlton Heston in "Detective Story." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Richard Arlen in "Anniversary Waltz." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 21: A group of Ballet Theatre dancers headed by Nora Kaye and John Kriza. Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Dolores Del Rio and Lili Darvas in "Anastasia." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 22: "The Fifth Season." Tuesday through Sunday, July 24-29: "The Desperate Hours." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 21: "Mrs. McThing." Starting Wednesday, July 25: "Double Door." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 21: "The Lady from the Sea." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "S.S. Glencairn." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 21: Billie Burke in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "Plain and Fancy." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 21: "Anniversary Waltz." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "The Chalk Garden." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 21: "Picnic." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: Edward Everett Horton in "All for Mary," a new play. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 21: "The Wayward Saint." Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "Heartbreak House." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Kent Smith in "Measure for Measure": Thursday evening, July 19; Saturday matinée, July 21; Sunday evening, July 22; Wednesday evening, July 25; Friday evening, July 27; and Saturday evening, July 28. . . . ¶ Mildred Dunnock and John Emery in "King John": Friday evening, July 20; Saturday evening, July 21; Sunday matinée, July 22; Tuesday evening, July 24; Thursday evening, July 26; and Saturday matinée, July 28. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call WA 5-8070.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 28: "Carousel." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Saturday, July 21: "Kismet." Starting Monday, July 23: "Guys and Dolls." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 21: Tallulah Bankhead in "Welcome, Darlings!," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 23-28: "The Gimmick," a new comedy. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6161.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 22: "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" Tuesday through Sunday, July 24-29: "Bus Stop." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 21: Melissa Hayden and Francisco Moncion; Myra Kinch and her company, with Ted Shawn; and Geoffrey Holder and his company, with Carmen de Lavallade. Tuesday through Saturday, July 24-28: The San Francisco Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, one of our most ornate public playgrounds, provides dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba group open fire. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band vamp until the cameramen are ready. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre. Renato Rossini and his smoldering Spanish guitar are there, too, except Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—

After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra plays for dancing at dinner and supper in the mammoth Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A midsummer night's dream, equipped with bubbly music by the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music has a permanent lease on the Café Lounge, where it is audible in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—George Washington never slept here, but several more recent founding fathers, unaccustomed to our city's late hours, have been caught napping on the premises. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—What happens onstage at dinner and supper is really a dress rehearsal, since it's simply a way (with music) of showing off clothes. The boys and girls inside them are energetic, the plot (the *what?*) is incredibly confused. Jerome Courtland wields a fine voice, and Lou Nelson jokes thirteen to a dozen. Salvatore Gioè's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music, starting at nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the stately Starlight Roof, there's Ted Lewis, who, apprised on the road that vaudeville is dead, has manfully brought to town his own vaudeville show, in the hope that the rumor is greatly exaggerated. He, his pals, and his band put on a pretty lively wake. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, during the eight-thirty-to-one weekday dancing lessons, the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari furnishes the incentive; Mischa Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday party.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can watch New York swapping old skylines for new ones. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is providing benign cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in a salon of almost unmitigated grandeur. Sundays, Paul Morse sits in for him. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): New Yorkers who have heard about daylight saving but have never tried it gather here in self-defense. Kurt Maier dishes out a placid dinner and supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): It's always fair weather under this modest rooftree, for Goldie Hawkins, proprietor and pianist, manufactures it with his own brand of Southern small talk and comfort. He's in action from about six o'clock on; another pianist (it's Otis Clements Tuesdays through Saturdays) is added at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The piano music in the bar is the work of Jules Kuti, who favors sweetness and light. It begins at the cocktail hour and keeps going until midnight or so. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): From seven o'clock on, there's romantic piano of a superior grade by Don Evans. After the theatre, when the room is apt to be a sort of stage door, there are songs by Charlie Gant, newly arrived from the West Coast. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): In this boarding house, comfort and leisure are supreme. From mid-evening on, most of what little noise is made is the work of Herman Honigsberg's violin and Paul Schlesinger's piano, both of which are thoroughly grounded in the classics. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted now and then with south-of-the-border piano from dinner to supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): The perpetual game of musical chairs sounds most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár and Strauss. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE,** 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi, now backed by a nostalgic threesome that includes a zimbalonist, massages his peripatetic violin most of every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Designed chiefly for young folk who like to just sit around and talk. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, those traumatic humorists, flying into one tantrum, or possibly paroxysm, after another. The end (Wednesday, July 25) is, however, in sight.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Songs (or reasonable facsimiles) by Mae Barnes, whose nightly falls from grace are spectacular. No bones break in the process, but an occasional eardrum may collapse. From San Francisco life after dark comes Dick Gautier, whose youthful carryings-on reveal a sense of the ridiculous; from the sidewalks of New York comes Joey Carter, a collector of trivia, memorabilia, and sheer nonsense. In the background are the eloquent musings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sunday nights, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano at cocktail and dinner time; there's also a dawn-patrol session, starting around 2 A.M., by the Lyons trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The arias are served up by Maxine Sullivan, whose small, still voice is, as always, fresh as a daisy and right as rain; the humor is supplied by Will Holt, an exemplary troubadour who wreathes his folk music with a thin garland of irreverence, and Milt Kamen, a bright young man who is offhand almost to the point of self-effacement. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Late at night, joy is allowed to reign unconfined, and even unrefined. The basic reason is Tony and Eddie, whose vehement pantomiming of people in the public eye leaves almost no celebrity unturned. Another contributor is Patricia Bright, a parodist whose weapon is the claw hammer, and the semi-permanent residents—Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, batting out raucous melody; Jimmie Daniels, with his man-of-the-world ditties; Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy—have their moments, too. The sole believer in good old romance and passion is Felicia Sanders, who sings with fire in her heart. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Cy Walter's piano études appear on the dinner and supper menu of this small and pleasurable world, and the equally eminent Mabel Mercer arrives after ten-thirty to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto. Sam Hamilton, Miss M.'s lifetime accompanist, is audible from cocktails on. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the twin pianos in the bar. There's other amusement, too, principally the obstreperous clowning of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell. Sundays, when Miss C. and Mr. M. stay home, there are ancient movies.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Rude awakenings are staged every evening by Wild Bill Davison's horn, which comes from Dixie. Following suit are Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Bob Casey, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are bridged by Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin, a piano-and-drum corps. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Teddy Wilson, pianist emeritus, is reliving some of the great moments of jazz history. He is given able-bodied help by Jo Jones on drums and Al Lucas on bass. André Perfiani's trio is in the other corner. The group activity begins about nine, and there's cocktail and dinner solo piano, too, every evening. Sunday nights, the main event is the trio presided over by Jack Elliott, whose modernist piano bristles with ideas. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a group of hardened muscle men. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Music that sometimes passeth all understanding, but music that should be listened to. It's turned out by such advanced thinkers as Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz quartet, and the group led by Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a far lustier and yet more innocent era. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Sundays are for rest; Mondays are for jam sessions. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The world's most happily married threesomes spend their second honeymoons here. Right now, they're the trios of Eddie Heywood, old-line pianist of note, and Marian McPartland, new-line pianist of note. The Heywoods are off Sunday; the McPartlands are off Monday. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his holiday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): This famous flying school will afford, through Wednesday, July 25, Count Basie's big band (whose sound is as of many carefully integrated gongs being kicked around) and Johnny Smith's quartet (whose quiet waters often run deep). Joe Williams' wild laments for lost loves say in words what the Basie boys say in music. On Thursday, July 26, a whole new cast: Bud Powell's trio, Lester Young's quintet, and a new fivesome that calls itself Les Modes. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): One interesting effect of American culture on Europe is apparent in the progressive piano of Jutta Hipp, whose trio inhabits the circular bar. She checks in at ten; Suzenne Fordham, the interlude keyboard operator, checks in at nine. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Musicians being shot out of the mouth of a cannon aimed directly at you. Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the principal participants in the fanfare, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A weekend release for young animal spirits. The wherewithal will be provided on Saturday, July 21, by Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Vic Dickenson, Pop Foster, Sonny Greer, Cliff Jackson, and Jimmy Rushing. The parade begins at nine. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another weekend canteen for healthy young manhood and its best girl. Among the old grads due on Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, are Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Morton, Willie the Lion Smith, Zutty Singleton, and Panama Francis.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The arrivals and departures of the inmates of this refuge for experimental musicians are sometimes cloaked in the deepest secrecy. Still, it's worth a visit to see what's doing in the field of jet propulsion. Closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WEIls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays.... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342).... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing; closed Mondays.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing every evening.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGES BRAQUE—A review of his sculptural career, made up of fifteen bronzes, dating from 1939 to the present; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 32 E. 65th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Julian Levi, Reuben Tam, and Oliver Andrews; through Aug. 10.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Figure compositions in oil by Raphael Soyer, Joseph Hirsch, Lily Harmon, and others; through July 31.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: William Chaiken, Stanley Twardowicz, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Chen Chi, Gordon Grant, Molly Guion, and Edward Fenno Hoffman are on the list of contributors to a large display of water colors, oils, and sculptures; through Aug. 31.... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS,** 120 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Lamar Dodd, Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, Louise Nevelson, and other gallery members; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30.)... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as William Glackens, John Sloan, Louis Bouché, and John Heliker; through July 31.... **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: A selection of water colors (by Reginald Marsh, Charles Burchfield, and Hans Hofmann, to mention a few) that has been on a two-year tour of museums in France; through Oct. 1.... **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A retrospective of the season, comprising oils, water colors, and sculptures by William Thon, Isabel Bishop, Arline Wingate, and others; through Aug. 31.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Leon Kroll, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Friday, July 27.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Oils predominate in "Highlights '55-'56," a survey of works, new or shown during the past year, by Charles Shaw, John von Wicht, Cornelis Ruhtenberg, and others; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Mondays, 1 to 5:30.)... **REHN,** 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are four of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through Aug. 3.... **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Charles Le Clair, Noel Davis, Ben Benn, and others regularly associated with the gallery, as well as such new people as Richard Roberts and Joseph Greenberg; through Friday, July 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: This year's edition of the annual "Fact and Fantasy" presentation includes paintings and sculptures by Cameron Booth, Hale Woodruff, Manolo Pascual, and other members of the gallery group; through Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A potpourri consisting in part of drawings and graphics by Kandinsky, Dufy, and other Europeans, as well as sculptures by José de Creeft, Helene Sardeau, Paul Manship, and other Americans; through July 31.... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, together with twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, Renoir, and Maldarelli; through Aug. 31.... **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and French artists—Hedda Sterne, Atillio Salemme, Miró, and others—plus sculptures by Henri Laurens and Archipenko; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5:30.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—One painting each by Afro, Jacques Lipchitz, Pierre Soulages, and other moderns, in addition to a group of drawings by Paul Klee; through Wednesday, July 25. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

FRENCH GROUP SHOWS—At the **NIVEAU,** 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Vlaminck, Dufy, Chagall, and others; through July 31.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Present-day French paintings from the gallery collection, including examples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as drawings, predominantly French, dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31.

SCULPTURES—At the **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: One of a series of summer shows, which, as is customary here, run for a month each and consist of works exhibited during the past season. New works are added as they are completed. Through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)... **WELLONS,** 17 E. 64th St.: In an outdoor sculpture court, pieces by thirty sculptors, including Lu Duble, Koren Der Harootian, and Jane Wasey; through July 31. (Weekdays, noon to 8.)

MUSEUMS

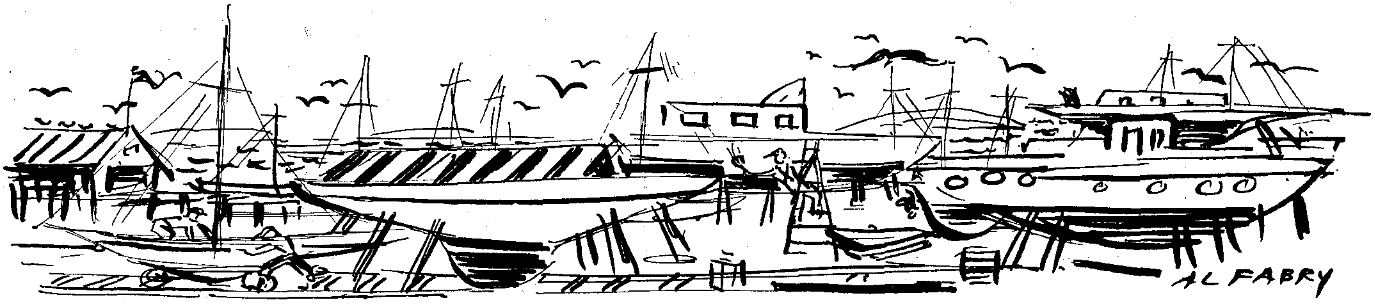
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European paintings lent from eleven private collections and dating from the early Impressionists; among the artists are Monet, Degas, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Braque. A group of modern sculptures rounds out the exhibit. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Aug. 5.... ¶ Several paintings or sculptures apiece by a group of twelve Americans, mostly of the Abstract Expressionist school and including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Sept. 9.... ¶ "The Prints of Henri Matisse"—sixty etchings and lithographs, covering a period of more than fifty years, plus illustrated books, monotypes, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Ten Years of American Printmaking, 1947-56;" through Aug. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than forty objects of medieval art, acquired over the past year and a half, including a thirteenth-century silver-gilt reliquary statuette of St. Stephen and a fifteenth-century Hispano-Flemish altarpiece; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A John Marin memorial exhibition of etchings, draw-



ings, water colors, and oils, ranging in date from 1906 to 1953, the year he died; through July 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: The forty-fifth annual exhibition of contemporary American art; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by George Luks (1867-1933); a memorial exhibition of ceramic sculptures by Carl Walters (1883-1955); and another of the yearly offerings of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, called "Americans of Our Times." Through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.)... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Works in oil, water color, tempera, and casein by Aldro Hibbard, Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, and others make up the thirty-sixth annual national exhibition; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Gerrit Hondius, Hans Hofmann, and Sol Wilson are among the participants in a showing of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Jerri Ricci, Stow Wengenroth, and Umberto Romano are on the roster of artists for a display of oils, water colors, pastels, sculptures, graphic arts, and crafts; through Aug. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)... **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: A memorial show of Kuniyoshi drawings done during his last years; through Thursday, July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30 and 7 to 9; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 19: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin.... ¶ Saturday, July 21: Milton Rosenstock directing a program of music by Cole Porter, with Dorothy Sarnoff and Martha Wright, sopranos; Robert Rounseville, tenor; Conrad Thibault, baritone; and a chorus.... ¶ Monday, July 23: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, and Aldo Parisot, cello.... ¶ Tuesday, July 24: Vladimir Golschmann conducting a Beethoven-Brahms program.... ¶ Wednesday, July 25: Vladimir Golschmann conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Alexander Uninsky, piano.... ¶ Thursday, July 26: Julius Rudel conducting a concert version of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Lois Hunt, soprano; Leonard Warren, baritone; Nicola Moscona, bass; and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 28: Salvatore Dell'Isola directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone; and a chorus. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.)... ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra. (Saturdays during the month of July at 8:30.)

CARNEGIE MUSIC AND DANCE SUMMER FESTIVAL—Pearl Primus and her dance company. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, July 21, at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 5-5699.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 20, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Margaret Harshaw, soprano; Albert Da Costa, tenor; and James Pease, bass.... ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Wednesday, July 25, at 8:30: A program of chamber music by the Beaux Arts Trio.... ¶ Friday, July 27, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston

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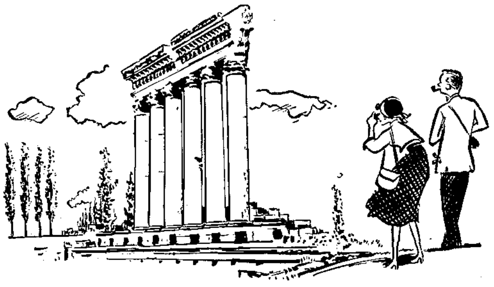

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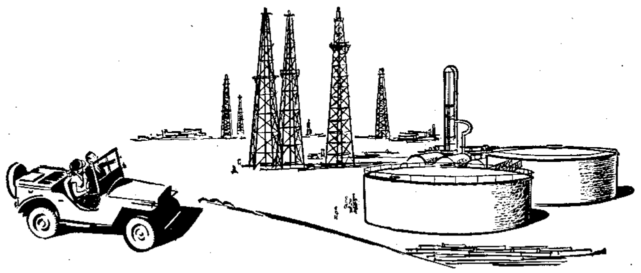

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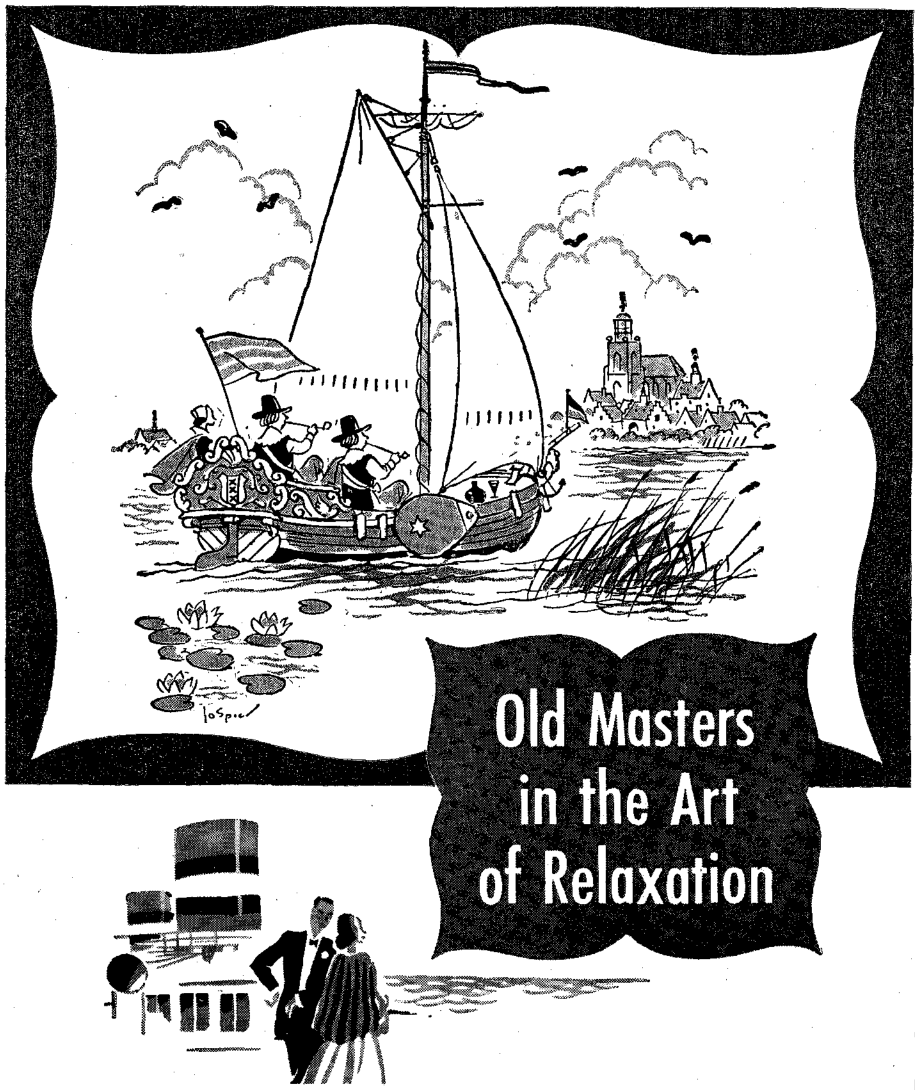
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"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP!"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 2:30: Richard Burgin conducting the Boston Symphony, with Ruth Posselt, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Empire State Music Festival—Final performances of the season by the Symphony of the Air—Thursday *through* Saturday, July 19-21, at 8:45: Basil Rathbone and Red Buttons in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," staged by Basil Langton and with a new score by Carl Orff conducted by Leopold Stokowski. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 3:30: Milton Katims conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 25, at 8:45: Thor Johnson conducting, with Isidore Cohen, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, and Saturday, July 28, at 8:45: Tibor Kozma directing performances of "Carmen," with Gloria Lane, mezzo-soprano; Giulio Gari, tenor; and Frank Guarrera, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 3:30: Igor Markevitch conducting; no soloists. (Ellenville, N.Y. For tickets, call CH 4-0728.)

Connecticut Pops—Friday, July 20: Evan Whallon conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Marian Anderson, contralto. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: A program of jazz, for the benefit of the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Chico Hamilton, Willie the Lion Smith, Buck Clayton, Urbie Green, and Oscar Pettiford. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Evenings at 8:30.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 20-21: A Mozart-Schumann program played by Rudolf Serkin, piano, with woodwinds. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 27-28: Martial Singher, baritone, and the Kroll Quartet. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—Donald Bryant directing the Columbus Boychoir on Friday, July 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra on Saturday, July 21, at 8:30 (with Mischa Mischakoff, violin, and Nathan Gordon, viola); Sunday, July 22, at 3 (with Barbara Steinbach, piano); Tuesday, July 24, at 8:30 (with Laszlo Varga, cello); Wednesday, July 25, at 8:30 (a pop concert, with Muriel Kilby, piano); and Saturday, July 28, at 8:30 (with James Friskin, piano). (Amphitheatre, Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, July 21, at 4: Clarence Cooper and Cynthia Gooding, folk singers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 8:40: Wilbur de Paris and his band, with Sidney de Paris and Omer Simeon. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, at 8:30: Chico Hamilton's quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 4: Marais and Miranda, ballad singers. (Lenox, Mass.)

Stony Brook Summer Music Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, July 21: D'Artega conducting an orchestra in a program of Romberg and Rodgers and Kern music, with Virginia Copeland, soprano, and Jack Russell, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: Alfredo Antonini conducting an orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with Mariquita Moll, soprano, and Stan Freeman, piano. (Dogwood Hollow Amphitheatre, Stony Brook, L.I. Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire String Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

New Haven Pop Concerts—Frank Brieff conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, with Eileen Farrell, soprano. (Yale Bowl, New Haven, Conn. Tuesday, July 24, at 8:15.)

South Mountain—A chamber-music program played by the Claremont String Quartet. (Pittsfield, Mass. Saturday, July 28, at 3:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, July 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 20, at 8:15; Saturday, July 21, at 2; and Sunday, July 22, at 2 (doubleheader).... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, July 24, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 25-26, at 2.... ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 27, at 8, and Saturday, July 28, at 2.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, July 24, at 8, and Thursday, July 26, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, July 27, at 8, and Saturday, July 28, at 2.... ROOSEVELT STADIUM, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 25, at 8.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 20: Tony Anthony vs. Tony Johnson, light heavyweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, July 27: Miguel Berrios vs. Humberto Martinez, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Morris County Golf Club, Convent, N.J. Thursday, July 19.)... ¶ P.G.A. National Championship. (Blue Hill Golf and Country Club, Canton, Mass. Friday through Tuesday, July 20-24.)... ¶ Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Tuesday, July 24.)... ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Wednesday and Thursday, July 25-26.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Wilson Handicap, Monday, July 23; the Great American, Wednesday, July 25; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 10:50, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Tennis—Eastern Seniors' Clay Court Championships. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, July 22.)

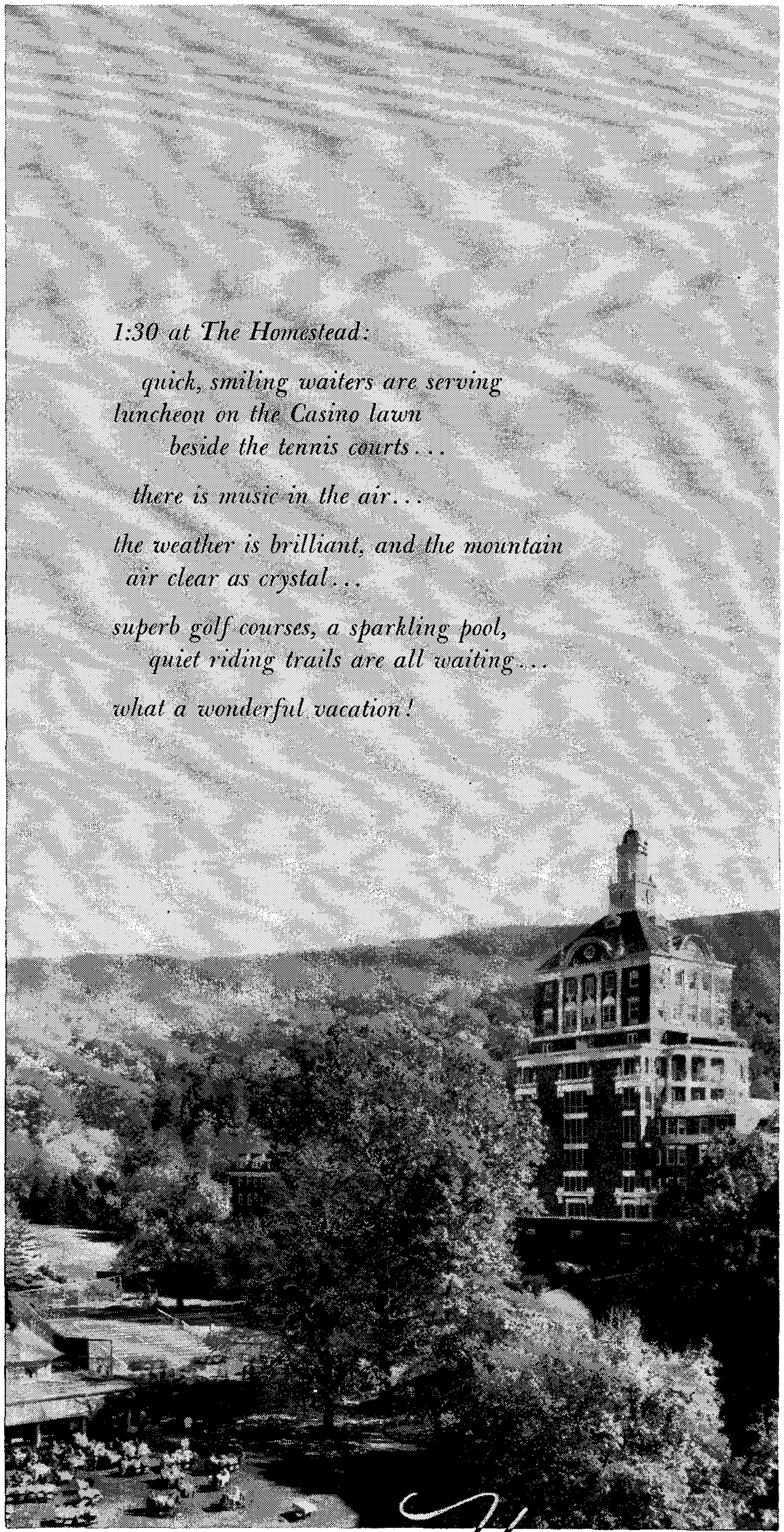
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 21.)... ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, July 21, through Saturday, July 28.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10 or 10:30 and at 2 or 2:30, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The summer show, "Mars," brings us up to date on our planetary neighbor—its surface features, its ups and downs, and so on. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE KING AND I—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in a very pretty presentation of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical of the same name. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

MOBY DICK—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel has the virtue of displaying the excitement of the sea but is rather handicapped by the fact that Captain Ahab, as represented by Gregory Peck, looks more like a hotel doorman than anyone who might conceivably be found chasing a white whale. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

OKLAHOMA!—An overblown wide-screen adaptation of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 11:30, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—Romance in a flea-bitten community, close to Veracruz, that is suffering, along with other troubles, from an epidemic of spotted fever. It will not surprise you to learn that Jean-Paul Sartre concocted the story. Gérard Philipe, as a doctor who has laid down his stethoscope after botching some surgery on his wife, and Michèle Morgan, as a benighted widow, head a cast that is altogether admirable. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin show. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; July 23-24.)

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; July 23-24.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 25, tentative.)

THE DESPERATE HOURS (1955)—Melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart as a psychopathic criminal and Fredric March as a householder whose home is invaded by three escaped convicts. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 24-25.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two young children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through July 21.)

GENEVIEVE (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More enliven this English film. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 24-25.)

LES MISÉRABLES (1935)—Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, in a French treatment of the classic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (1954)—An English film, mostly about two small boys (Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter) in Nova Scotia in 1904. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through July 21.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through July 22.)

THE WAGES OF FEAR (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 25.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 22, showings at 3: The last program in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—"The Best Years of Our Lives" (1947), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. . . . ¶ July 23-25, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Dédée" (1949), in French, with Simone Signoret. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Proud and Profane," William Holden, Deborah Kerr.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Gina Lollobrigida.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MOBY DICK.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through July 24: "The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter.
From July 25: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through July 25: "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Santiago," Alan Ladd, Rossana Podesta.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE KING AND I.

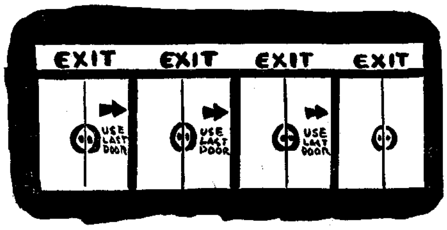
STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Foreign Intrigue," Robert Mitchum, Genevieve Page.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through July 24 (tentative): "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
From July 25 (tentative): "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
"The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 24 (tentative): "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.
From July 25 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 22: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.
July 23-24: **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** revival; and **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK,** revival.
From July 25: "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"La Strada," Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MOBY DICK.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 24: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.
From July 25: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6:05, 8:10, and 10:15. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through July 22: "Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers.
From July 23, at 8:30: "Secrets of the Reef," a nature film on marine life. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund.)

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through July 21: **THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS,** revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.
July 22-24: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
From July 25: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," Jane Russell, Richard Egan; and "Star in the Dust," John Agar, Mamie Van Doren.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 24 (tentative): "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.
From July 25 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 25: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 22: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.
July 23-24: **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** revival; and **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK,** revival.
From July 25: "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 22 (tentative): "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.
From July 23 (tentative): "Portrait of Jennie," revival, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 22: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.
July 23-24: "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol; and "Court Martial," revival, David Niven, Margaret Leighton.
From July 25: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 24 (tentative): "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
From July 25 (tentative): "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 24: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.
From July 25: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 22: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.
July 23-24: **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** revival; and **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK,** revival.
From July 25: "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 19: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.
July 20-23: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
July 24-25: **THE DESPERATE HOURS,** revival; and "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 24 (tentative): "Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Laughlin; and "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.
From July 25 (tentative): "The White Sheik" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 25 (tentative): **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 22: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.
July 23-24: **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** revival; and **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK,** revival.
From July 25: "Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 24: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
From July 25: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and "Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Laughlin.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 24: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.
From July 25: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
July 22-23: "The Warriors," revival, Errol Flynn, Joanne Dru; and "Seven Angry Men," revival, Raymond Massey, Debra Paget.
July 24-25: **GENEVIEVE,** revival; and "Both Sides of the Law," revival, Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 23: "The Wild Oat" (in French), Fernandel.
From July 24: "Private's Progress," Dennis Price, Richard Attenborough.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bullfight," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 22: **LOST HORIZON,** revival.
From July 23, at 8:30: "The Phantom Horse" (in Japanese). (Opening night by invitation only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (in French and Spanish).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 24: "The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Hot Blood," Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde.
From July 25: "The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

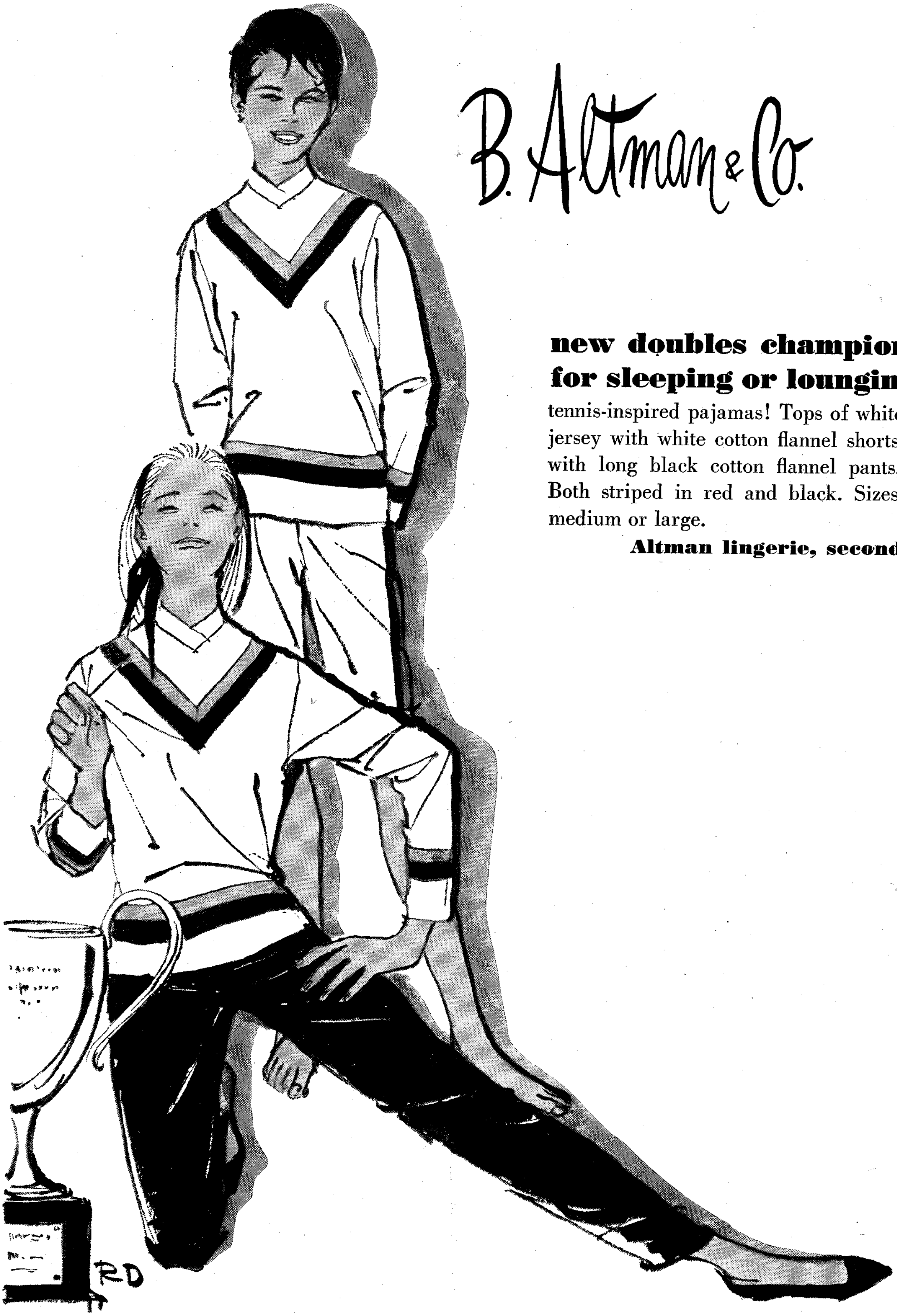
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 19: "Springtime in Paris" and three other short films, plus ten Walt Disney cartoons.
July 20: A program of six short films on psychology—"Angry Boy," "Man to Man," and others.
July 21: "Gigi" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme; and "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.
July 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Traviata"—both Italian and both revivals.
July 23: **LES MISÉRABLES** (in French), revival; and "Leonardo da Vinci," revival, a documentary film.
July 24: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (silent), revival; and "The Last Laugh" (silent), revival, Emil Jannings.
July 25: Twelve short films of the dance—"The Witch Doctor," "Corroboree," "Dances of Tibet," and the like.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 24: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.
From July 25: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
July 19: "Many Rivers to Cross," revival, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Mississippi Gambler," revival, Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie.
July 20-21: "Thunder Bay," revival, James Stewart, Joanne Dru; and "Saskatchewan," revival, Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters.
July 22-24: To be announced.
From July 25: "The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Stranger at My Door," Macdonald Carey, Patricia Medina.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 24: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.
From July 25: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 24: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Our Miss Brooks," Eve Arden, Gale Gordon.
From July 25: "D-Day, the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd; and "Three for Jamie Dawn," Laraine Day, Ricardo Montalban.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE spent a pleasant hour last Thursday morning under the plane trees in City Hall Park, attending the rededication of City Hall. The ceremony, held to celebrate the restoration of the once crumbling exterior fabric of the building, consisted of a parade, a speech, a song, a speech, a prayer, a speech, band music, a speech, and then more speeches, and still more. We admit there were moments when we were grateful for the sleepy warmth of the day and the diversion of pigeons up to their incessant courtships in the deep shade all round us, but we hold no grudge against the speakers. How often do men in public office get a chance to call attention to a good and selfless deed perfectly done? For once, we thought, let them spend, let them talk! Two million dollars and ten dogged orations are little enough to pay for the preservation of one of our greatest local treasures.

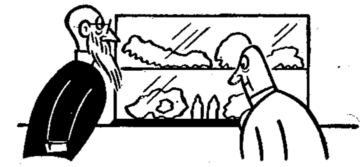
Not that City Hall is merely local. Architectural historians consider it one of the handsomest public buildings ever put up in this country—and some enthusiasts would say in any country. Many-windowed, gracefully pillared and pilastered, garlanded with stone leaves, and surmounted by a bold and delicate cupola, it gives the impression of being at once generous, fastidious, and feminine. It takes its ease in its green park but is by no means planted there; like a girl sitting out an intermission at a dance, it smiles and waits for the music to begin again. The figure that tops the cupola is of Justice, scales and all, but a nymph would surely have been more suitable. And not a stout-legged Colonial nymph but a lighthearted Fragonard one, for the building is largely the work of a French architect, Joseph Mangin, and has an air far more Gallic than Yankee. Begun in 1803, completed in 1811, and dedicated the following year, it was erected under the supervision of Mangin's Scottish partner, John McComb, at a cost of half a million dollars—a prodigious sum for the comparatively small city of that day. The story goes, indeed, that the Common Council was so appalled at its own fiscal recklessness that in a fit of cheeseparing it saved fifteen thousand dollars by having the rear of the building sheathed with brownstone, instead of with marble, like the front and sides. One school of historians holds that the aldermen justified this economy on the ground that City Hall was on the northern outskirts of the city and its southern aspect was the only one that would ever be much noticed. Not so, says a second school, which claims that other public buildings were planned for the site behind City Hall and, with it, would have formed a court whose walls were to have been uniformly finished in brownstone.

Be that as it may, when Commissioner of Public Works Frederick Zurmuhlen discovered, a few years back, that the exterior of City Hall was disintegrating, he decided to make his repairs so thorough that the building would be not only as good as new but in some respects better than new. Thus it has come about that the rear of City Hall is now sheathed with the same hard Alabama limestone as the front and sides (limestone outlasts marble in this climate and this sooty urban air), and that the basement walls of the building, originally of that ill-thought-of brownstone, have been replaced by roughhewn Missouri red granite. While he was about it, Commissioner Zurmuhlen cleaned all the stonework inside the building, painted the rotunda and public halls, and installed an electronic device on window cornices and the like to repel birds. (The pigeons have taken to the trees in the park for the time being, but in that neighborhood of frowning, battlemented buildings new roosts should be easy to find.)

We sat dozing, and the speeches went on and on. For the fifth time, we caught the phrase "this archi-tec-tur-al gem." Who had passed through the sacred portals behind the speakers' stand? Jefferson. Lafayette. Queen Marie. We were growing faint with hunger, and it was more than time we were back at work. We sidled discreetly into Printing House Square, bought a Good Humor for lunch, and headed toward the subway. "Monument to the past," said a voice over the loudspeakers in the park. "Prophecy of the future." The old beauty sat beaming in the noonday sun. She had been putting up with politicians for a hundred and forty-four years now; all one needed was patience. "History in stone," said the loudspeakers, and it was true.

Tritylodonts

ONCE upon a time, a snout from South Africa, parts of two skulls from China, some oddments from England, and two teeth from the Rhine Valley were the only keepsakes Man had of the Tritylodonts, a family of mammal-like reptiles who made their home in the later Triassic and early Jurassic periods. Three summers ago, however, an incomparably rich fossil deposit, containing at least twenty Tritylodont skulls and perhaps fifteen complete Tritylodont skeletons, was found



in this hemisphere, near Kayenta, Arizona, where it had lurked for a hundred and seventy-five million years. Determined not to lose a minute more, we hastened uptown one morning last week to the Museum of Natural History to see Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, who has recently brought back a supply of the bones for the Museum's collection. With him was the man who first excavated the site—Dr. G. Edward Lewis, a lanky, weather-resistant paleontologist employed by the United States Geological Survey. "Back in August of '53," Dr. Lewis told us, "Ben Hoy, a young fella with the Soil Conservation Service, was taking a Sunday hike in the southwestern end of Monument Valley when he noticed a few bone scraps, paper-thin and maybe a quarter-inch long, weathering out of some sandstone."

"It's a thousand years' wonder he spotted 'em," Dr. Colbert interposed. "That deposit might have stayed there centuries longer. I'd been looking for these damn Tritylodonts for years, but I'd always looked too low."

"Hoy reported what he saw," Dr. Lewis continued, "and the Denver branch of the Survey sent me down to take a look. Now, it turned out that the bones on top belonged to old Protosuchus, the ancestor of the crocodile, who's pretty familiar. But the deposit looked promising, and that fall I led an expedition that brought some chunks of the rock back to Denver; the sandstone's hard, and you have to blast it. We began working on the blocks in the lab, and first thing I knew, here were Tritylodont teeth! Boy, I wasted no time getting out to Kayenta again!" Since those first teeth emerged, the Geological Survey and the Museum of Natural History have hauled away five tons of fossiliferous Kayenta sandstone. At least two more years will be needed to free all the fossils from their refractory preservative—a sensitive chore, done mostly with dental drills.

Dr. Lewis showed us a photograph of some of the Tritylodont remains that had been found in the stone in the Denver lab. "We know more from this one skeleton," he said, pointing to a spooky scramble of bones, "than we were able to guess at before. Everything's here except the tail. Could be the tail's in the next block of stone. The Arizona Tritylodonts were about the size and shape of cocker spaniels—long body, short legs. Their upper cheek teeth had three rows of cusps (that's what they're named for—*tri*, three; *tylos*, knob; *odon*, tooth), and their lower teeth had two, with the grooves running parallel to the side of the jaw, so they couldn't grind sidewise, like a cow, but only backward and forward, like some modern rodents. Like rodents, they had a diastema—a gap—between the cheek teeth and the front incisors. They didn't gnaw. They ate fruits and berries."

We asked if the Tritylodonts were furry or scaly. "Could have been either," Dr. Colbert said. We asked if they suckled their young. "Might have," Dr. Lewis said. "Or they might have laid eggs, like turtles, or done both, like the present-day monotremes—the duck-billed platypus and the spiny anteater. You know, Ed, I don't think we ought to overlook the possibility that the monotremes are descended from this fella."

"Maybe," Dr. Colbert said, moodily staring at a clay model of a dinosaur on his desk that some wag had decorated with lipstick and false eyelashes.

"He might have been warm-blooded, certainly," Dr. Lewis said. "Without a doubt his metabolism was more efficient than that of the reptiles. Pure reptiles engulf their food. A cobra, for instance, lies around in a stupor for days, digesting what he's swallowed. Mammalian types chew their food, converting it into energy more quickly, and hence develop a more complex nervous system."

We mumbled something about a missing link. It seemed to be what Dr. Colbert had been waiting for. "Journalists love missing links," he said, sighing. "If we found the skeletons of a man and his grandfather, the father could be called a missing link. The ancestry of the primitive mammals, the pantotheres, cannot be pinpointed. The reptiles made several essays in the mammalian direction, of which the Tritylodont is in many ways the most advanced. If it weren't for the articular bone in his lower jaw, he could be classified as a mammal. Yet specialization, as in the formation of his teeth, indicates a divergent evolutionary line, so we must say that the Tritylodont exists between the reptile and mammal continua."

Dr. Lewis drew us a chart, placing the Kayenta Tritylodont on the latter edge of the Triassic period, between the unknown ancestors of the pantotheres and the pure reptiles, who had not yet entered their Mesozoic heyday. The Tritylodonts, like the Merovingian kings, rather petered out. "The last true representative, Oligokyphus—the English fossils—had teeth three millimetres long," Dr. Lewis said. "The Kayenta specimen had 'em three times as big—seven to nine millimetres." He smiled proudly, revealing teeth of just about that size.

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CINEMATIC INTELLIGENCE: The new musical version of "Daddy Long Legs" is being billed in Latin America as "La Francesita Apasionada," or "The Passionate Little French Girl."

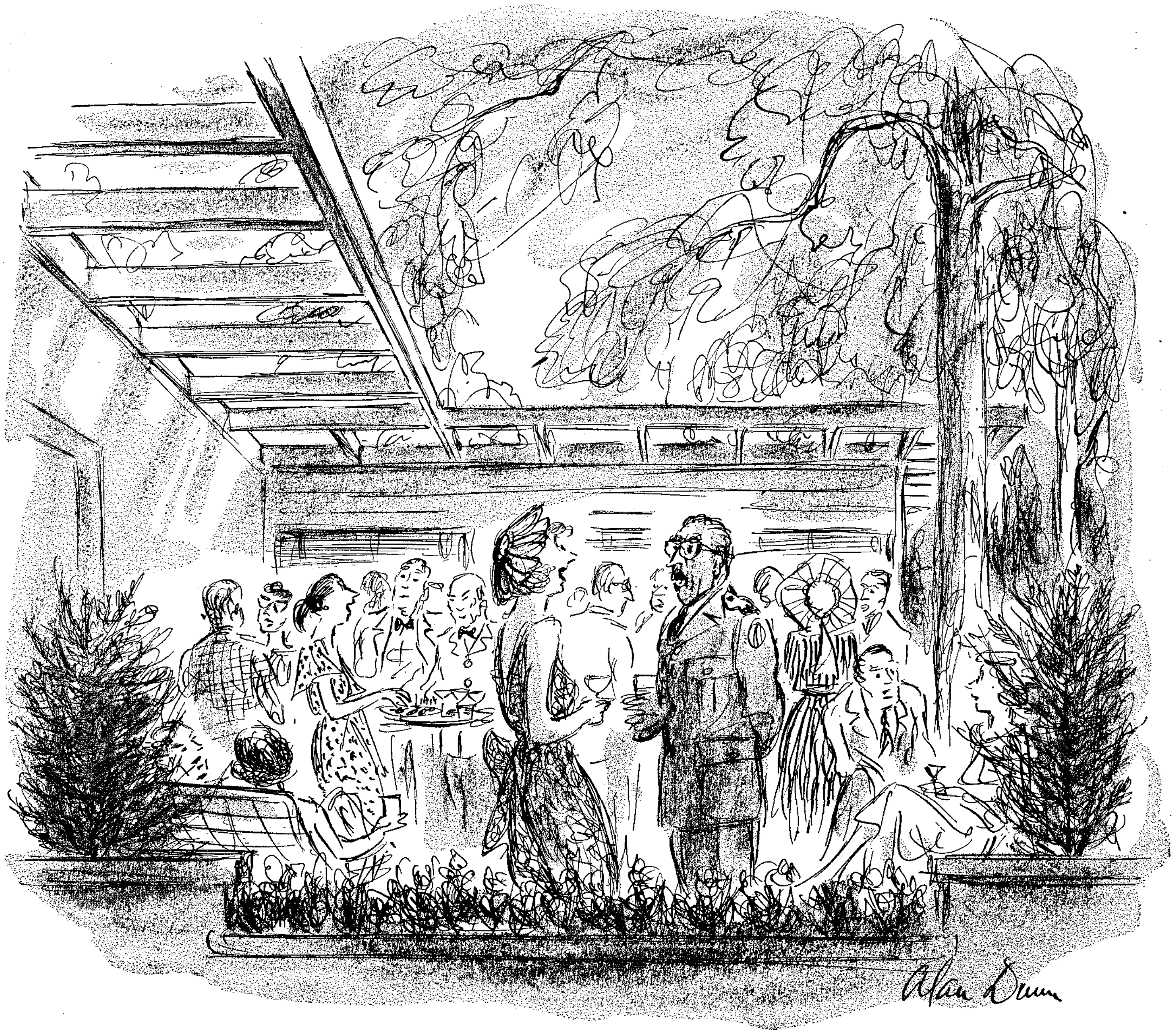
Thoughtful

AS bright an answer to a foolish question as we've ever heard was delivered by a Pelham Manor lady on a printed questionnaire her new doctor asked her to fill out. The question was "Do you have trouble making decisions?" and the answer was "Yes and no."

Our Own Baedeker

THE Sudan Republic, which is in the papers these days because it is about to be admitted to membership in the United Nations, is the youngest nation going. It declared its independence of Anglo-Egyptian control in January. Bounded on the north by Egypt, on the west by Libya and French Equatorial Africa, on the south by Uganda, the Belgian Congo, and Kenya, and on the east by Eritrea, Ethiopia, and the Red Sea, the Sudan is an infant of formidable size, twelve hundred miles long and a thousand miles wide. The White Nile, which rises in Uganda, divides the Sudan neatly in half as it flows north. Just about in the middle of the country, it meets the Blue Nile, which rises in Ethiopia, and between them the two rivers form the no-color-added Nile, which a poet has described as winding on into Egypt like "a grave, mighty thought threading a dream." Where the Blue and White Niles converge lies Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan. Its name is Arabic for "elephant's trunk" and refers to the shape of the promontory on which the original city was built. The name "Sudan" comes from the Arabic "*Bilad-es-Sudan*," meaning "Country of the Blacks."

Arabs drifted into the Sudan by way of Egypt and the Red Sea some twelve hundred years ago and mingled with the



"But what if they think of an interceptor missile that intercepts our interceptor missile?"

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native Hamitic and Nilotic tribes. Today, most of the six million people in the northern part of the country are Arabic-speaking Moslems, who live in tents or square mud-brick houses, and wear white turbans and cotton robes; the three or four million people to the south are dark-skinned pagans of assorted ancient beliefs and languages, who live in circular thatched huts and wear practically nothing. All of the Sudan is hot as blazes. Maximum daily temperatures of over a hundred degrees are common throughout the year. In winter, the wind is northerly and there's no rain. In summer, the wind, except in the desert areas, is southerly and brings cloudbursts; in and around Khartoum, it also brings the dreaded *haboobs*—dust storms that obscure the sun. The Sudan has deserts, semi-deserts, savannas, rain forests, and swamps. At one point, the White Nile all but loses itself in a three-thousand-square-mile patch of papyrus and mud, which the Sudanese boast is the biggest and most impenetrable swamp on earth. We can't help it; that's what people boast about in the Sudan.

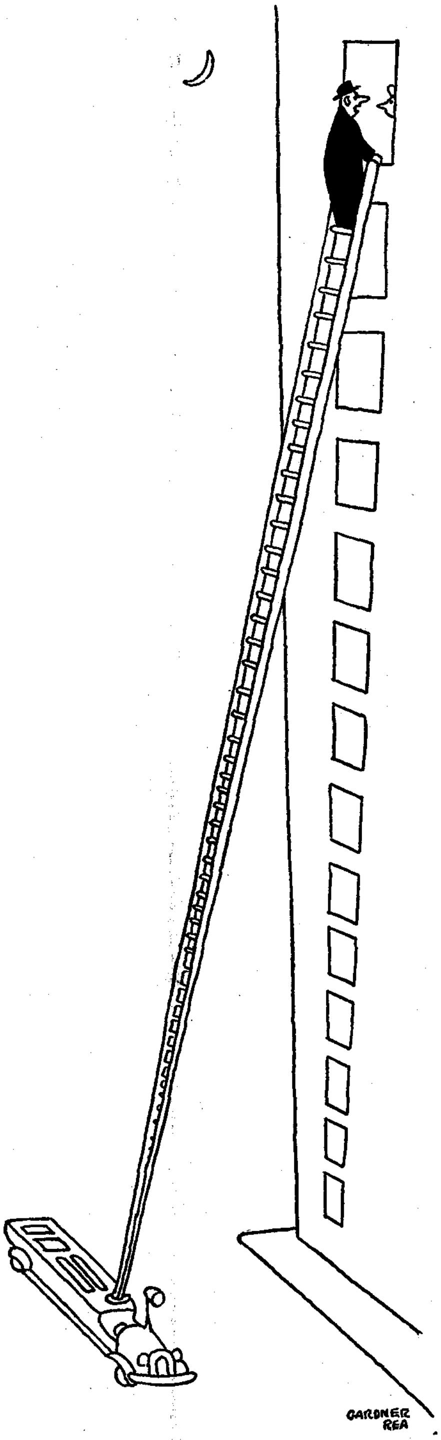
The animal population of the Sudan includes lions, crocodiles, elephants, giraffes, gazelles, foxes, hyenas, grouse, ostriches, ibex, oryx, hyrax, hippos, and dik-diks. Also a couple of million camels. There are plenty of poisonous snakes and spiders; among the latter are some as big as phonograph records. All the birds in the Sudan are brilliantly colored and mute except the drab wagtail, which sings quite nicely—no doubt from chagrin. For the convenience of giraffes, telegraph wires in open country are kept sixteen feet six inches above the ground. In the central plain of the Province of Kordofan grow giant baobab trees, known locally as *tebeldis*, which the natives use as reservoirs. A stout *tebeldi* can hold up to a thousand gallons of water in its hollow trunk, and when it rains in Kordofan, all hands turn to, form a bucket brigade, and fill as many trees as possible from adjacent puddles. South of Kordofan live the Nuba, who like to take things easy. They devote February to weddings, and in March and April they drum. Still farther south live the Azande, whose diet consists largely of mangoes, cassava, and papaws, and who export chili. The presence of tsetse flies makes it impossible for them to raise beef cattle, so when they get hungry for meat they eat termites. The western province of Darfur was once a center of the slave trade. Its old capital, El Fasher, is about as far from the coast as any city in Africa, and the road leading to it is said to be the worst in the world. More boasting.

Whoever the people were who inhabited the Sudan four or five thousand years ago, they appear to have had an advanced civilization. The desert near the Nile is strewn with ruins of temples, pyramids, and cities, and in a granite quarry not far from the Third Cataract lies an unfinished colossus. The Old Testament refers to the Sudan as the land of Cush. The Sudan became Christian in the sixth century and remained Christian for a thousand years. Under the Ottoman Empire, the Turks and the Egyptians jointly ruled and plundered it. By the eighteen-seventies, conditions were so bad that the Egyptian government invited the English military hero Charles George Gordon to come and straighten them out. Gordon struggled with the problem in vain for five years. In 1881, after he had given up and gone home, a religious leader who called himself the Mahdi, or Guide of Allah, organized a private army of dervishes, which launched an all-out attack on the Egyptian Army and fought it to the very gates of Khartoum. The government again called on Gordon, who hurried to Khartoum and managed to hold the city for eleven months against the besieging dervishes. The British government spent several of these months debating whether to send an expedition to relieve Gordon. It finally decided to do so, but a few days before the expedition arrived, the dervishes whirled into the city, impaled Gordon on a spear, and reduced Khartoum to rubble. Under the rule of the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifa, conditions grew progressively worse, and in thirteen years the population of the Sudan shrank from nine million to two million. In 1898, the British were distressed to discover that a number of Frenchmen were sneaking into the country, by way of Ethiopia, and to make sure that the sources of the Nile would be safely in British hands Lord Kitchener was dispatched to conquer the Sudan. (Among Kitchener's junior officers was a bloodthirsty young man named Winston Churchill.) Kitchener's army wiped out the Khalifa's army of ten thousand dervishes at the Battle of Omdurman—an action that cost twenty-seven British lives.

Market Communiqué

A LADY we know recently made a small stock transaction through Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, and in acknowledging her order the outfit included some advice about its operations. "Certain transactions," said M.L., P., F. & B., "have been and may further be effected to stabilize the price of the securities covered by this confirmation to facilitate a distribution of securities, in which distribution this firm has an interest. This statement is not an assurance that any or all of such transactions may not be discontinued at any time or that they will accomplish the intended purpose."

"Please get a move on, Wilma. The Chief must be sore as hell already."



The lady is now torn between leaving the market and taking a course in investment semantics.

Articulation

WE sought out William (Skip) Randall, president of the Dance Educators of America, an association of dancing teachers, in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Plaza the other afternoon in order to bone up on the latest terpsichorean trends. Mr. Randall and several of his colleagues are conducting a summer training session for several hundred members in the Crystal Room, and when we arrived there, we found a large group of young ladies, in shorts and leotards, leaping about to one of Chopin's Nocturnes. We caught one on the fly and asked her where we could find Mr. Randall. "You ruined my pirouette," she remarked indignantly, and pointed to the door of an antechamber off the Crystal Room. Here we came upon Mr. Randall and an attractive blond associate of his named Jean Mead. Mr. Randall, a tall, thin man of thirty, was wearing a chocolate-and-white sports shirt and high-waisted green trousers, and, we noticed, no shoes; Miss Mead was clad in a blue ensemble.

We asked Mr. Randall what was cooking in the dance world.

"The Latin-American big four—cha-cha, mamba, merengue, and calypso—continue strong," he told us.

"What's this merengue?" we inquired.

"It's a dance characterized by the fact that you act as though you have a broken leg," said Mr. Randall. "It had its source in the Dominican Republic."

"The story is," said Miss Mead, "that a head pirate, or governor, or something, had a bad or wooden leg and made everybody dance the way he did."

"Shall we demonstrate?" asked Mr. Randall. He and Miss Mead thereupon toddled around for a while in a limping fashion.

"You noticed the bent-knee technique?" Mr. Randall inquired when they rejoined us.

We said we did.

"All these Latin-American rhythms are ballroom stuff," he went on. "And so, of course, is rock 'n' roll."

"Rock 'n' roll," said Miss Mead, "and beat your heads against the wall."

"Actually," said Mr. Randall, "rock 'n' roll is simply a modern version of the old double Lindy—slower than fast jazz but with a pulsating beat."

"It enables youngsters to express their exuberant personalities," said Miss Mead.

"That's it in a nutshell," said Mr. Randall, "and, properly chaperoned, the kids have never torn any joint apart doing it. However, the only pure American dance form is the primitive, or modern-jazz, technique. I'm about to give a class in it. Follow me."

We trailed Mr. Randall and Miss Mead back into the Crystal Room, where the class was just finishing up its classical stint. "Boom, boom, bam," the instructor was saying, "bam, bam, boom. That way it is more brilliant. *Quelle heure?*"

The class looked at him bleakly.

"*Alors, fini*, knock off," said the instructor.

"He's David Preston, instructor of the dance at Texas Christian University," Miss Mead informed us.

Mr. Randall gave the pupils a short breather, and then leaped to the center of the Crystal Room. The pupils came to attention. "You are aware what contraction means—a tightening of the muscles," said Mr. Randall. "You've done this in your classical course, and you have learned the tucking under of the hips. In primitive, this is also done, but with more exaggeration. Now go into a *plié* and be all tight in one piece, with no strain on the knees."

The students squatted down, and Mr. Randall chanted, "Now up and contract, up and down, up and contract."

Miss Mead excused herself and proceeded to a record-player. Soon the Crystal Room was alive with the beat of bongo drums. The pupils contracted like wild things.

"That's enough," said Mr. Randall peremptorily. "We shall now articulate our bodies. You've all had torso work and know how to use your arms and legs. But to articulate you must remember that we have heads, shoulders, upper rib cases, and pelvises, which you must learn to use if you are to be good primitives. We will begin by articulating our shoulders."

The drums boomed on, the shoulders rotated, and a young lady in a checked green shirt and white shorts fell down. She looked chagrined. "Think nothing of that," said Mr. Randall. "It shows that you were truly relaxed."

By the time Mr. Randall had started articulating the upper rib cases, the drums were beginning to get us, and we proposed to Miss Mead that we step out for a glass of water. She led us back to the anteroom, refreshed us, and pointed out a bulletin board. "We're really proud of this," she said. "You'd think it was just a bulletin board, but what we call it is 'the cheesecake-and-cheese board.'" The board was hung with pictures of various dancers doing their specialties. "Cute, isn't it?" said Miss Mead.

We returned, along with Miss Mead, to Mr. Randall, who had called a break in the primitive activities. "As you can see," he remarked to us, "this is not suitable for ballroom work. It is strictly for professional performers. But I think that here we've got a grip on something basic. Don't you think so, Jean?"

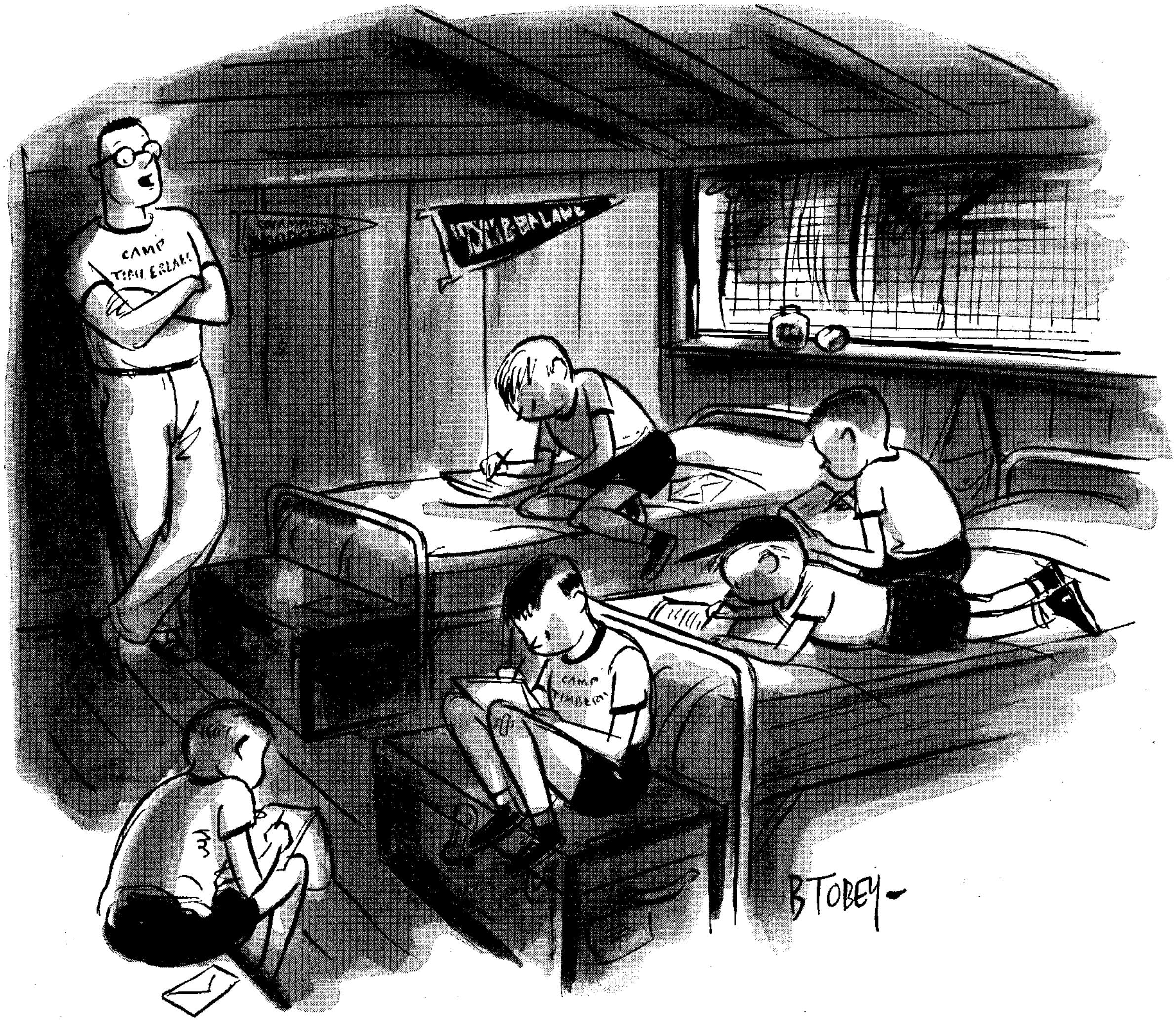
"Indeed I do," said Miss Mead.

"O.K., students, let's run through the articulation again," said Mr. Randall.

Miss Mead started the record-player once more, and the bongos beat out loud and clear.

The Sea

A YACHTSMAN we know was sailing from Montauk Point to Plum Gut, on the northeast end of Long Island, in a thick haze one day last week when a big Chris-Craft loomed up alongside his boat. "Which way to Block Island?" shouted the helmsman of the Chris-Craft. Our friend, an experienced navigator, got out his parallel rule and laid a course on his chart. Then he called over to the Chris-Craft, "East by south a half south!" "Don't get technical!" the powerboat man called back. "Just point!"



"Dear Mom and Dad: I like it here a lot. It's a swell camp and everybody treats us swell. The food is O.K., and plenty of it . . ."

THE OLD NUN

AFTER the unpredictable current of living had swirled her past the point of death and back into life again—and in such an old woman, and one so tired, the Mother Superior's recovery seemed like a miracle to them all—and Dr. Kennedy, saying "Well, Madam, you're not dead this time," had declared her out of danger, her married sister was allowed to visit her for a quarter of an hour. Into the extreme cleanliness and dispassionateness of the room Everina brought a smell of hot pavements, smoke, and car exhaust, as if some part of the industrial Thamesside town had shoved in with her. A large bouquet of white China asters shook with the pulse of her hand; her gray hair stuck out in tufts beneath a hat that was too small and too alert for her broad emotional face, and as she sat down a bus ticket dropped onto the floor.

"Oh, Chrissie, my love, what a scare you've given us! Not that I believed it. I never did. I wasn't going to give in. I just wouldn't believe it."

"No, dear. You never had much faith, had you?"

"Oh! Oh, you wretch! Well, I can see you're yourself again, biting my head off as usual, the same old catnip—and that's a comfort." Tweaked back from that imminent fit of weeping, she settled herself more squarely on the bentwood chair, drew a deep breath as if she were about to say a great deal, and, instead, remained silent, obedient, and smiling.

"Well, Everina. Go on, I can see you're bursting."

"Chrissie, I am. I've got a piece of news for you, and thank God you're alive to hear it, for it's good news this time. Poor Ellen's Mary is out of the hospital and walking as well as ever. And that's not all. She's going to be married, and I couldn't like him better if I'd chosen him myself—the house surgeon at the hospital, and he was in love with her from the moment he saw her carried in all over blood on a stretcher. He's called Vincent Jones, he's got five brothers and three sisters, his father's a farmer in Herefordshire, I've seen all their photographs, and they've written the nicest letters. Such a good steady young man! Even Ellen's pleased, and she's coming out of black for the wedding. In October, and then he's going to a practice in Cumberland, the Lake country, think how romantic! Will you ever forget that evening we went in a boat on Ullswater? And Chrissie, best of all, there's a house with it, so she can have all the children she wants without disobliging anyone. Five bridesmaids, no less. Three of ours and two of his. I've tacked up our three's already—taffeta, the color of Petit-Beurre biscuits, with brown velvet muffs. Chrissie, I'm just beginning to feel I can enjoy it! It hasn't really seemed true till now—now that I've seen with my own eyes that you're not dying. That's the worst of being my age—your heart's all over the place so!"

To the woman listening, it seemed true enough for her to ask, "And what's happening about Ellen?"

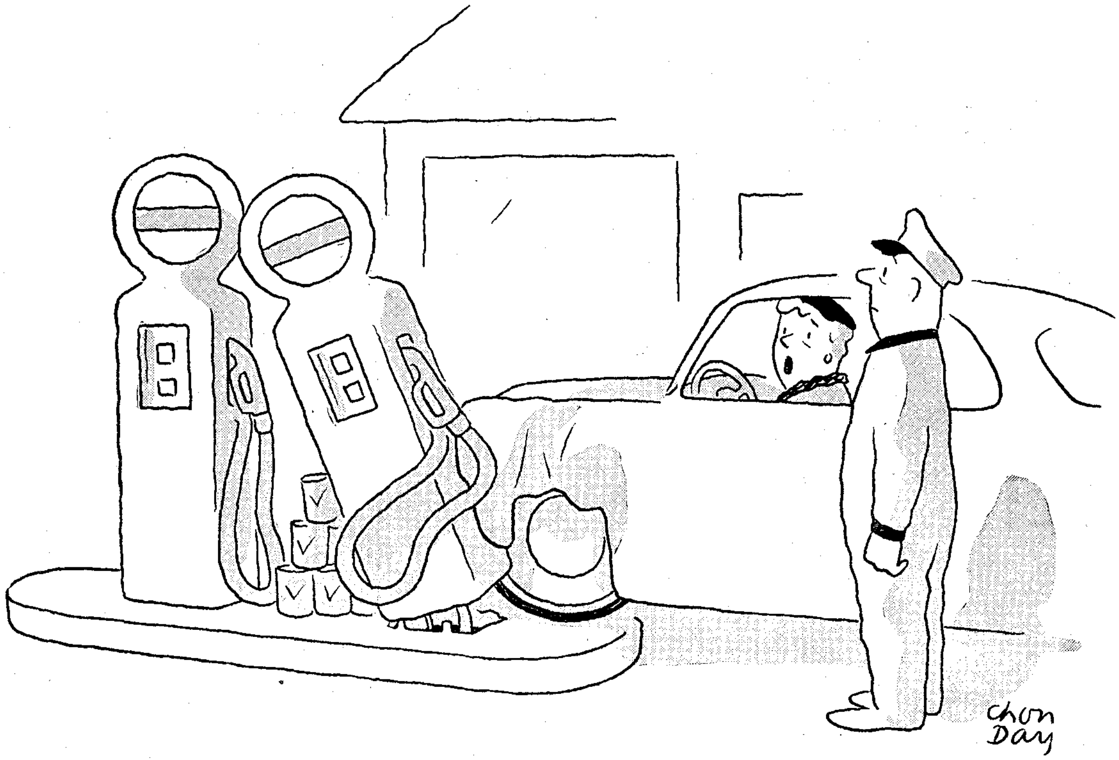
"Ellen? Well, she's coming to me. After all, she's my own daughter-in-law, and she can't be left alone with poor Billy. I'm really looking forward to Billy; it's nice to think there's one grandchild who'll never be anything but a baby."

"If you've no great talent for faith, you make up for it with charity. Now tell me about yourself."

"Me? There's nothing to tell about me. Or do you mean what shall I wear for the wedding? Do you think it would be positively indecent if I wore pink? I do so adore pink, and I shall never get another chance."

WHEN Everina was gone—taken out after exactly fifteen minutes, as if she were some precise feat in cookery—though the room resumed its stillness, the stillness was not of the same quality. Listening had brought sounds into it—the creaking of the chair that had been so excitedly sat on, the hooting of the tugs on the river. There had been a night when she thought the tugs were trying to get her away, but try as they might, poor dutiful creatures, they could not budge her for the weight of her limbs pinned her to the bed. And so Mary, God bless the child, was going to be married in pink. No, not in pink—what nonsense!—but she would go in a boat on Lake Ullswater with a good steady young man whose name was Vincent Jones. It was the sky that would be pink, the evening sky; and as the sunset faded, and the westward hills darkened and put on cloaks of contourless velvet, and every stroke of the oars cut a deeper swathe of darkness, and the ripples smacked with louder, lonelier exclamations against indistincter banks, the brows of the eastward fells would be clear and detailed in a hoary light, like moonlight, or like a powdering of frost. But it *was* moonlight, and the music had come with it, dance music sounding in the hollow shell of the tall hillsides; and now, as the boat rounded the bend, she could see, behind the silhouette of the oarsman, the lighted windows of the house on the shore, streaming with light, and flung open so that the music could be heard far and wide, calling impatiently for the dancers to come to it. So now she must stand up in the boat and dress herself in her ball dress. But which? The boat was full of them, a cargo of ball dresses, for she had not been able to decide among them before she set out, so she had brought them all with her. It was really rather silly to be standing up in a silk petticoat, bare-necked and bare-armed on such a chilly evening, dressing oneself on a boat in the middle of Lake Ullswater, and all because one had not been able to

Dana Fradon



"Oh dear! Can you put it on my credit card?"

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make up one's mind what to wear. Here was a dress that would do very nicely. It was made of white lace, and the scarf that matched it was sewn with milk-white sequins in a pattern of little Japanese fish. But in a ballroom one white dress is very much like another, and this dress hooked up at the back, a difficult dress to get into standing in a small rowing boat, so the yellow dress that was narrowly pleated like Greek statuary would be better, if she could find the scarlet sandals that went with it. When she had found the sandals under the bilge board, they were sopping wet; but here was a charming pair of gray slippers, quite dry, and warm, too, being lined with gray swansdown. Yes, that was it, and the dress had gray swansdown round the bosom and was the changing color of blue-gray hydrangeas. She was halfway into it, and the trombones in the band were heavily breathing out the strong beat of a waltz measure, saying, "*Coom, Coom,*" in their Cumberland accents, when she remembered that the dress she wanted to wear was the dress of pink tinsel. But when she had picked it up from the floor of the boat where it lay glimmering and pale as the drowned Ophelia, it turned itself into a dress of green velvet that had never belonged to her, wouldn't fit her, and had a most inconvenient fan fastened to it, that clattered like a Venetian blind. How tiresome it was to have so many dresses, and to be obliged to decide among them! And the lighted house was now so near (for the boatman, whose beard flowed down his waistcoat like a waterfall, was rowing faster and faster) that she could see the polished empty floor and the trombone's gigantic shadow shooting back and forth across it. If only there were not so many dresses, if only each had not some small thing wrong with it, if only she could make up her mind! Well, at any rate, here was a pair of long white kid gloves.

She was trembling so violently with cold and fluster that she could scarcely pull them on. She gave a tug, immediately a rent appeared in the floor of the boat, and the boatman, growing thin as a waterweed, disappeared through it; but not before he had handed her a packet of starch. . . . She opened her eyes and saw her old woman's hands, that not even a month's idleness had been able to blanch or supple. Practiced in wakings, she observed that there was no change in the light of the room, and that Sister Mary Innocent must have been standing there for quite a minute, long enough for her beads to have left off swinging while she stood looking down in quiet approval on an old woman taking a little nap.

"Yes, I have been asleep. And I'm glad to wake up, too, for I dreamed I was back in the world and obliged to choose what dress I would put on. It was most disagreeable, most unsatisfactory. We take God's mercies too much for granted, my child, but I assure you, we ought to be especially thankful for our habit."

Safe ashore from her dream, she felt inclined to go into considerably more detail, and proffer the funny side of it as well as the spiritual bouquet. A woman of her age, and who had so recently been nose to nose with the King of Terrors, to be wobbling in a skiff in that skimpy petticoat . . . Lord, what is man, that he boasteth himself? But few things are more unedifying than the girlishness of Superiors, and few would feel this more correctly than Sister Mary Innocent. So she asked if Mrs. Kelly's flowers had been put in the chapel, and if their stalks had been snipped first; both answers being as satisfactory as she had known they would be, she then said that her nap had given her quite an appetite, and that she thought she would venture on a poached egg. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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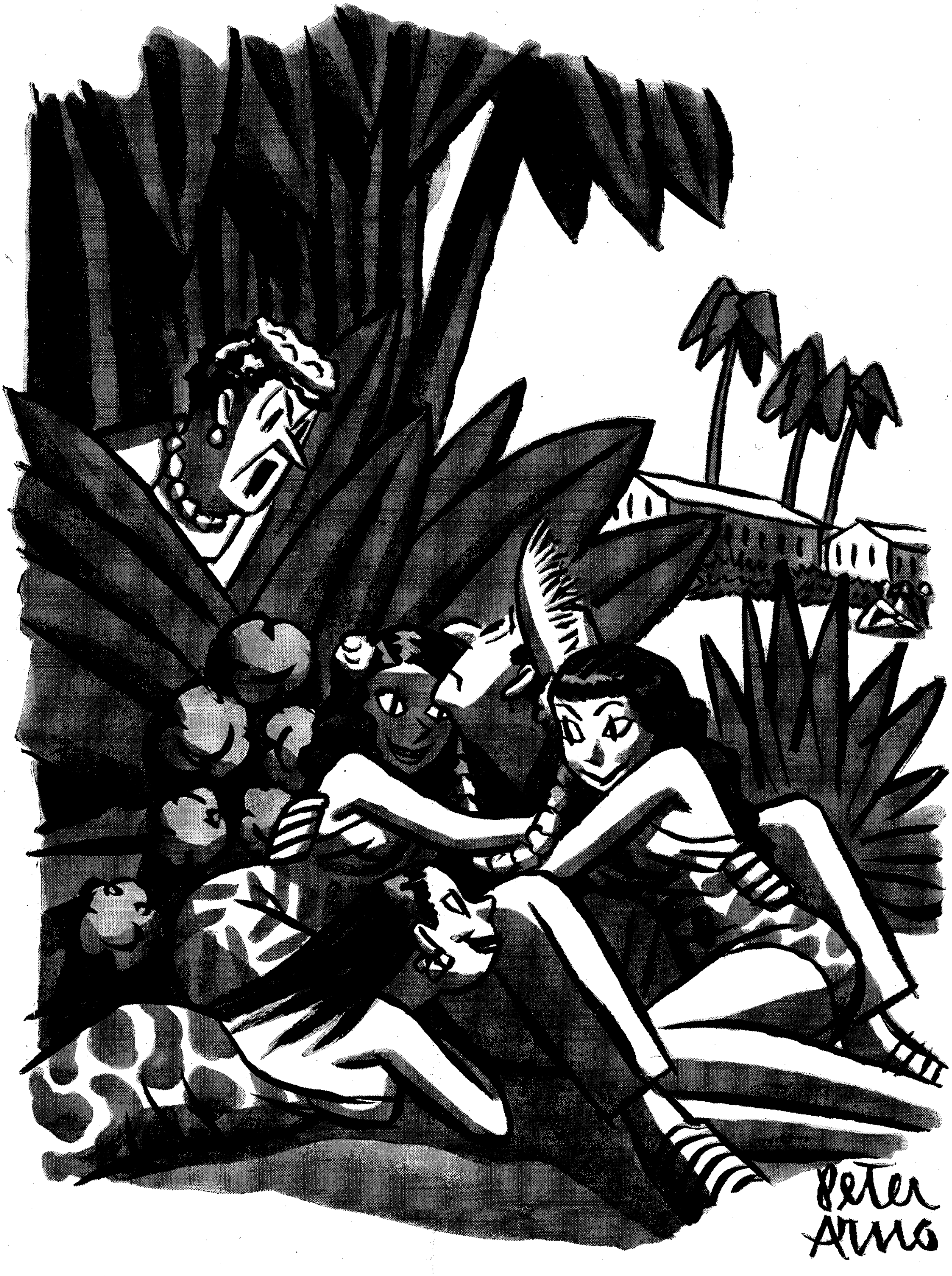
THE PASSIONATE SEMANTICIST TO HIS OFFSPRING

Child, do not call your tinny train a choo-choo,
  To your own ears be true,
For every passing diesel will refute you—
  It does not go "Choo-choo."

And do not call your tricycle a gee-gee.
  The term refers, of course,
To animals now unfamiliar; e.g.,
  You've never seen a horse.

But I consent to bang-bang-bang and rat-tat,
  And in the living room
I shall not issue any caveat at
  The most resounding Boom.

—MORRIS BISHOP



"I thought you came here to look into the pineapple situation!"

JULIE

AFTER dinner, Julie excused herself abruptly and left the Signora and Miss Pollock sitting at the table. It was Julie's first evening in the Signora's villa; she had disembarked at Genoa and arrived in Fiesole that afternoon. No one else was staying at the villa except the Signora and her paid English companion, Miss Pollock, for, as the Signora had explained at dinner, the villa was not a *pensione*. Sometimes she took for the summer one or two young ladies who had been particularly recommended.

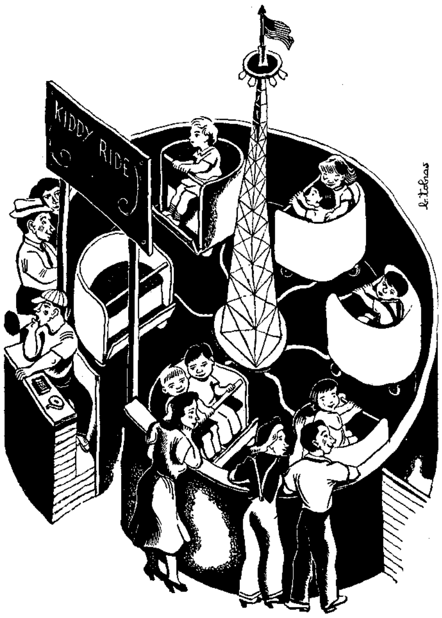
Julie was twenty. She was fair-haired, and her manner was military. She looked like her Boston grandmother; her walk was upright, she wore no lipstick, and on her wrist was her grandmother's silver bracelet. She had the appearance of complete assurance. Her expression was severe and unsmiling, as though she were required to pass an immediate and categorical verdict on whatever she encountered; she had the air of Caesar at the Rubicon, or Hannibal surveying the Alps. Now, in the Signora's front hall, she paused by the door of the coat closet, where the telephone was installed, and looked in a small book she was carrying with her. Then she went into the closet and shut the door. The telephone was an ancient instrument with no dial; it was attached to the wall, behind several overcoats. In the total darkness, Julie reached for the receiver and picked it up. "*Telegramma*," she said commandingly, and, as an afterthought, "*Grazie*." There was no response. "*Telegramma*," she repeated loudly.

The small book slipped out of her hand and fell to the floor. Keeping the receiver to her ear, she stooped to recover it, but it was lost in a heap of galoshes, and when she rose, she knocked down one of the Signora's hats. There were metallic noises in the telephone. "Do you speak English?" Julie asked. "I want to send a night letter." The noises continued. "A night letter. *Quante*— How many words do I get in a night letter? It doesn't matter. . . . I said it doesn't matter. I want to send a night letter to Colonel John S. Davies. Davies with an 'e.' D-a-v-i-e-s. Care of *Mrs.* John S. Davies, Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America. This is the message. Hello? Please—tell—me—about—Mummy—Love—Ju-Ju. Spelled J-u-J-u. Do you understand?" She could not distinguish the reply. Breathing seemed difficult. "The message is, Please—tell—me—everything—about—Mummy. No, leave out the 'everything.'" Julie's voice was growing cold and remote; it was her boarding-school voice. She cleared her throat. "Please—tell—me—about—Mummy. Spelled M-u-m-m-y. Please—tell—me—"

There were no sounds from the telephone. The line was dead. Julie hung the receiver on the hook, removed it again, listened for a moment, and put it back. She opened the closet door and, by the light from the hall, recovered the hat she had knocked down. She found the small book in the heel of what seemed to be one of the Signora's gardening shoes. Taking the book with her, Julie went upstairs, her face without expression.

Her room was on the third floor. Some time before, the Signora had constructed next door to it an American bathroom, which had everything but water; the plumbing system had been found unable to raise water to the third floor. A girl came up from the city every day to clean the house, to polish the fixtures of the bathroom, and to leave on Julie's bureau a pitcher of water drawn from the pump in the courtyard. The room had once belonged to the Signora's youngest daughter. The Signora had four daughters and two sons, and each upstairs room in the villa was identified by which of her children it had once belonged to. Now the children had their own families, and the Signora's husband was dead.

The youngest daughter's room had a mahogany bed with a high white canopy. On the wall were a crucifix and a picture of the Virgin Mary, and on the bureau were little china animals that the youngest daughter had played with. Julie had not touched the china animals. She had lived in so many apartments and dormitories and hotel rooms that she had learned how to make a temporary camp without disturbing the possessions of the lawful owner. At one end of the bureau top, arranged as carefully as if the room had been an army barracks, were a brush and comb, a jar of cold cream, a box of Kleenex stamped "Ship's Stores," a copy of "The Courage to Be," and a photograph of a middle-aged man in uniform.



With a look of inner resolution, Julie changed her shoes and put on a skirt and sweater that did not match. The youngest daughter's window was open; lights were coming on in Florence, below, and the air smelled sweetly of the Signora's garden. Standing erect and expressionless, as if she were surveying the position of the enemy, Julie looked down at the dark-green cypresses and silver olive trees, the red and orange rooftops of the city, and the river winding beyond them into the hills. She began to bite one of her fingernails. Then she sat down at the youngest daughter's desk, turned on the light, opened a large black notebook, and, tilting her head, wrote quickly, "Florence very beautiful at sunset. cf. Browning. Remember to wash stockings tomorrow." She sat for a while without writing, and with no alteration in her countenance. Then she added, "Why don't I feel sad about Mummy? I don't feel anything." She put away the black notebook and took up the small book she had looked in before going into the coat closet. She studied a page of it, looked up, and whispered, "*Parlo, parli, parla; parliamo, parlate, parlano.*" She looked in the book again, closed it, and, fixing her eyes on the opposite wall, whispered earnestly, "*Credo, credi, crede; crediamo, credete, credono.*"

FROM the front hall, Miss Pollock called, "Julie! Julie! Telephone."

Julie had kicked off her shoes; she put them on and ran down the stairs and into the coat closet. Into the phone, she said breathlessly, "Hello? Daddy? Daddy? I can't hear you."

A deep and uncertain voice said quite clearly, "What?"

"Is this long distance?"

"*What?*" said the voice. "*Prego.* Can I speak to Julie, *prego*?"

"Oh," Julie said. It was Stanley. Her family knew his family in Boston, and Stanley and his parents had been on the ship with her coming over. "I thought you were somebody else."

"Is that you?" Stanley asked. "What was all that you were saying? Are your

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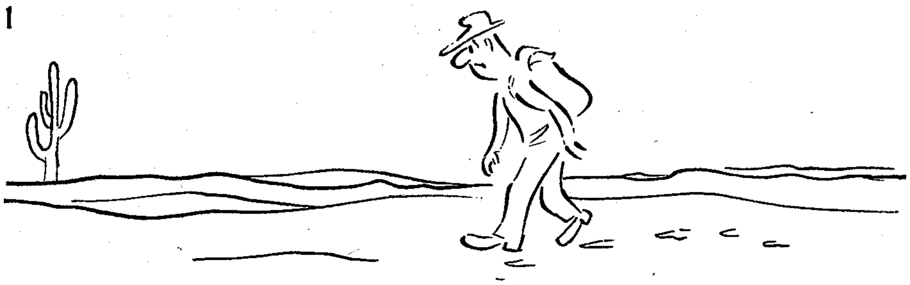

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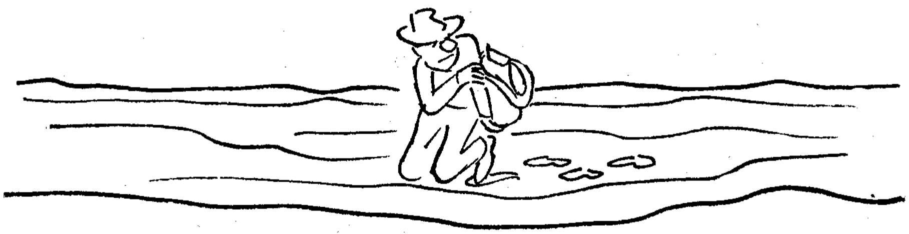

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parents trying to get you, or something?"

"Why should they try to get me?"

"How should I know why they're trying to get you?" he said. "I just wondered, that's all. I thought I'd call up and see how you were settling in. It's just that you sounded as if something was wrong. I know about families trying to call a person up. I know from experience."

Julie could hear him breathing. She pursed her lips and, with one hand, opened the closet door. "Goodbye, Stanley," she said. "Thanks for calling."

"Wait a minute," Stanley said rapidly. He was silent. "How *are* you?"

"All right."

"That's good." He breathed into the telephone again. "Listen, what I wanted to call you about— Can I come over for a bit? The family are playing bridge with this couple they met. In Florence and playing bridge! It's that ghastly boat all over again."

"Thanks, but I'm busy."

"What are you doing?"

"Well, I have to study Italian, and things."

"I only want to have an intelligent conversation, for heaven's sake."

"All right, Stanley," Julie said.

Stanley hung up immediately. Julie came out of the closet into the front hall. The villa had been built in the fifteenth century, and the Signora's family had always lived in it. Along the stairs leading up from the hall hung portraits of the Signora's ancestors—gentlemen and ladies in ceremonial silks, fading gently into their backgrounds; on the first landing stood a small and dilapidated suit of armor; and along the second flight of stairs were antique maps of Italian military campaigns. During the war, the Signora had lived all alone. She spoke of the war with great enthusiasm, as if it had been a large and adventurous extension of her quarrels with the cleaning girl and the driver of the truck that delivered groceries to her twice a week. For a few days, the battle line had run through her vegetable garden. American riflemen had lain in her orchard, and the villa had been turned into a hospital.

Julie knocked on the door of the study that had once belonged to the Signora's husband. In the room, when Julie entered, were the Signora and Miss Pollock. The Signora was reading, a shawl around her shoulders and her walking stick leaning against her chair. She wore a black band around her throat, as Julie's grandmother had done, but on the Signora's neck it looked like a girl's ribbon, while Miss Pollock, in her wide and shapeless English clothes, seemed rather like the Signora's governess. When Miss Pollock saw Julie, her large face lit up with a smile.

"*Scusi*," Julie said. "That was a friend of mine who called. I haven't seen him much lately, but we sort of grew up together. He and his family came over on the same ship with me. He'll be here in a few minutes. Is that all right?"

"Of course," said the Signora. "You are homesick. All the American girls we have for the summer are homesick. In America, as in Italy, the families are very close. In England," she said, without a glance at Miss Pollock, "this is not so. In Italy and America, we are people of feeling—we follow the heart."

"The poor dear!" Miss Pollock said. "Of course she's homesick."

"I'm not a bit homesick," Julie said. "As a matter of fact, I've hardly lived at home for the last few years. My parents are separated."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Pollock.

"I lived with Mummy for a while after they were separated, but we simply don't get on. So when I was home from college, I shared a flat with some other girls. It was the most intelligent thing to do." Julie spoke clearly and formally, as if she were addressing school children. "It was very sensible for everybody."

"I have a daughter living in Philadelphia," the Signora said, "in the Middle West—"

"In the East," Julie said politely. She always corrected people; it was a kindness, especially to foreigners.

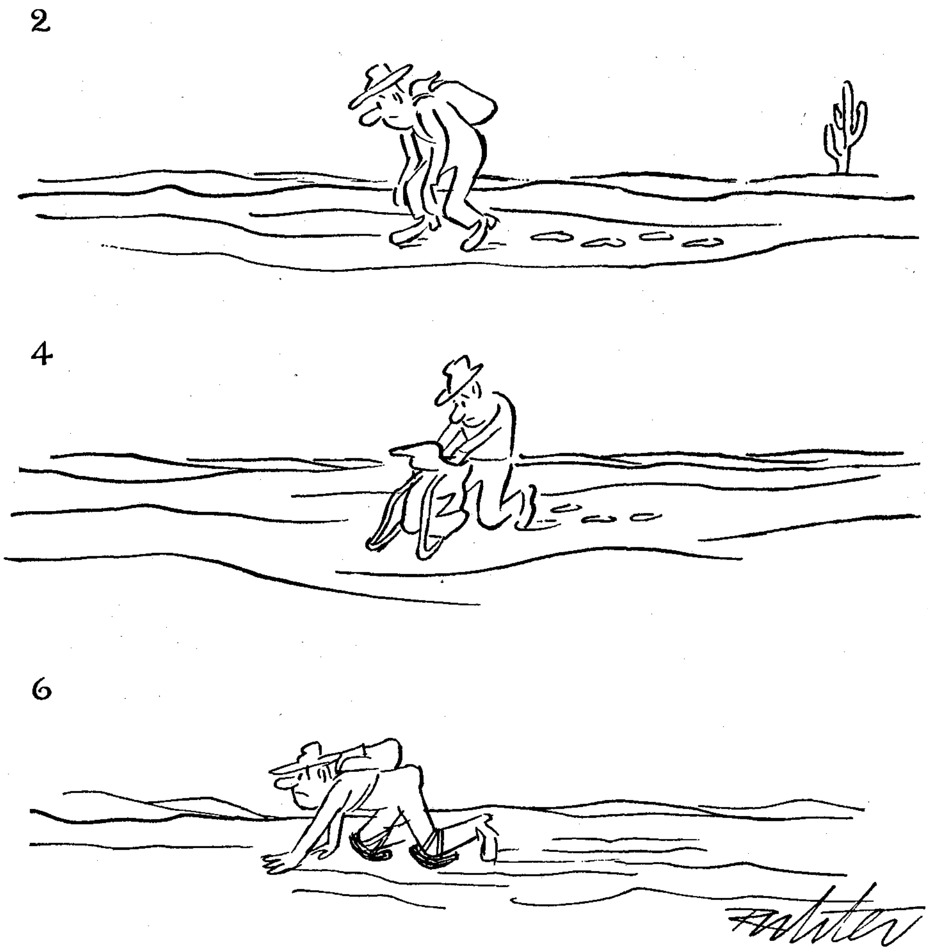
"—in Philadelphia," continued the Signora with composure. "She would never stay at home. She had no feeling for me, her mother. Why do you suppose that I love her the best, the one who has no feeling? It is a mystery, the bond between mother and child."

"Now, now," Miss Pollock said. "Young people ought to have their own interests."

"I believe that when families don't get on, the sensible thing is to live apart," Julie said. "As a matter of fact, that's going to be the subject of my senior thesis next fall. Society makes the child overdependent on the home. Among certain Indian tribes, the child-parent relationship is completely ignored after the age of five."

There was a pause. "What interesting things young people talk about these days," Miss Pollock said.

"I have sixteen grandchildren," said



the Signora, “and three of the fourth generation. Soon you must go to the Uffizi. You will see the paintings of the Madonna and Child. It is the glory of Italian art to have expressed the sanctity of the family.”

“Yes, quite,” said Miss Pollock vaguely. “Let me tell you about my niece. Just your age, and such a dear girl. She has a job in London. In England, you know,” she said, without turning toward the Signora, “young people work for their living. But she manages to see me. Only last year, when I was home in Leamington for a holiday, she stopped off to see me at the railway station on her way back to London from *hers*. Such a dear thought. Of course, the train only stopped ten minutes. Leamington isn't a big place, and there was such a crowd we couldn't see each other at first, but then I heard her crying out ‘Auntie! Auntie!’ We had such a good talk. Not for long, of course, but a good talk. She calls me Auntie, but I'm almost her mother, we're so dear to each other. I mean no disrespect, but her mother has such a frightfully big family, and I think it's important for a young person to have a mother of her own, don't you? It's our little secret. I know she remembers the pact we made. It isn't real, of course, it's only a game. But it's important—don't you think so?”

“I think that modern society needs to recognize the fact that the child-parent relationship is exaggerated,” Julie said. “I mean, the family was a necessary culture unit in the Middle Ages, with feudalism and so forth, but now the family is basically outmoded.”

“I remember when I was a girl we used to be very interested in George Bernard Shaw,” Miss Pollock said.

The Signora was regarding Julie. “You are like my daughter in Philadelphia,” she told her gravely.

Julie retreated toward the door. A bell rang in the front hall. “I'm sorry, I guess that's my friend,” she said in a rush, and left them.

JULIE opened the front door. On the step outside was Stanley. At first, dazzled by the light from the hall, he looked like a small boy caught ringing doorbells on Halloween, but when he stepped in he took on the semblance of great age. He was a heavy young man with a round face. He was wearing a dark flannel suit and waistcoat, although the night was warm, and he was perspiring slightly. He had a tragic expression, a look of weary suffering like that of one who, from a vast distance, contemplates the general drama of pain. Except for a pair of startlingly white shoes, he might have been as old as the Signora. The Signora, who had risen when Julie went out, was standing in the doorway to the study, and when Stanley bowed to her, he made her seem young and frivolous. “Well,” he said weightily, turning to Julie. “Long time no see.” His face contorted momentarily, as if his words had caused him some kind of internal distress.

“You are visiting Florence with your family?” the Signora asked. “That is good. Every young person should be with his family. Here we make our own family—we pretend. Sleep well,” she said to Julie. “Tomorrow we speak Italian. After tonight, no more English. *Sempre italiano.*”

“*Si, Signora,*” Julie said earnestly. “*Buona sera.*”

She led Stanley into the living room. There were photographs on the piano, and on every wall, of the Signora's sons and daughters; they were paddling in ponds, swinging on swings, holding diplomas, and standing with bridal parties. Stanley sat down uneasily. “Why all this speaking Italian?” he asked.

“It's part of the thing.” Julie went to the sofa. “The thing I'm supposed to be doing here.” Above her head was a portrait of the Signora as a young woman, her face happy and serene, with two little boys dressed in identical suits at her feet. “There's this organization that arranges for you to live for a summer with a European family. It's an experiment in living internationally.”

“Good Lord!” Stanley said. “Living with your own family is ghastly enough. But you certainly worked it right to come abroad by yourself. Before dinner, Mother was talking to some fellow about the Italian novel. Mother talking about the Italian novel! It's incredible, really incredible. She doesn't know the first thing about the real intellectual life of Italy.” Stanley looked morosely at the floor. “I ought to be back in New Haven. I ought to be seeing my analyst. Do you realize that stopping an analysis in the middle is about the worst thing you can possibly do? I'm halfway between my old personality and my integrated personality.” He produced a pipe and a tobacco pouch from an inner pocket. “After this trip with the family, I'm likely to be worse. I'm likely to be *much* worse. It's a lucky thing we ran into each other. What I mean is, you and I ought to stick together.”

He glanced shyly at Julie, but the expression that he had hoped to see on her face was not there. She said coldly, "I'm not here to enjoy myself. I'm going to study European family structure."

"All right," Stanley said. "I only thought it was lucky there was someone intelligent to talk to." He fell into an injured silence. "You know, in a lot of ways you act exactly like your grandmother." He lit his pipe and, out of a cloud of tobacco smoke, looked around the room. "This place is sort of like your grandmother's old house. All these family heirlooms. In your grandmother's house, every time you leaned on something it was a model of a clipper ship your great-uncle had made his fortune with. Your grandmother was pretty strong-minded. All the women in your family are strong-minded. No wonder your father used to look sort of hunted." Stanley blushed. "I beg your pardon."

Julie seemed to have scarcely heard him. There was no sign of feeling on her face. It was drawn and empty, and, as if she were speaking unfamiliar words in a foreign language, she said tonelessly, "Mummy's being operated on."

"You mean she's sick?" A look of alarm came into Stanley's face. "I can't stand it when people are sick. I feel it too much."

"When I got here, there was a letter waiting for me," Julie went on. "Mummy said she couldn't bear to tell me before, but now she was going to write a letter. She put down all the mistakes she'd ever made in her life, and how I was to avoid them. It was a long, emotional letter. It was so melodramatic. I mean it's silly—why didn't she tell me before, instead of sending off this letter when I'm three thousand miles away? Daddy's with her. I guess it's hardest on him. Of course, he doesn't like her any more. They haven't even seen each other for three years—not since they came up to Vermont when I graduated from boarding school. It's so hard to believe. It doesn't seem real. She always said she was sick, she had these imaginary illnesses, and now she really is. It's funny, because she was always nice to me whenever I had measles, or something. But Daddy couldn't keep on looking after her forever. I mean the Army is sort of like the Church. It takes all of you, and Daddy couldn't feel sorry for her all the time. You can't keep on feeling sorry for people. It isn't right. They weren't unfaithful, or anything like that. It's simply that their generation never seemed to marry the right people. Of course, I don't mind any more. I was sent off to school, and when I came back Mummy and Daddy were separated. It was essentially inevitable."

Even when she paused, she did not look at Stanley; she seemed to be unaware that there was anyone else in the room. "I wish mine would do something sensible like that," Stanley said. "After they've been here another two days, they'll start in all over again. You saw how it was the last couple of days on the boat." He brooded.

There was a puzzled look in Julie's eyes. "Do you suppose they could have liked each other anyway? Do you think they were sort of necessary to each other?" She drew a breath, and when she spoke again her tone was positive. "Their generation is so confused. You can't just *feel* things."

"I feel things. I feel everything."

"In a sense, we're older than they are. I mean they need our help. We understand things so much better."

"It's a well-known fact that their whole generation is basically insecure and other-directed," Stanley said. "The sad part is they never seem to really communicate with each other. It's like these ghastly Italian telephones, where you keep getting the wrong number and you can't even tell if the person is listening. They go to these plays and give each other dinner parties, but all they talk about is repairing the roof, or the lawn is all dried up, or something like that. Of course, they had all this stability when they were growing up, and then there were two wars and the depression, and now they have this great sense of insecurity about the whole world."

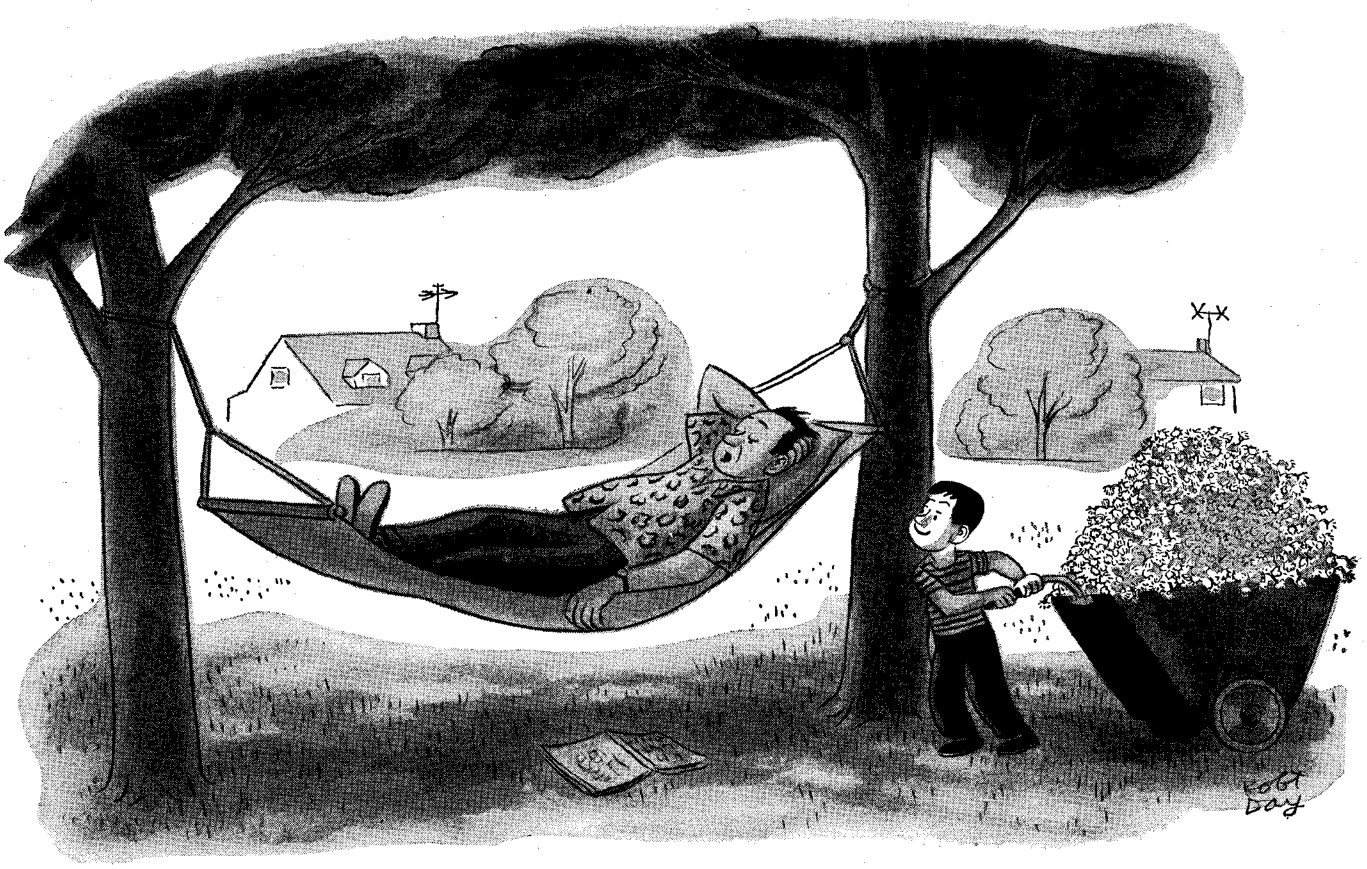
Stanley had the expression of melancholy peace that belongs to one who has spoken the truth about life. Julie appeared not to have heard him; she seemed to be listening to sounds in the front hall. Stanley prodded the bowl of his pipe. Julie jumped up, and sat down again abruptly.

"What's the matter?" Stanley asked.

"It's the Signora going to make cocoa," Julie said. "I thought the telephone might have rung. She said they have cocoa every night. She used to have it for the children, and now they have it anyway." She twisted her fingers together. "It's pathetic. They keep talking about their families, but the Signora's children aren't dependent on her any more, and Miss Pollock doesn't have any. They have to build up a sentimental illusion that they're taking care of people. It's really very touching."

"You know, when you come to think of it," Stanley said, "your family has been living around Boston for just about as long as this Signora's. For as long as she's been *here*, I mean. They lived in that house for centuries, practically. We used to really hate that picnic, when your grandmother took all the children once a year to see the place where your ancestors built the first log cabin, or something. I guess selling your grandmother's house was sort of the breaking up of an ancient line. You might

SEA BREEZE
P Barlow



"That's what I said and that's what I meant. One penny for every ten dandelions."

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say that it was the end of an era."

"That house was a family symbol that isn't necessary in the modern world," Julie said loudly.

Stanley looked at her. "Listen," he said. "Is something wrong?"

"Why should something be wrong?" Without lowering her voice or changing her inflection, she said, "I know people don't like me. Nobody liked me at school. I'm only trying to be independent and think things out, that's all."

"For goodness' sake," Stanley said. "You shouldn't say things like that. It isn't nice."

"There's no reason why Mummy and I should think we need to like each other," Julie said. "We lead our own lives."

"For goodness' sake. Look, maybe I better be going. I mean you must be tired."

"She didn't need to write that letter. Everybody keeps making demands on everybody. We don't get on with each other, that's all. In these Indian tribes, they're given adulthood status at the Spring Mud Festival. They act out the symbolic death of the parent." She paused suddenly. When she continued, her voice was so clear and controlled that Stanley did not notice she was about to cry. "Mothers and daughters never like each other. Mummy said she never got on with Grandmother. She said not until Grandmother died. People think they need to be in a family. People think they need to love people. It's all made up. People are themselves. They don't love other people—they keep pretending. Once you analyze things, then you don't mind any more. It's perfectly easy for me to analyze my family relationship. My feelings are ambivalent. I have an Electra complex. It's the same as an Oedipus complex, only it's girls who have it." Stanley was no longer able to hear all she said; her head was bowed, and she was speaking rapidly. "It's a matter of understanding. When you understand things, then you don't have to feel emotional. I'm completely beyond being emotional. You don't have to depend on other people. You don't have to feel sorry. I don't feel a thing. I don't even know which is real, Mummy or me. I don't feel anything any more."

She stopped. With no change in the way she sat on the sofa, she closed her eyes. Her hands were clenched, and Stanley realized that she was crying. She was crying without movement and without a sound, like a little girl. Stanley stood up and looked anxiously around him. There were footsteps, and the door opened; the Signora stood there, and behind her Miss Pollock. Over the Signora's shoulder, Miss Pollock said, "Would you two like some cocoa?"

"I guess not," Stanley said awkwardly. "Thanks."

Miss Pollock looked at Julie. "Something else? Before you go to bed?"

It was a moment until Julie replied. When she raised her head, she confronted all three of them—the Signora and Stanley and Miss Pollock—and, as if they were utter strangers, she said slowly and carefully, "*Niente. Grazie.*"

—GEOFFREY BUSH

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Word has been received that Mrs. Galen C. Fox, the former Shirley Roden and Miss Ontario of 1949, gave birth to a baby son June 2.

The former Ontarian and her husband, Captain Fox, a jet instructor at Bryan Air Force base, now reside at College Station, Tex.

Mrs. Fox is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Roden, of 520 Harvard Way, Ontario.

Approximately 100 persons, including parents of the graduates, attended the occasion.—*Ontario-Upland (Calif.) Report.*

A regular old wingding.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

I KNEW EXACTLY WHY

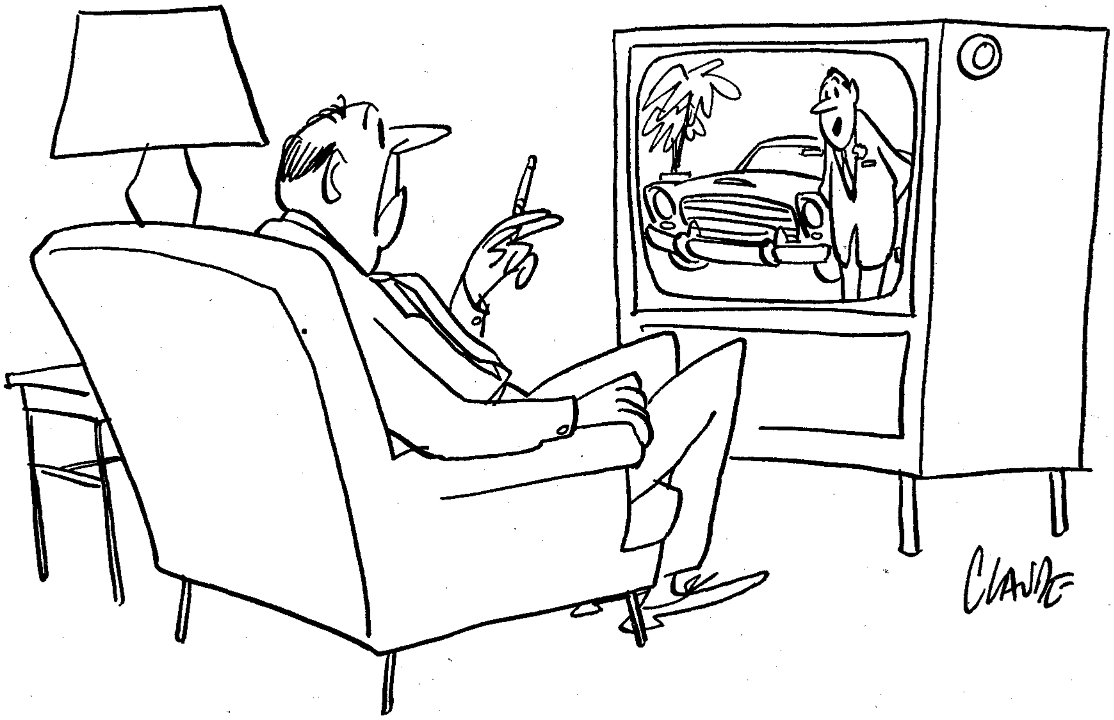
PHYSICISTS are now so widely regarded as a remote and menacing breed of intellectual that it may seem incongruous to suggest that these latter-day Merlins, endlessly experimenting with radiation, can themselves be burned by the strange, inextinguishable fire they have learned to create. But the fact is that they can be burned, and have been. Exposed to radiation, they are every bit as vulnerable as the people of Hiroshima, or the Japanese sailors who unwittingly went fishing for tuna along the rim of the fallout area surrounding Eniwetok. So far, in the United States, eleven physicists have been casualties of radiation. One of these, a Los Alamos researcher, met his death, in 1946, when he saved the lives of several colleagues by pulling apart with his bare hands two chunks of uranium that were producing an uncontrolled chain reaction. The ten others, working in various universities around the country, were injured when neutrons, the type of atomic particle that most readily penetrates matter, entered their eyes. Although in each instance the fusillade of neutrons was relatively light, it was nonetheless pernicious, for the eye is uniquely susceptible to cellular damage. Unlike the other parts of the body, it is unable to slough off and replace dead cells; instead, the cells gradually accumulate until cataracts are formed, and then surgery becomes necessary. Since neutron-induced cataracts differ from the familiar cataracts that frequently afflict elderly people, the physicists' injuries gave rise to unusual surgical problems, but all ten men have had their vision at least partly restored (one lost an eye and several have to wear powerful spectacles) and all are back in the laboratory, working, in most cases, with the same kind of machine that brought on their cataracts.

Not long ago, I looked up a member of this group—Dr. Lloyd Smith, a theoretical physicist whose eyes were injured by a cyclotron during the Second World War. I wanted to hear his account of his peculiarly modern accident, and I wanted to find out whether he had coped with his ordeal any differently from the way a layman might have. I was also curious to learn whether the darkening of his sight had produced any change in his attitude toward his work. Smith, a quiet-spoken, thoughtful man of thirty-four, is spending a year at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton, Long Island, where he is helping to design the synchrotron—a particle accelerator, or atom-smashing machine, that is due to be completed in 1960 and will be the largest in this country. He is on leave of absence from the University of California, in Berkeley, and before coming to Brookhaven he had a hand in designing that university's bevatron, which currently holds the American atom-smashing championship. As might be expected, he has not only a high degree of intelligence but a taste for objectivity and precision, and although his words sometimes convey a certain intensity of feeling, he always chooses them carefully and speaks in a cool, measured voice. He is not, however, above making an occasional statement that, by his standards, is far from precise. "I may be more upset by that cataract business than I appear to be," he told me, and then appeared somewhat abashed at having advanced so obviously undemonstrable a proposition.

Smith is a thin man, not quite six feet tall, with brown hair parted haphazardly on one side. His eyes are blue-green. They stare at one, magnified and transfixing, through large, thick bifocals. Without these glasses, he can make out only vague silhouettes of people and objects; even with them, his peripheral vision is fuzzy, which means that he has to face directly whatever he wishes to see. In general, Smith says, his poor sight has not hampered his work, and although the bevatron is about six hundred times as powerful as the cyclotron that damaged his eyes, and the synchrotron is to be five times as powerful as the bevatron, he is not worried about a repetition of his accident. "The art of protection has been greatly refined since the war," he explains, without bitterness. "Mishaps of the sort I experienced are now extremely unlikely."

"Then that stupid lawyer of mine throws his arms wide open and bellows to the jury, 'To err is human, to forgive divine!' "

EARLY one evening last month, I drove out to Smith's home, in the village of Brookhaven, twelve miles from the National Laboratory and a couple of hundred yards from Great



"Are you so selfish that you can sit there and watch our national economy go to pieces just because you don't happen to need a new car?"

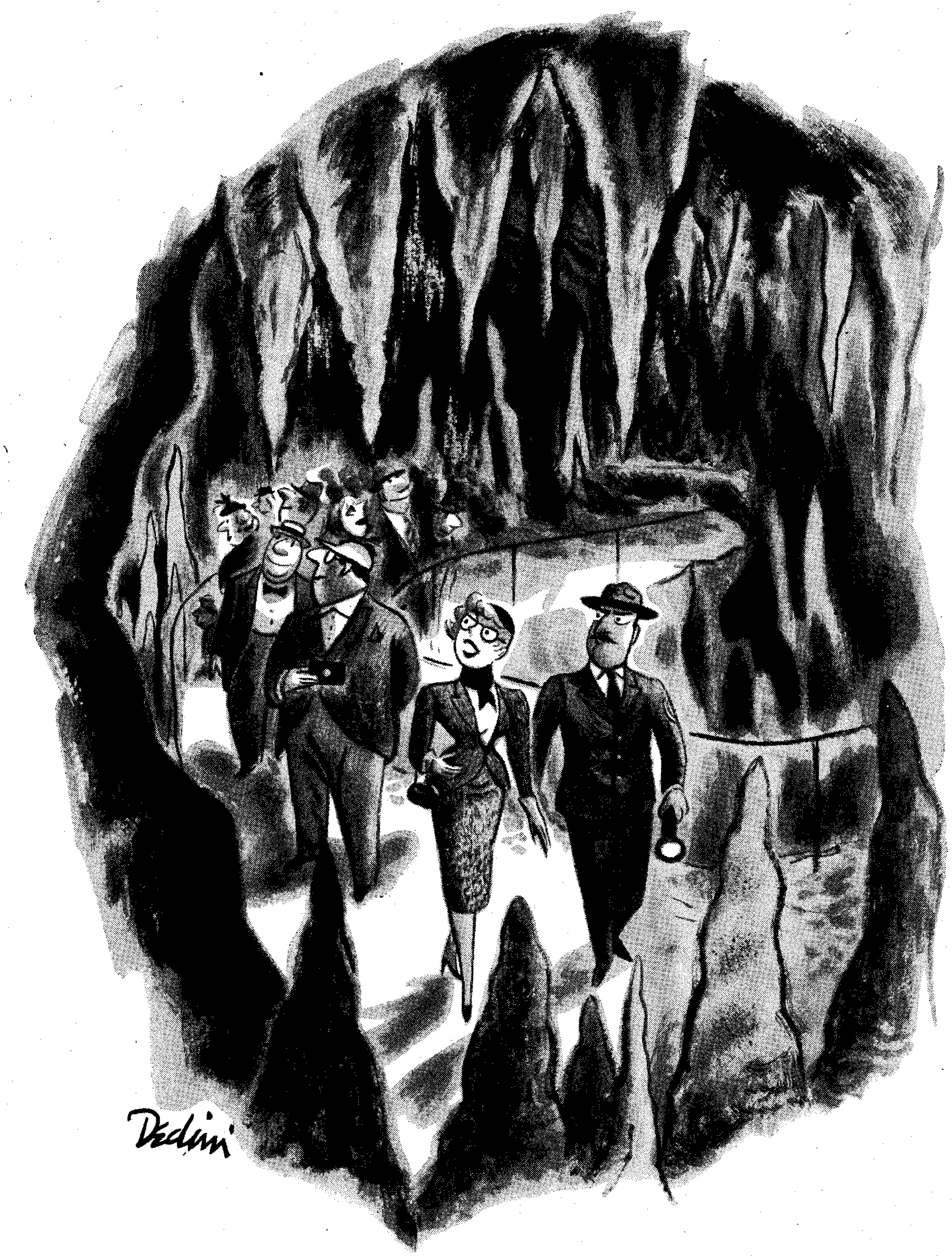
South Bay. Smith and his wife, the former Marianne Freundlich, and their three children live in a modest frame house, designed for summer occupancy, which they have rented, furnished, for their year in the East. It was dusk when I arrived, and not far from the house, in a wind-swept field of brown grass, I could see a weathered picnic table. The living-room furniture was simple and rather rickety, and Mrs. Smith, a tall, spirited brunette, who came to the door with her husband to greet me, made a point of directing me to a dependable chair. She had once been a physicist herself, I knew, and then had switched to mathematics—she and her husband met at the University of Illinois, in Urbana, where they were fellow-students—but since the birth of their third child she has been devoting practically all her time to the family. The children, she informed me, would not be in our way; Peter, six, and Winnie, four, were spending the night with friends, and Lloyd, eighteen months, was asleep. Explaining the banishment of her brood, she told me she didn't want to miss anything that was said, for she herself had never heard her husband try to sum up his experience. She sat down diagonally across the room from me, on a chair near a small piano; I noticed the sheet music for a Schubert violin-and-piano sonata on the music rack. "Lloyd's the pianist," she said, following my gaze, "and I'm the violinist." Smith sat on a sofa opposite me, and after turning his head to glance at his wife he launched into his account.

In June of 1943, Smith said, he had just received his Master's degree in physics from the University of Illinois when he first saw the cyclotron that eventually injured him. It was a brand-new, hundred-thousand-dollar machine that could accelerate particles of matter to one-tenth of the speed of light, and it was one of the chief reasons that he decided to continue his studies at Illinois. "There probably weren't more than a dozen cyclotrons in the country at the time," he told me. "All of us in the Physics Department were proud to have one of them, and I was delighted to get a chance to work on it."

The cyclotron, Smith went on, was housed in a squat, yellowish laboratory building, just off the campus, that had once been a repair garage. The machine was a formidable contraption—eight feet high, eight feet wide, and twelve feet long—and its main theatre of action was a cylindrical vacuum chamber, four feet in diameter, that was located in the center of the apparatus. Inside the chamber, heavy-hydrogen nuclei, or deuterons, were whirled at ever-increasing velocity in ever-widening circles, until at length they collided with the target—some substance whose atoms the physicists wanted to break up. A small glass porthole provided a view into the chamber; looking through it, Smith said, one could sometimes see a hazy, bluish glow, which marked the path of the fast-moving deuterons.

When the target was hit, Smith said, atomic particles were dislodged, and among these particles were neutrons. Neutrons penetrate glass, stone, and metal with ease, but water tends to slow them down, and tanks of water, about the height of the machine and ten feet wide, surrounded the cyclotron at Urbana. Sometimes, though, the physicists worked inside this protective fence, and it was then that they took the risk of being exposed to neutrons. When a neutron crashes into one of the many billions of hydrogen nuclei in our bodies, Smith explained, there is apt to be a cellular disturbance, but as long as the dosage of neutrons, which, incidentally, are in the atmosphere all the time, is only moderate, most cells can recover easily. In 1943, the principal means of checking up on a person who had been exposed to radiation was a blood count. If the red-cell count fell off appreciably, a serious exposure might have occurred. "A physics instructor used to test us once a month," Smith recalled. "He made the counts under a microscope we had around, and he got to be pretty good at sticking our ear lobes." The trouble with the test was that it disclosed only the degree to which the whole body had been exposed, Smith said; a mild exposure that might not affect the rest of the body at all could injure the eye, and injure it badly.

Near one end of the garage was a fair-sized room that was equipped with a large panel of dials and flashing bulbs—something like what you see in the cockpit of an airplane, Smith remarked. This was a remote-control apparatus for operating the cyclotron. Beyond the control room were some other rooms, in which half a dozen graduate students, including Smith, checked and repaired the parts of the cyclotron, under the supervision of Dr. P. G. Kruger, the head of the Physics Department, and Dr. Gerhardt Groetzinger, another physics professor. Smith worked on the cyclotron itself more than any of the other students did. "My reward for being something of a fair-haired boy," he told me ruefully. Kruger and Groetzinger, the men who



"Oh, they're interesting enough. They just don't seem important."

rewarded him, were also to develop cataracts. The three of them would often spend entire nights in the laboratory. "New cyclotrons are balky things," Smith said. "They have to be broken in, like horses. They won't budge all day, and then at ten o'clock at night they're liable to start perking up. That's your big chance to familiarize yourself with the machine and its behavior, so you stay with it into the small hours. Eventually, it peters out again, by which time, of course, you've petered out yourself."

"Lloyd worked Sundays, too," Mrs. Smith said. "I used to tell him he should be taking me to the movies, instead. I was always worried about his work. You can't smell or feel or see that radiation. You never know what it's up to."

Groetzinger, Kruger, and Smith went on familiarizing themselves with their cyclotron for two years, and dutifully reported to the physics instructor once a month for a blood count. Whenever they could, they worked at the panel, but often the cyclotron would not respond to remote control. It would refuse to whirl particles around the way it was supposed to. Then its would-be masters had to leave their controls and make adjustments on the machine itself, flipping a lever or switch here, turning a knob there, inserting a probe. "And if we were really stumped, we'd look through the porthole to see what might be wrong inside," Smith said. "When the machine was unusually temperamental, I might look through it ten times a day. How well I came to know that blue glow! We had to get up close to the porthole, and the closer we got, the more neutrons were getting into our eyes. Not that we realized what was happening. There was never any pain. I must have looked through that glass a couple of hundred times. Not all those looks injured me, but some did, and I'll never know which ones. All I'll ever know is that there were days between June, 1943, and September, 1945, when I was damaging my eyes permanently."

ONE afternoon in September, 1946, Smith, who was by then a fellow of the University of Chicago's Institute of Nuclear Studies, decided he had better visit an oculist. He had had his eyes tested the previous spring in Columbus, Ohio, where he had gone to take his doctorate at Ohio State, and on that occasion he had done nearly as well as usual with the eye chart; the oculist had prescribed lenses only a little stronger than the ones that Smith, who had been slightly nearsighted since boyhood, was then using. He was reluctant to take the time for another visit to an oculist, he told me, for he was extremely busy that fall. His research at the Institute was absorbing, and congenial as well; he was again working with Groetzinger, who had also joined the Institute. His social life, too, was a full one. Chicago was his home town, and he spent his free time with relatives and old friends. And as often as he could, he went down to Urbana, a hundred and thirty miles away, to see Miss Freundlich, who was completing her doctoral thesis there. At any rate, Smith did consult an ocu-

THE CRAYFISH

I

The brook wound through the woods behind
The houses, on each trim side was lined

With a wall of orange-brown rocks.
There I sat, with my shoes and socks

Off, under the tall oaks on the bank,
And dangled a piece of string that sank

Its load of bacon slowly down
To the dusty bottom. No sound

Ruffled the water when I saw
A big crayfish stepping near the raw

Bait. I moved the string to inform
Him of it—back he leaped in a storm

Of cloudy mud. But soon he returned,
Clumsy, to eat what he had learned

Was easy lunch. He paused to fondle
The soggy dish, then, like a bundle,

Took it in his heavy pincers. Up,
Up, carefully I drew him up,

Dripping, through his watery sky,
Into my world of green and dry.

II

He started off with a waddling walk
From the ledge but, wanting to talk,

I set him back. So he sat there,
His black-reflector eyes in a stare

Of strangeness, while I told and told
How I was a boy, was nine years old,

And liked him. He swayed his feelers round
To show attention at the sound

I made in the hollow glade of noon;
Wet, slow scrapings were all the tune

His clumsy pincers could provide
For answer. I stroked his armored side,

Brown with yellow speckles-like hail
In a dry garden, his plated tail

With its fan-feather tips, his spiny
Spider legs (one missing)—my tiny

Monster from the stream. And to show
How well I liked him, I let him go.

III

I dropped him back with a soft splash
To catch again, and in a flash

He shot away in his liquid world
Between two rocks. Slowly, I unfurled

My string and let the tattered bait
Down into his sky again, to wait

On the dusty bottom. The string
Sent wrinkles out in widening rings

That touched against the wall to go
Sliding back like messengers to and fro,

To confuse the sun. Mottled in shade
And sun, the stream moved its slow parade

Between the walls; the watery bed
Lay like a desert, rock-strewn and dead,

Around my line. I'd thought to hoist
My small acquaintance up from his moist

Nook beneath the rocks, to let him eat
The bacon as a friendly treat.

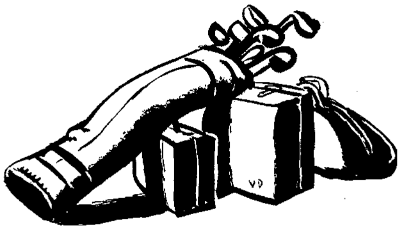
Below, I could see his pointed snout
Watching, but nothing would coax him out

To ride again up the sunny air.
I had to go and leave him there.

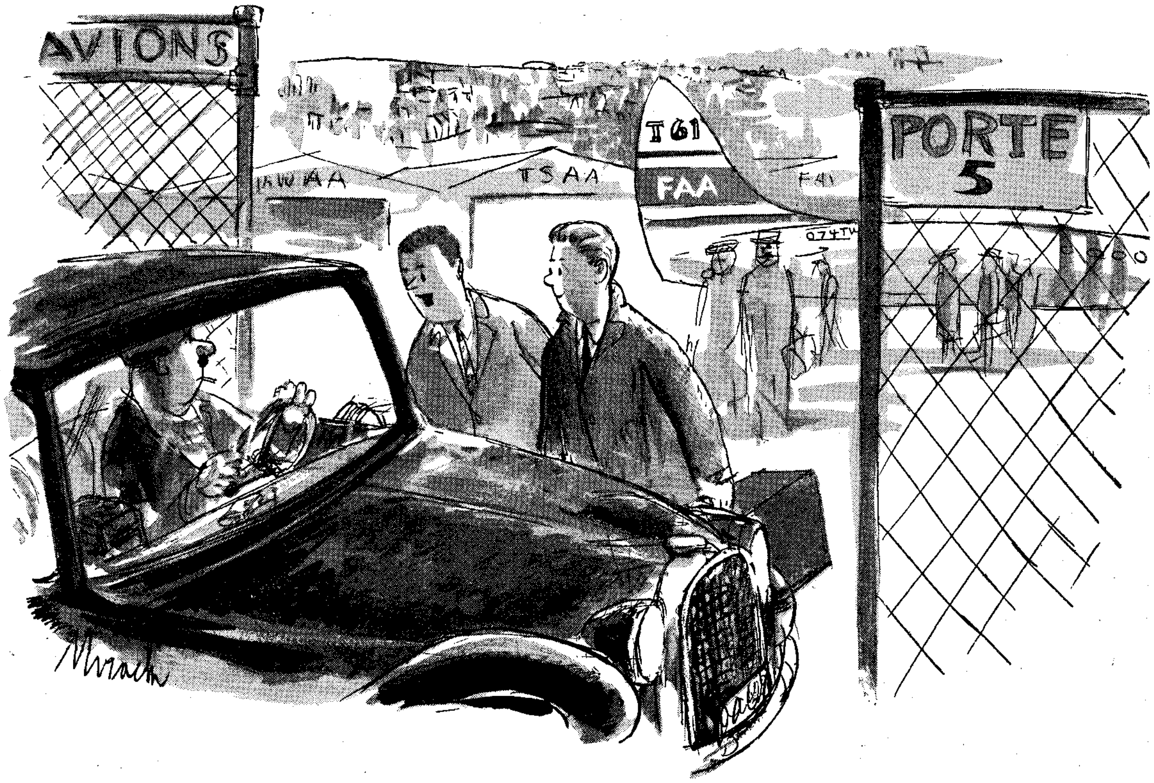
—Robert A. Wallace

• •

list—a reputable practitioner, who gave him a new prescription that was a trifle stronger than the last. Five months later, in February, 1947, he was in still another oculist's office, hopefully accepting still another prescription. "Something strange was happening to my sight," Smith said, "and I finally came to suspect that it had nothing to do with glasses. Back in Columbus, I had become aware of little floating things in my field of vision, but I was told that everyone sees them, to a certain extent. So that didn't bother me much. What followed did bother me, though—a splotchy bending of light. I seemed to be looking at things through a dirty, scratched-up window. I could see a blackboard or a book properly if I wasn't in a glare of sunlight, but if I was, there would be this slightly opaque glass. At first, the distortion was so subtle that I couldn't tell whether there was something wrong with my eyes or whether objects actually were the way I saw them. I'd turn my head at different angles, but the window was always there, and it kept getting dirtier. By the time I moved on to Chicago, I was finding it hard to resolve lights. The headlights of an approaching car would blur together. I was glad I didn't know how to drive. Lights always had halos—pretty ones, with rainbow colors and crystal-like patterns. On a clear night, I could count on a ring around the moon."



A few weeks after Smith's visit to the third oculist, he felt he needed yet another examination, and this time he went to the eye clinic at the Billings Hospital of the University of Chicago, just a few blocks from the Institute. As soon as he walked in, he told me, he felt that if his condition could be diagnosed anywhere, this was the place. "It was a university clinic, and research was in the air," he said. The man who examined him—an interne about his own age—not only looked at his eyes but questioned him closely about his work over the past few years. Then the interne, remembering something he had read recently, went out and fetched a book from the hospital library. He read Smith a passage about cataracts brought on by massive X-ray treatment in advanced cases of brain tumor. "My difficulties now made sense," Smith went on. "I had incipient radiation cataracts, and Illinois was where I'd got them. This possibility had never crossed my mind. There was surgery for the cataracts, the interne said, but that was for the future; my eyes first had to get considerably worse. He was very tolerant about the oculists I'd been to. How could they have been expected to look for cataracts in a man of twenty-five? The interne left the room again, and this time he returned with a senior ophthalmologist—a dogmatic middle-aged woman. I guess he wanted to show off his discovery. The woman told me I would have to give up physics—period. My lips must have tightened, but I didn't say anything. She couldn't have known what that meant to me. I still compose imaginary speeches to her."



"The Folies-Bergère!"

• •

Smith went back to the Institute and told the news to Groetzinger, who had yet to experience his own symptoms. For a while, Smith had trouble concentrating on his work—the first time this had ever happened to him, he said—but presently, as he grew accustomed to the diagnosis and his eyes seemed to be holding their own, his interest revived sufficiently for him to be offered a renewal of his fellowship. An invitation to work on the University of California bevatron came through at about the same time, however, and Smith decided to try his hand at that. Miss Freundlich applied for and got a job as a mathematics instructor at the same school, and the two made plans to go West as newlyweds. They were married in June, 1947. Not until the night before the wedding did Smith tell his fiancée about his injury. "It wasn't easy for Lloyd," Mrs. Smith recalled. "He said to me, 'There's something I have to tell you. I may go blind. I have radiation cataracts, but there's supposed to be an operation for them.' I reminded him that financially, anyway, we wouldn't be too badly fixed. After all, I had a Ph.D., too, and if necessary, I could support him. I saw to it that we didn't dwell on the cataracts. It would have been inappropriate. We were supposed to be in a cheerful frame of mind. We were young, we were about to be married, and we were going to a part of the country neither of us knew. I proposed that we buy a used car and drive to Berkeley, and I told Lloyd he would have to pay for it out of his savings, because I had squandered mine on nylon stockings. Well, we bought the car, and even though I did all the driving, I saw lots of things along the way that Lloyd didn't. I'd always mention them. I wanted Lloyd to face up to the situation. I didn't want any taboo subjects coming between us."

IN Berkeley, the couple rented a small apartment and went about their jobs. Although Smith could handle his work smoothly enough at first, he told his immediate superior, Dr. Robert Serber, about his developing cataracts, and Serber put him in touch with Dr. Frederick Cordes, the chief ophthalmologist at the University of California Hospital, in San Francisco. Once again, Smith found himself hailed as an interesting case, and in the next three years, during which he often saw Dr. Cordes and other eye men, he learned enough ophthalmology to share some of their clinical excitement. "You know, very few really new situations ever come an eye man's way," Smith said sympathetically. The doctors knew about radiation cataracts, but only the kind caused by X-rays; neutron-induced cataracts were something they had never encountered before. Moreover, Smith's youth raised certain new operative problems; it was for senile cataracts that procedures were well established. But, as the interne in Chicago had said, surgery would come later; Dr. Cordes agreed that Smith's vision had not yet deteriorated sufficiently to justify it. "Conservative methods," Smith said. In the meantime, though, the medical carpet was out for him. Whenever he appeared at the hospital, specialists and internes clustered around him, peering at his eyes, and on one occasion a technical artist drew a "portrait" of his right eye—the poorer one—for a medical journal. And when the time for the operation should arrive, Smith was assured, the University of Illinois would pay for everything, including a private room. "I had ap-

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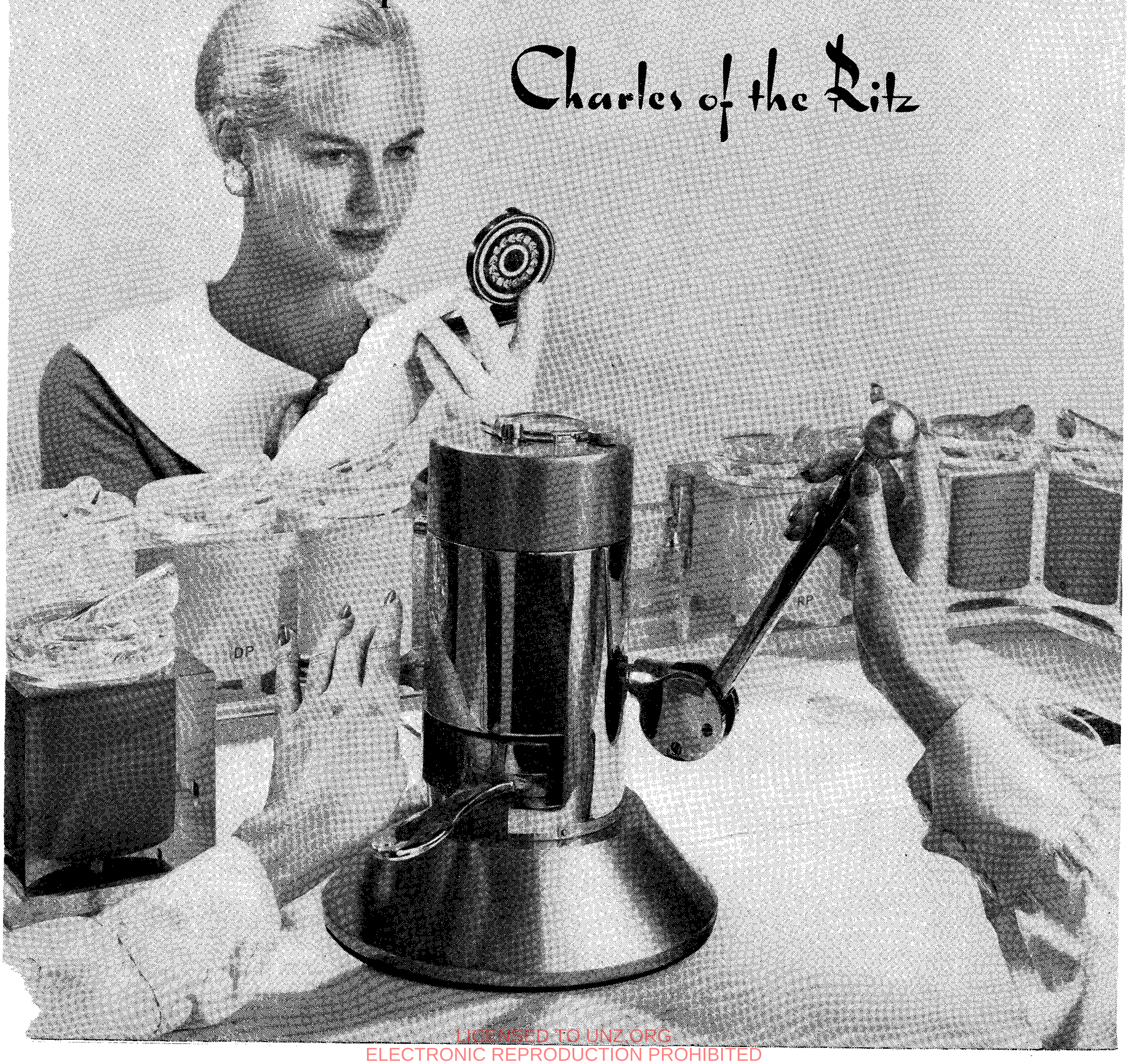

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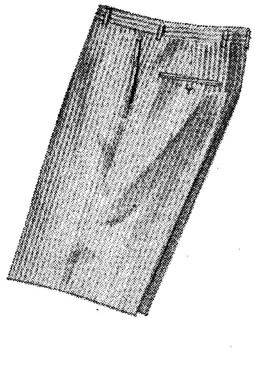
parently been injured under the best of circumstances," he said. "I wouldn't have come off half as well if I had been a Hiroshima casualty. Not that I merited comparison. I had been exposed to an occupational hazard, not victimized by a war. Physics was something I had taken up deliberately. It was my career."

In the summer of 1948, the Smiths vacationed in the Canadian Rockies, and as they explored the mountains, it became plain that Smith's vision had deteriorated a good deal; his inability to make out scenic beauties was far more pronounced than it had been during their trip to California. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Smith observed, the move to the West had been fortunate, for the novelty of the place helped distract her husband. A visit to Dr. Cordes was an excuse for making a night of it in San Francisco, trying out new restaurants and wandering along unfamiliar streets. A picnic at the seashore was another treat for her husband, who had been reared in the Midwest. But his dependence on such diversions, Mrs. Smith said, was a sore point with him. "Of course, scientists like to relax, the same as anyone else, but only if they know they can go back to work and work as hard as they choose," she explained. "If a scientist can't do that, something vital is missing from his life, and he takes very little pleasure in an outing or a weekend. Christmas Eve becomes just an ordinary night for him."

By November, Smith continued, his eyes were so clouded over that he was spending most of his time at home. Sometimes his wife took him for a drive along the shore or, if her teaching schedule permitted, went to the movies with him right after lunch, when the theatres were apt to be pretty empty and he could pick out a seat that would allow him a good view of the screen. He couldn't read music and had to give up the piano, and before long he couldn't read anything without the help of a magnifying glass. The laboratory blackboard—the physicist's scratch-pad—held only indecipherable blurs for him. In the evening, his wife read him articles from technical journals. "Lloyd was avid for the latest news of the universe," she told me, and added wryly, "I suspect the universe wasn't quite as interested in the latest news of him."

"Of course it wasn't," Smith said, with a smile. "Person A may care about what's happening to Person B, but you can bet that the universe doesn't."

One night shortly before Christmas,



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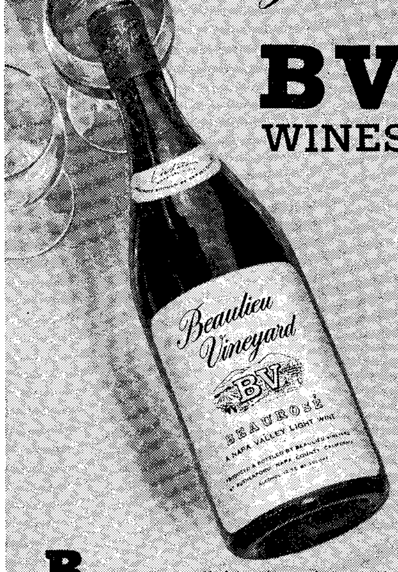

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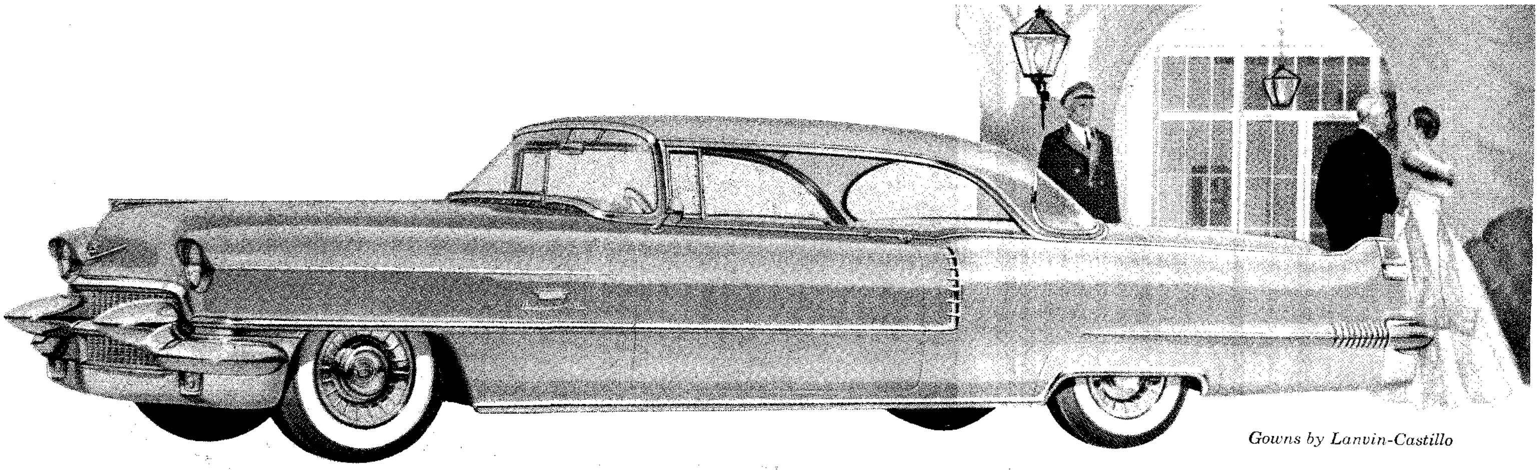

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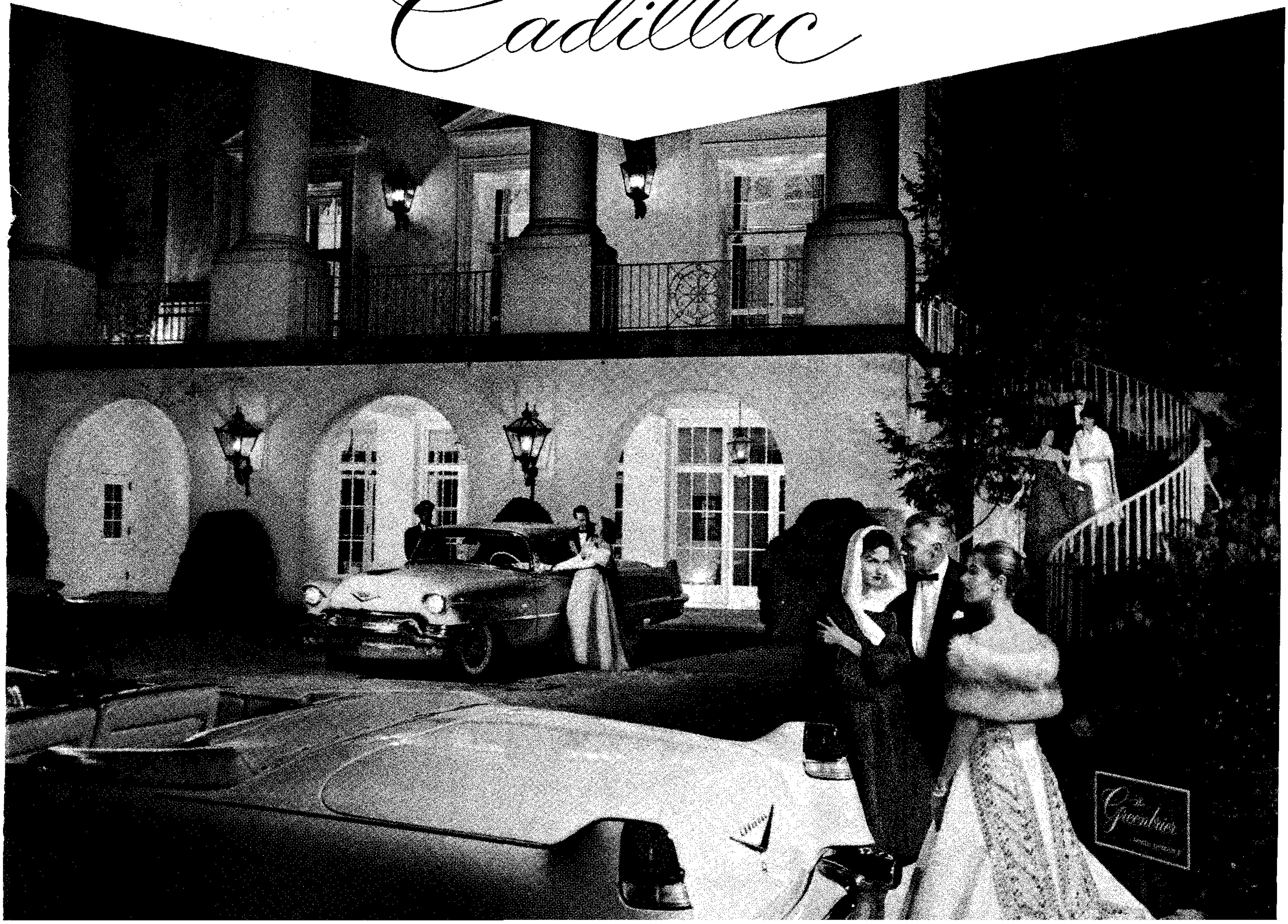

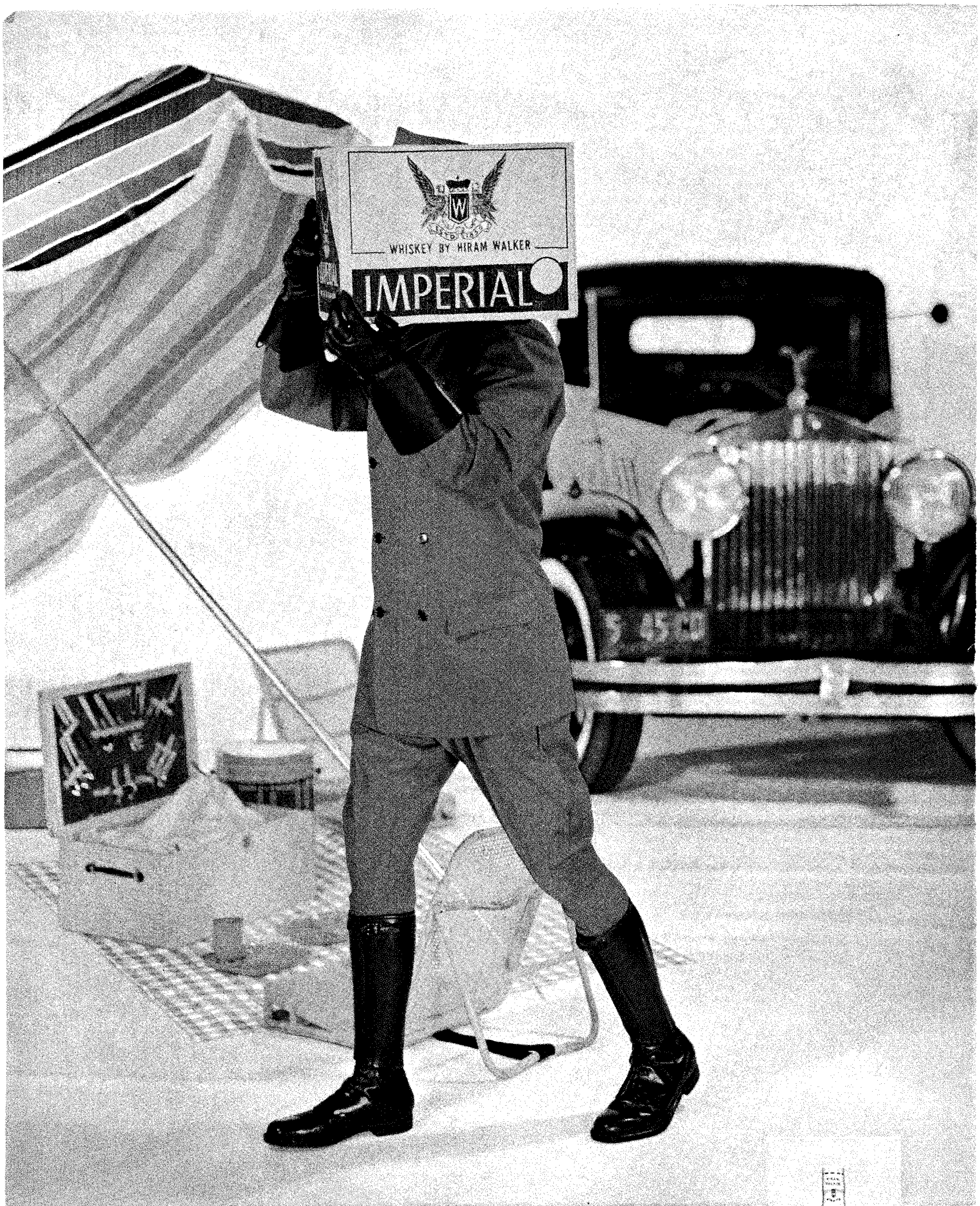
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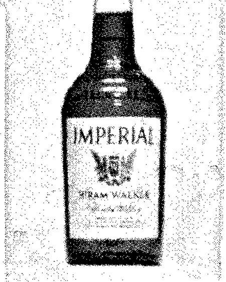
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though Smith didn't know it, Drew Pearson broadcast the news that several atomic scientists were going blind as a result of exposure to radiation. The next morning, the Smiths were awakened early by a loud rapping on their door. When Smith opened it, he found a newspaper photographer outside, camera cocked.

"What do you want my picture for?" Smith asked.

"You're one of those atomic scientists, aren't you?" the photographer replied as a flash bulb went off.

That afternoon, peering through a magnifying glass, Smith saw his picture on the front page of a San Francisco paper. The local press soon began issuing occasional bulletins on Smith's condition, and strangers took to phoning him and writing him letters. Some of them exhorted him to turn to religion, claiming that his failing sight was retribution for the raids on Japan. Two women proposed marriage, and an Alaskan farm wife recommended that he pour a bucket of lye over his eyes—a measure, she said, that had cured her horse of blindness.

As a result of the publicity the injured scientists were given, the National Research Council, a private agency that advises the government on scientific matters, called a meeting in Washington in January, 1949, to consider the phenomenon of neutron-induced cataracts. Smith and five other injured physicists attended, along with a number of ophthalmologists. Mrs. Smith made the trip with her husband, and accompanied him to the daily meetings of the Cataract Conference, as it was informally called, which were held in a Washington hotel suite. Only one other casualty required an escort—a young physicist from the Carnegie Institution, in Washington, who, Smith told me, was in worse shape than he was. This man's escort was a distinguished ophthalmologist, who had recently operated on his left eye; the surgery had cost the physicist his eye, and the surgeon had been penitently guiding him around ever since. (The physicist's right eye was later operated on successfully.) Groetzinger and Kruger, Smith's Illinois colleagues, were among the injured physicists at the conference, and so were men from the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The sessions, Smith said, weren't as sombre as one might suppose. Liquor and food were provided to lend them a festive air, but, I gathered, the men derived their real stimulation from dealing with the business at hand. "We

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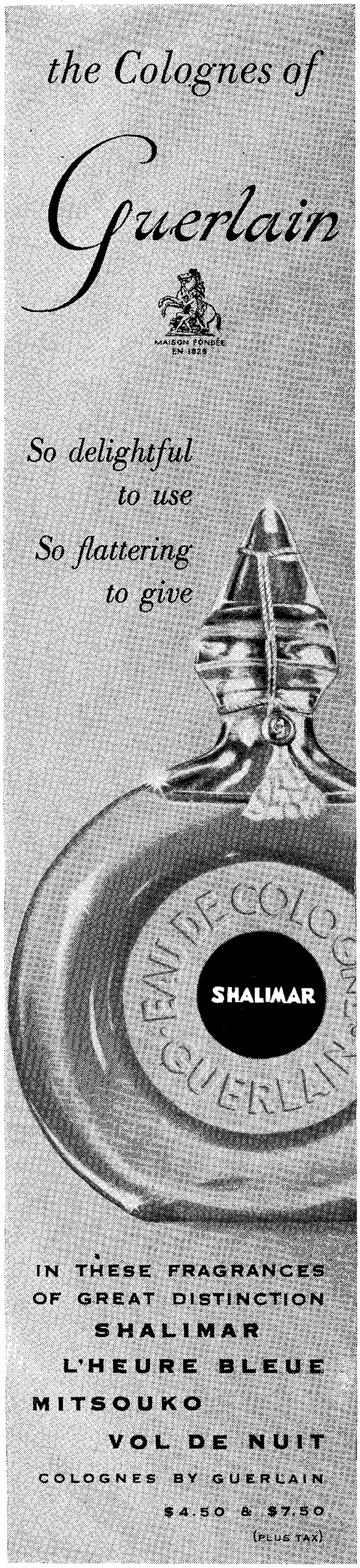

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wanted to get the facts straight," Smith told me. "We wanted to find out what had happened." Each injured man gave his own case history, attempting to estimate the amount of radiation he had been exposed to. "Groetzinger, Kruger, and I worked out our estimates separately," Smith said. "We didn't want to take the risk of influencing each other's story." Later, "subjective notes," more speculative in nature, were called for, and Smith, Groetzinger, and the Carnegie Institution man, as the most severely injured of the six, pooled their impressions for a small group of medical men. The conference reached the conclusion that similar injuries must have occurred in Japan, and Dr. Philip S. Owen, an officer of the National Research Council, said that he would urge the United States Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission to look into that possibility. The talk never languished, Smith told me, and at the final session it was unanimously voted to hold a Cataract Conference every year.

IN April, 1949, the doctors at the University of California Hospital decided that the time had come for surgery on Smith's right eye, and he entered the hospital the night before the operation. Nearly six years had elapsed since his eyes were damaged, and by that time, he said, he had learned a good deal about his ophthalmological situation and had a very clear idea of what the doctors would be up to when they had *him* on the operating table. "Anything a doctor knows, a physicist can learn," Mrs. Smith put in matter-of-factly. Then, too, Smith continued, he was a specialist in radiation, and, of course, radiation was at the bottom of his trouble. All this knowledge, he was sure, gave him an advantage over the average preoperative patient. "Lying in the hospital that night, I wondered how my imaginary Hiroshimian would have felt in my place," he said. "He would have been mystified, I decided, and panicky. He would have known only that something had dropped out of the sky and had made him go slowly blind. He wouldn't have known why, and he wouldn't have known what to expect next. I did. I knew exactly why, and, unlike the Hiroshimian, I didn't have to worry that my hair would fall out in tufts, or anything like that. I could put boundaries around my injury. I knew that only my eyes were affected. If war should come, we scientists might die the same as anyone else, but at least we would under-

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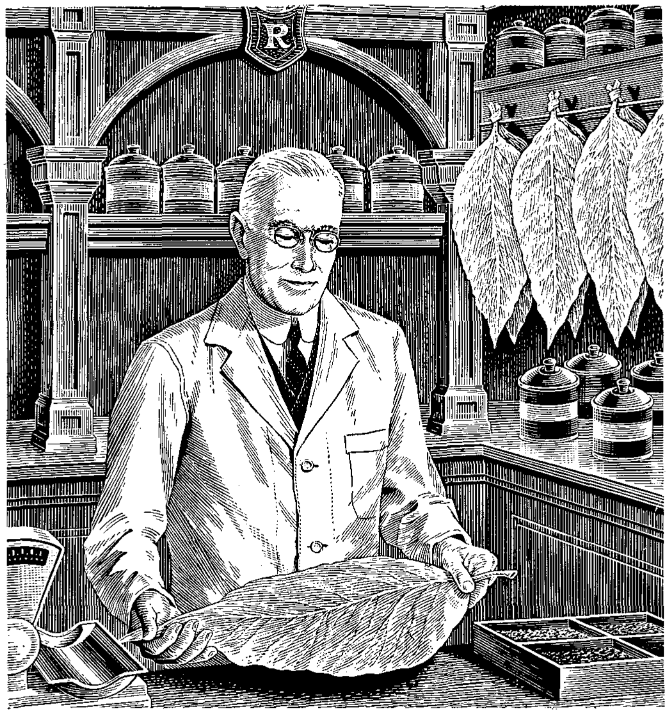

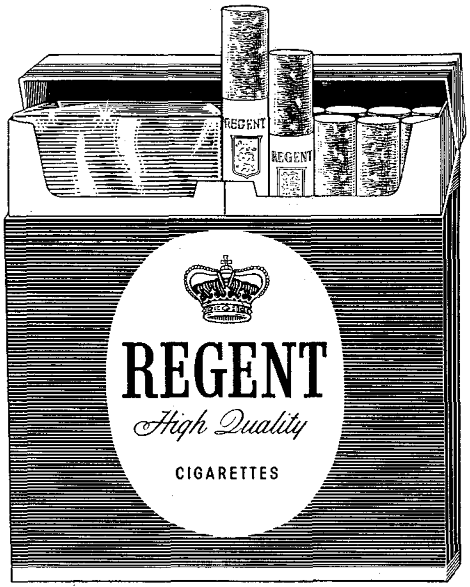

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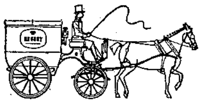

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stand exactly what was causing our death."

"It is a strict discipline, this trying to be detached and logical all the time," Mrs. Smith interposed. "It can protect, as Lloyd says, but it is a fragile flower. It may crumble at any moment, and if it does, someone like Lloyd is lost."

Smith assured me that he hadn't been altogether detached that first night in the hospital. "I was logical, all right, but there was a component of depression in my attitude, too," he said, in his measured way. "That made for a strange mixture. Perhaps the failure of the operation on the Carnegie Institution man had something to do with it."

Smith's operation went off smoothly. Afterward, he remained in the hospital for ten days, his eyes bandaged and his head braced by two sandbags to prevent hemorrhage. Then Mrs. Smith drove him home. His eyes were still bandaged, and the bandages were not taken off for another ten days. As a result of the operation, Smith's restored eye could admit light but could not focus, and a special powerful lens had to do the focussing for him. For the next two months, following Dr. Cordes' instructions, Smith diligently exercised his eye and got accustomed to the lens through which it would henceforth see. His left eye still had to be operated on, but while he was waiting to reënter the hospital, there were plenty of things he could do. He could work on a blackboard, he could read at almost his normal rate, and he could play the piano. He could even learn to drive a car, as he discovered when Mrs. Smith, who was expecting her first child and was worried about her own forthcoming trip to the hospital, persuaded him to take driving lessons. One afternoon, the instructor asked Smith why he had been so long getting around to driving, and Smith mentioned his cataract difficulties, among other things. "Oh, you're that scientist who's been in the papers," the instructor said. "My wife cried when she read about you."

It wasn't until September, after Peter's birth, that the Smiths were able to celebrate the upswing in their fortunes. "We went off camping in the Sierras for two weeks," Smith told me. "I could see a whole lot more than I had seen in the Canadian Rockies. I wanted to see everything, but I had to keep bobbing my head, because of my limited peripheral vision. I had to look up for low branches that might knock my glasses off and I had to look down for roots that might trip me. Still, I could see trees and bushes, the

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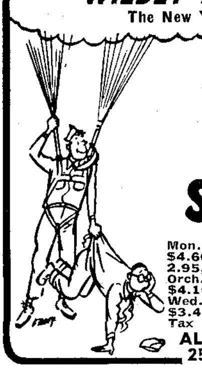

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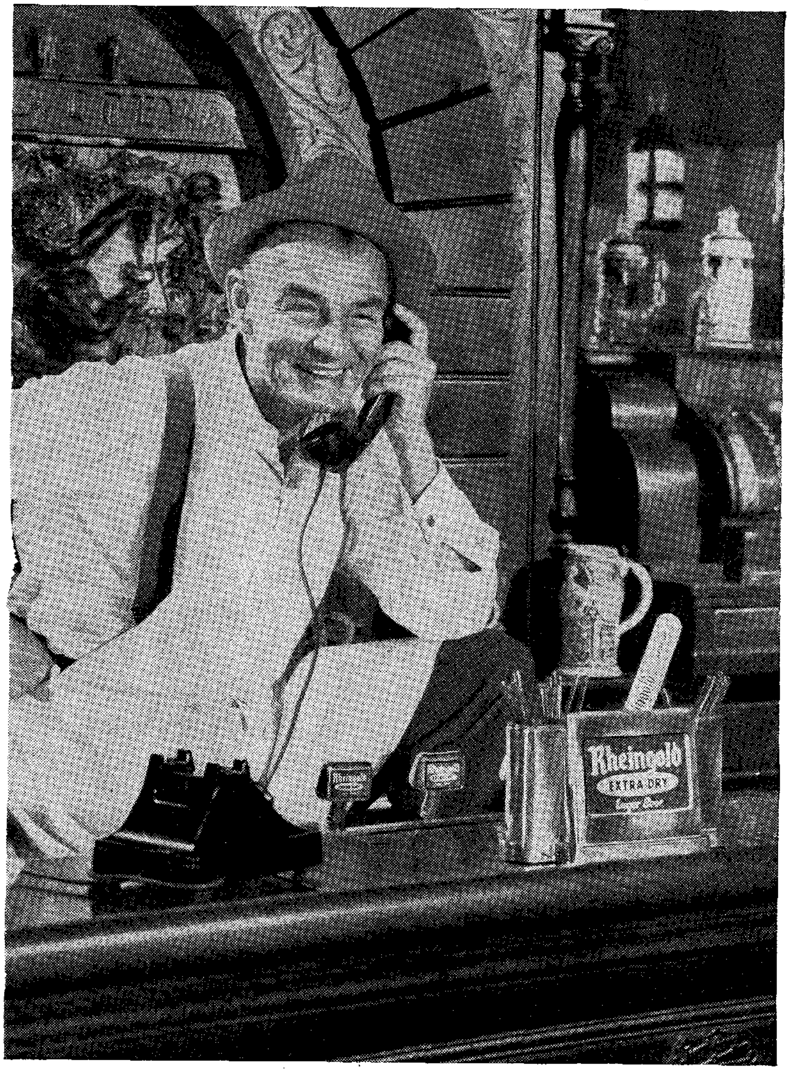

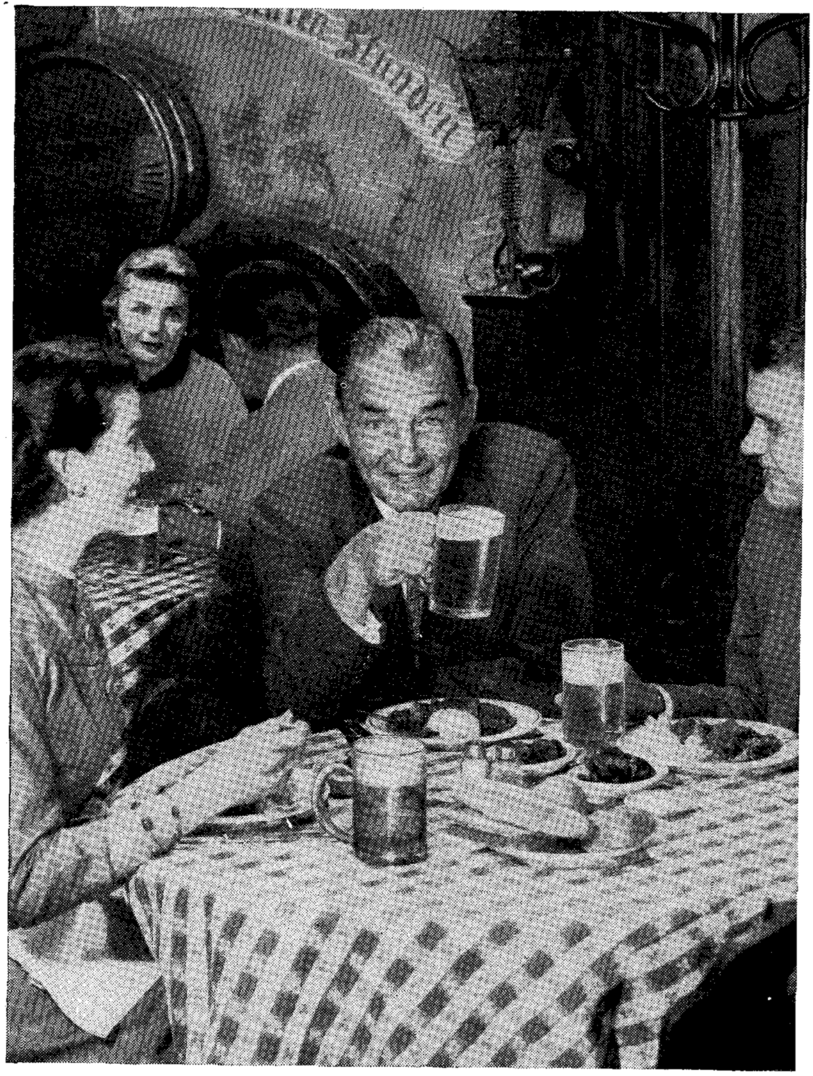

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSTON-HESSE

"Hello! Duffy's Tavern! No, Duffy ain't here. This is Archie," says Ed Gardner, host of television's *Duffy's Tavern*. "You want I should come over? Listen, I'm working. But I'll be there after the show.

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colors and shapes of rocks, the immense sky—even a hawk wheeling overhead. I didn't give a thought to the dynamics of flight. All that mattered was that I could see the world. I felt like a free man."

SMITH has had the use of both eyes since April, 1950, when his left eye was successfully operated on, and now he would just as soon forget that his accident ever occurred. As it happens, though, there are reminders—the continuing Cataract Conferences, for one. At the 1950 meeting, he learned that the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission had found more than a hundred Japanese with neutron-induced cataracts and that medical help was to be provided for them. During that conference, the chairman of the Physics Department at Carnegie Tech, a fellow-casualty, invited him to teach there; he accepted, and spent two years in Pittsburgh. In 1952, with two children now, the Smiths went back to Berkeley, and Mrs. Smith took the children to meet Dr. Cordes. "Just Person A dropping in on Person B," she said. When the weather turns warm, Smith told me, he is reminded that his swimming days are over; it would make him too uneasy to enter the water without his glasses. Children in the street sometimes stare boldly at his large bifocals, and now and then, forgetting to face directly where he is going, he bumps humiliatingly into a door or a filing cabinet.

Smith, who had been talking with unusual deliberateness, suddenly took off his glasses. His eyes darted and blinked as they tried to locate me. They looked extraordinarily small and strangely denuded. I hadn't realized that his glasses had been steadily reflecting the light of a floor lamp. "I can see you," he said, finally. "I make you out in about twenty striations—vertical and horizontal. They smear into one fuzzy image." He put his glasses back on.

At large scientific gatherings, Smith continued, speaking more quickly, he is conscious of a certain notoriety; sooner or later, a new acquaintance is almost sure to ask him, "You had that business with a cyclotron, didn't you?" Smith does not consider this question tactless. "My colleagues know that neutrons are a part of the general picture," he said. "They probably regard my injury as a cultural event, and they can well imagine themselves wearing my spectacles. Still, I don't care for the question. My work is what counts, and that's what I want to be known for. Even when my sight was at its worst, I never

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doubted that I would go back to my work, and the matter of how supposedly ennobling the scientific spirit is had nothing to do with it. What else could I do? To someone like me—and I don't deserve any special credit for it—the desire for knowledge is a fact of life."

Happily for Smith, he is snowed under with work at Brookhaven these days, and unexpected duties have been descending on him from other quarters as well. A few months ago, he flew to Berkeley to look into some bevatron problems; after that, he went to Geneva as one of the American delegates to an international conference on high-energy physics; right now, he is finishing up a paper on particle accelerators for the *Handbuch der Physik*, a German encyclopedia. As for the synchrotron, he said, it was coming along fine, and early the next morning he was going to show it to a group of visiting British scientists from Harwell.

I rose to go, and after I had shaken hands with Mrs. Smith, her husband walked me out to my car. The weathered picnic table was a black mass in the night. Above us was the universe—a deep sky, brilliant with stars. Smith looked up at it in silence for a while—long enough to make me wonder what he was seeing. Then, having looked his fill, he turned to me and said, "It's a beautiful night, isn't it?"

—Daniel Lang

•

Muskegon, Mich. (UP)—At least one Muskegon man won't hide in the trunk of his car next time he wants to "spy" on his wife. The man had to enlist his wife's aid when the trunk locked. She couldn't unlock the trunk and drove the car to police headquarters where he was released. He told police he suspected his wife of stepping out on him and just wanted to check on her.

The young of the opossum are born incompletely developed and live constantly in their mother's pouch for nearly two months after birth.—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Tribune.*

All right. But they're not spying on her.

•

David L. Posner, son of Mrs. Milton Fox, 1411 Dorsett Dock road, Point Pleasant, has won the coveted Sir Roger Newgate award for poetry at Oxford University, England, where he is studying for his B.L. degree. The award, seldom won by an American, dates back to the early 18th century. Among Americans winning it were John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Evelyn Waugh.—*Point Pleasant (N.J.) Leader.*

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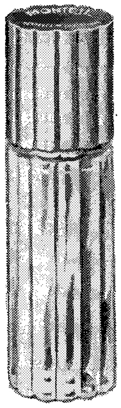

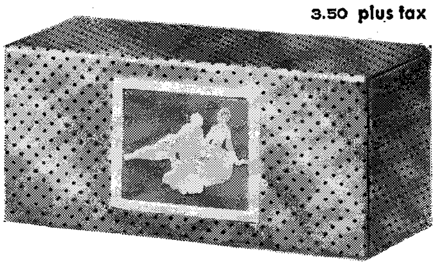

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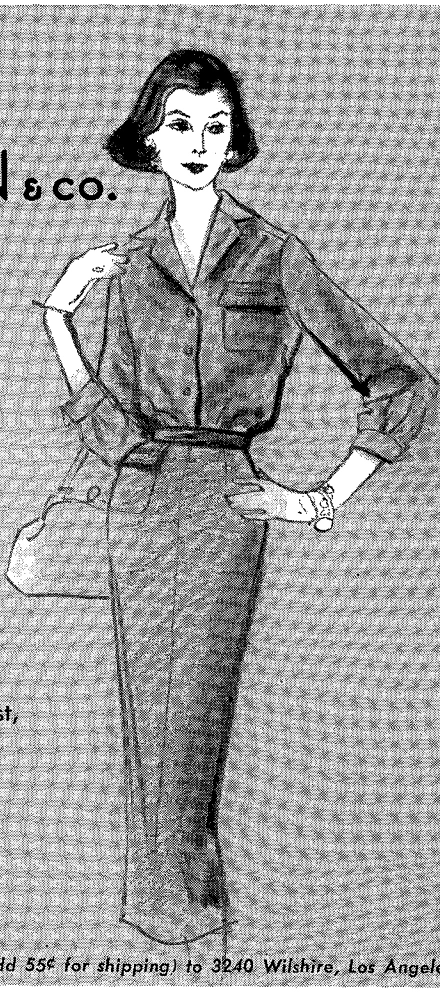

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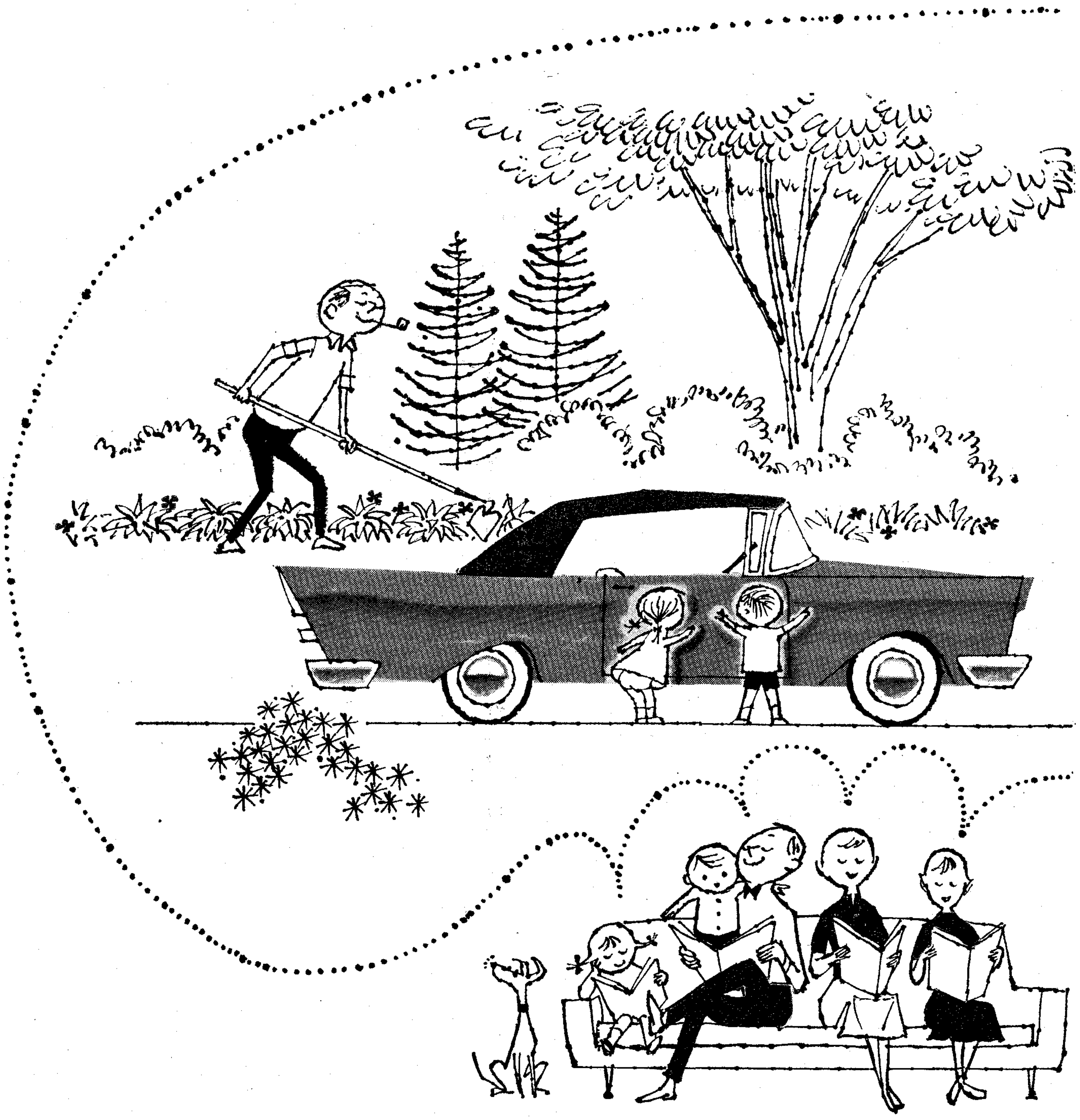

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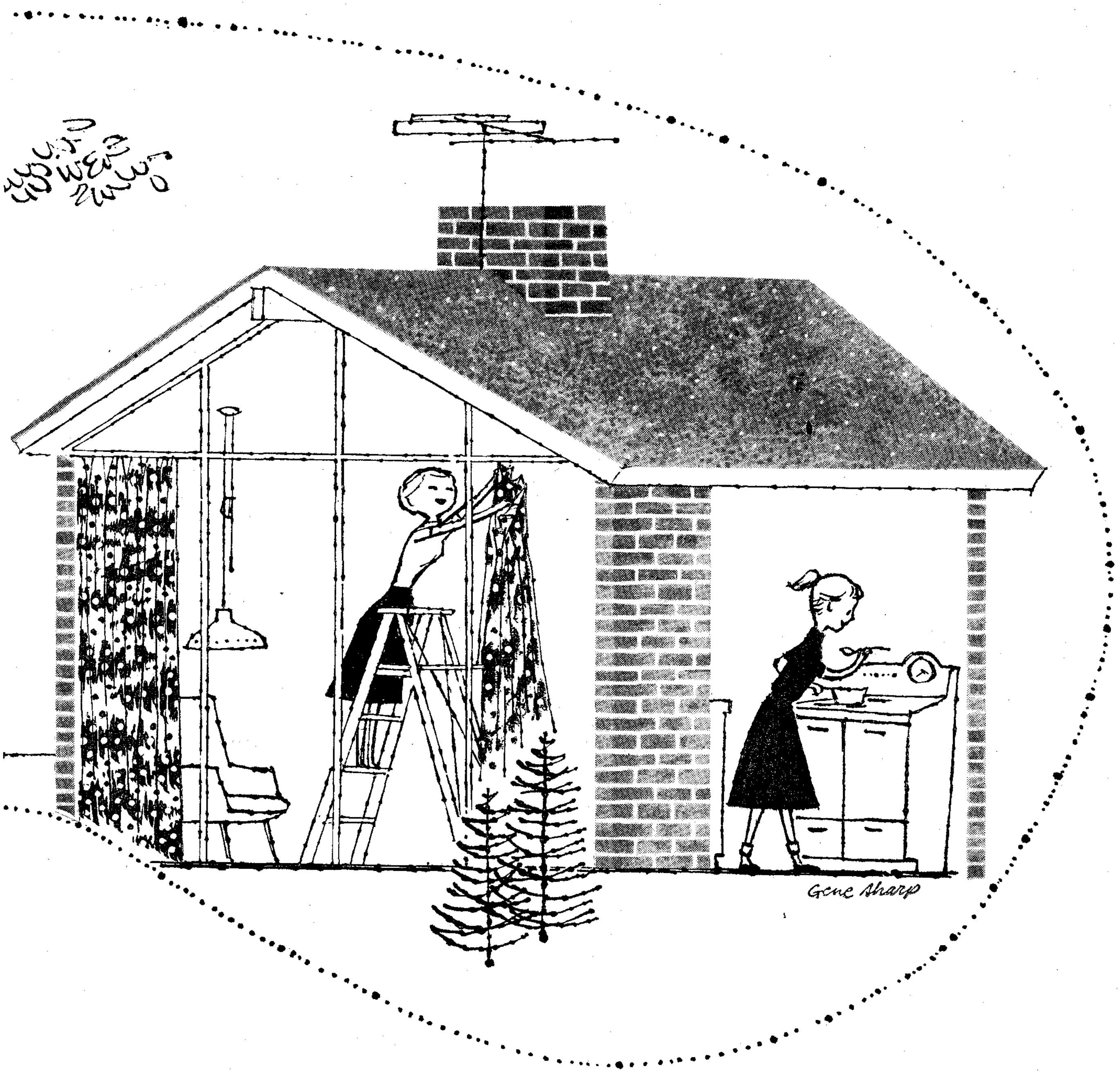

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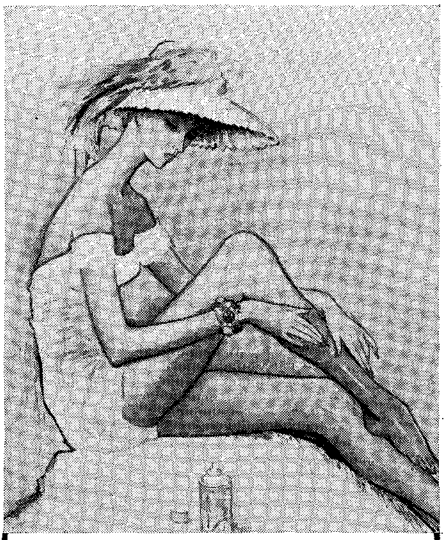

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Up from Television

"FOREIGN INTRIGUE" and "The Fastest Gun Alive" are based on a couple of television shows deemed worthy of expansion from small screen to large. The movie producers who did the deeming were hopelessly wrong in the first case but not so far off in the second. "The Fastest Gun Alive" recounts the story of a diffident sharpshooter who has a psychological distaste for lethal hardware because his father, a cowtown sheriff, was plugged for keeps in a gun duel with a desperado. Our hero, who is functioning as the proprietor of a general store in a Western village when we first encounter him, knows all Dad's tricks in manipulating side arms but pretends to be a character who couldn't handle a water pistol with any confidence. Out where men are men, his peaceable disposition is widely mistaken for cowardice, and his neighbors regard his reluctance to down a shot of redeye now and then as a further indication that he is an inferior sort. One day, however, he gets a few aboard, and in a trice he is demonstrating uncanny marksmanship with a six-shooter by putting holes in half dollars on the fly. When he sobers up, he realizes that if tales of his prowess get around, they will attract competitive gunmen, anxious to prove they're better than he is. All hands agree to say nothing about his exploit, but then a small boy lets the cat out of the bag, and presently a badman stalks into view determined to mow the storekeeper down. Before we arrive at the climactic struggle, "The Fastest Gun Alive" has wasted a good bit of time analyzing our hero, and since he hasn't much to analyze, the process is somewhat tedious. But the picture does have its exciting episodes, and, as prairie dramas go, it is quite tolerable. In the role of the storekeeper, Glenn Ford performs with reasonable competence, and as his deadly rival, Broderick Crawford is tough as all getout.

"FOREIGN INTRIGUE," the other movie that emerged from television, represents Robert Mitchum as a

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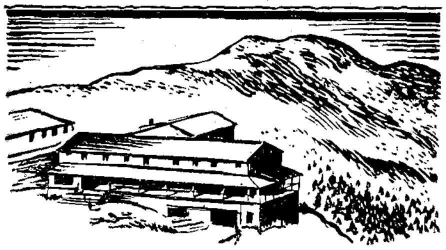

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press agent who, following the death of his millionaire employer on the Riviera, discovers that the late lamented was a very shady character. Forthwith, our man starts charging about Europe in an effort to put together the details of his boss's career. His investigations are all related as spookily as possible, but none of them amounts to anything livelier than a trip to Canarsie. Mr. Mitchum seems even more bored than usual.

"SIMON AND LAURA," an English film, is an attempt to make some antic hay out of the workings of a husband-and-wife program on television. (The damned contraption seems inescapable this week.) The movie, a rather thin affair, would have us believe that the British Broadcasting Company, in a spasm of lunacy, has decided to emulate its American counterparts by confecting a program along the lines of the matutinal domestic maundering that occupies so much time on radio and television over here. The husband and wife selected for this job (Peter Finch and Kay Kendall) are a couple whose home life has been extraordinarily squally. As they go about pretending to be blissful onscreen and being rambunctious off, they are occasionally amusing, and they have been supplied with some sprightly dialogue. The joke that is the core of the matter, though, hardly warrants the exhaustive treatment it is given.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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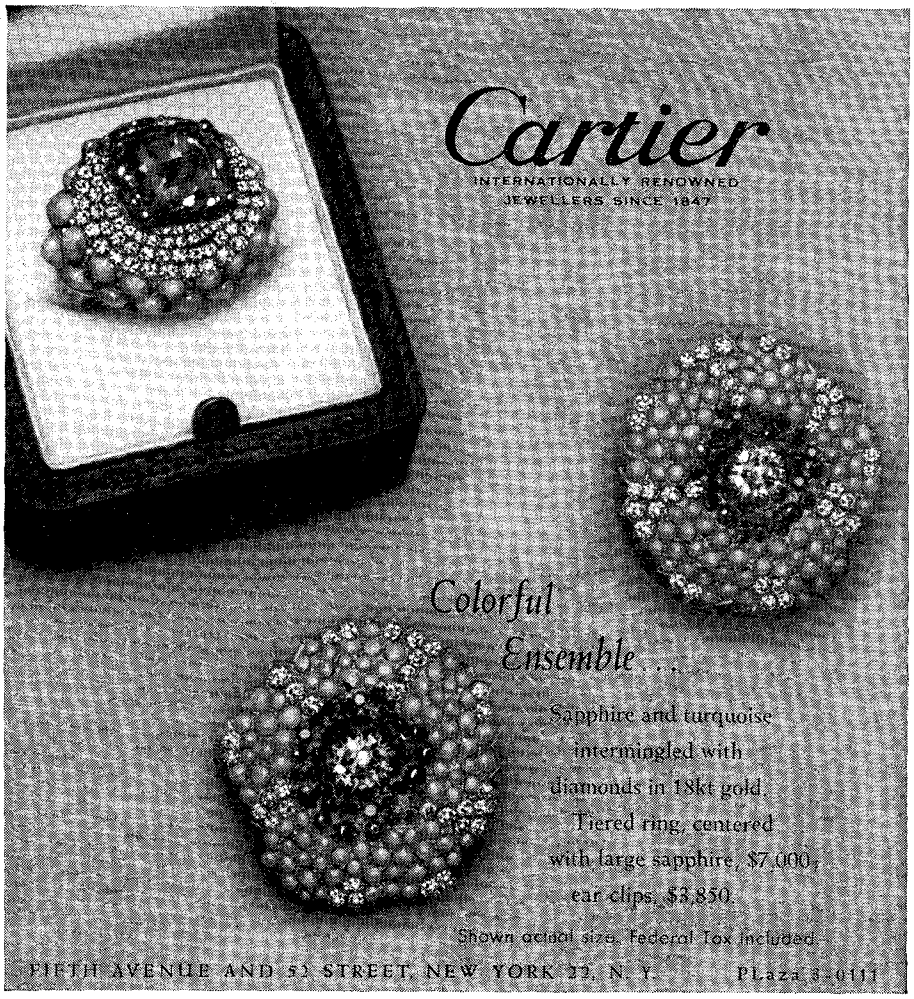
Lunch—was it today we took the box lunch to Gay Head? And then—was it riding? Or was it tennis? Did I swim again or take a sailing lesson? The fishing was good, or was that yesterday? Anyway I got just the right amount of tan.

Dinner—just cool enough for that jacket—felt good! Wasn't the music nice on the patio—and those Martinis, mmmm-mmmmmmm. And that roast beef—so thick—so . . .

—Letter received by a New York man from a Martha's Vineyard hotelkeeper.

Let those Martinis alone and maybe you can remember what day it is.



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A QUIET EVENING IN HUEHUETENANGO

IN the bleak depths of the endless English winter a couple of years ago, I was suddenly seized with a craving to wander about in the warmth of Central America. So, being able to leave my job for a few weeks, I boarded a plane at London Airport one morose evening, and two days later I was in Guatemala City. I chose Guatemala because I had once been there briefly and had always wanted to see more of the country.

For the first week or so, I visited some of the seedy banana ports of the Caribbean and the Pacific, where bored men in big hats still occasionally pull guns on each other. Then I went hunting in jungles said to abound with jaguar and tapir, but shot nothing more impressive than a giant rat. I talked with shrewd politicians in the towns and cities, survivors of half a dozen revolutions, and took tea with exiled fellow-countrymen on isolated coffee plantations.

For my final outing, I started north by car from Guatemala City toward the remote and mountainous region around Huehuetenango, where, in the foothills of the Cuchumatanes, the onslaught of the Spanish conquistadors had faltered and collapsed, and the mountain tribes were finally left in peace, to live their harsh but free life of the Stone Age, touched by only the outward forms of Christianity. My driver was a Guatemala City Indian named Calmo, who was also a qualified guide, supplied by the State Tourist Office. He was gentle, sad-faced, and pious, and he divided his free time in the city between visiting churches and, although well into middle life, admiring girls.

WE reached Huehuetenango during the afternoon of the fourth day, at the end of three hundred miles of infamous roads and stupendous scenery. Huehuetenango turned out to be a town of iron-roofed buildings, with a plaza, a cathedral, a few other fine churches, squat houses iced over with multicolored stuccoes, a hotel, and a great number of pubs having such names as I Await Thee on Thy Return. We went into one of these pubs, sat down at a table, and ordered beer. The woman who brought it had a Mayan face, flat-featured but handsome, and full of tragedy.

Calmo told her in his most dignified way, "This I say with all sincerity. I want to come back to this place and marry you." The woman said, "*Ah, bueno*," shaking off the compliment as she would a fly that had settled on her cheek. She wore a massive wedding ring, and there were several children playing about on the floor.

After that, Calmo and I left the pub and went into the cathedral, which faced the plaza, because Calmo had said he wanted to pray for success in that week's government lottery. The cathedral had just been decorated for a pre-Lenten festival with huge bouquets of imitation flowers, their stiff petals varnished and then dusted over with powdered glass. In the center of the nave, groups of Indians were lighting candles among patches of red and white blossoms they had spread out on the flagstones to symbolize the living and the dead. There, with Christian symbols and in a Christian church, they worshipped in their own way while their shamans passed from group to group, swinging incense burners and muttering magical incantations.

Then we went out into the sunshine again. A shower of parakeets fell screeching across the sky above the plaza. The corroded green bell in the cathedral tower clanked five times, and the sleepers on the stone benches around the plaza stirred a little in the vast shade of their sombreros.

Calmo woke up an ice-cream vender, bought a cone, tasted it, and then said to me in English, "I cannot eat it. The hot for my teeth is too great." His English so effectively stripped the meaning from his remarks that I steered him back to Spanish whenever I could. He had particular difficulty in distinguishing between opposites, such as cold and heat.

We returned to the car and sat down to decide what to do with the evening. The sleepiness of the place was beginning to paralyze us. Nothing moved but the vultures, who flew low, waving their scarves of shadow over the flower beds in the center of the plaza.

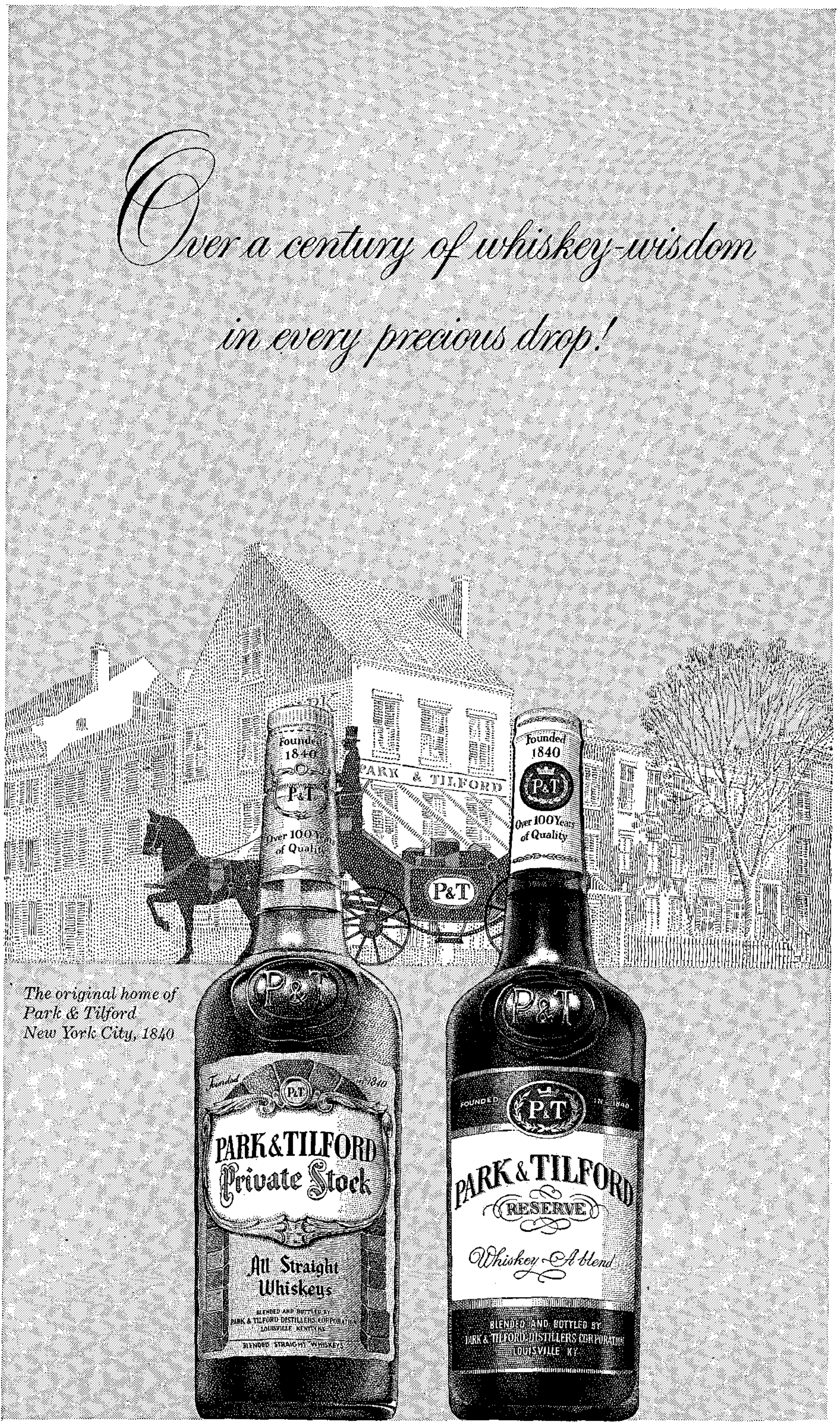
"Yesterday a market day, tomorrow a religious celebration, so that today we have no prospect but an early night," Calmo said. "There is really nothing to do."

As he spoke, a man went riding by on a tall, bony horse. The man, who was doubtless of Spanish descent, looked like an Englishman on his way to a fancy-dress ball: lean, pink-cheeked, mildly aloof of expression, and wearing a costume of black leather with silver facings which had clearly been hired out too often. He was carrying a bundle of what looked like kitchen brooms wrapped up in colored paper. Calmo explained that these were rockets, which he thought would be used in the next day's celebration. The clip-clop of the hoofs died away, and the silence came down like a curtain.

AS I entered my hotel, I noticed a sign over the door that said "Distinction, Atmosphere and Sympathy." After washing in my room, where the towels were embroidered with the words "Sleep My Beloved," I went to dinner. The food was American plan—a term that has become an accepted part of the Spanish vocabulary of Central America. It no longer refers to the system of charging for accommodation inclusive of meals, however; it describes the food itself—the hygienic but emasculated fare supposedly preferred by American visitors, and now often served in Guatemala because of what are believed to be its medicinal and semi-magical properties. At this meal, American plan included canned soup, spaghetti, boiled beef, milk, and canned California peaches. The milk was the product of Contented Cows, served in the original tin. I got through dinner as soon as possible.

RESIGNING myself to an "early night," I went to bed, but I had hardly dozed off when I was awakened by an explosion. I got up and went to the window. The street below was filled with people, all hurrying in the same direction and chattering excitedly. A siren wailed and a policeman on a scarlet motorcycle, with eight front lights and six rear ones, went past deafeningly, snaking in and out of the crowd. There was another explosion, and as this was the homeland of revolutions, it was natural to assume that one had started. I dressed and went out into the patio.

The tumult showed no signs of abating, so I walked down to the plaza, which was now crowded with blank-faced Indians moving slowly counter-clockwise under the lamps, as if stirred by some gigantic spoon. I soon ran into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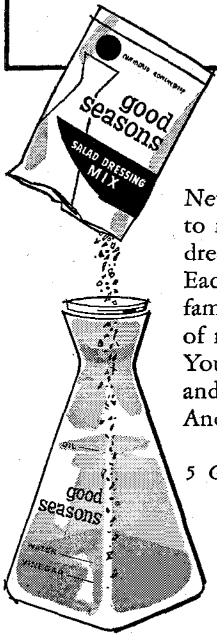

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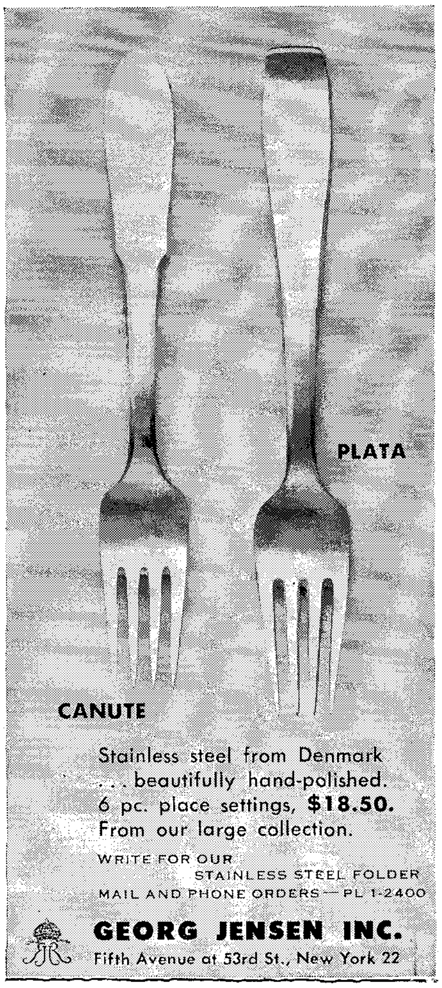
Calmo, who told me it looked as if there were going to be a fiesta that night. He couldn't think why. There was really no excuse for it. Merchants had put up their stalls and were offering for sale tiny skulls made of sugar, holy pictures, plastic space guns, and a bottled liquid medicine for heart ailments, which is a specialty of Huehuetenango, and tastes, I discovered later, like inferior port. We found the lean horseman, whom we had seen that afternoon, using his rockets now, rather than waiting for the celebration next day. He was launching them in military fashion from a wooden rack-like contraption. They were aimed so as to hiss alarmingly low over the heads of the people, showering them with sparks; sometimes the rockets cleared the building opposite, and sometimes they did not.

On the top of an adjoining building, a bandstand had been built, and about this time powerful lights came on inside it and nine gloomy-looking men in dark suits entered, carrying what looked like several grand pianos. A moment later, these pieces of furniture had been placed end to end to form an enormous marimba, under an illuminated sign that said "Música Cívica." A cosmic voice coughed electrically and announced that the municipal orchestra would have pleasure in rendering a selection of notable composers' works. Eighteen hammers then came down on the keys with a resounding flourish, and the giant marimba raced into an athletic version of "If You Were the Only Girl in the World."

Calmo and I took refuge from the torrent of sound in a nearby tavern called the Little Chain of Gold. It was a place of great charm. In one corner was a shrine of the Virgin Mary and in another a newly installed jukebox. Most of the customers were *preparados* Indians—those who had done military service. They still wore their red-and-blue Army uniforms, which, Calmo said, they preferred to their tribal costumes. He explained that the main difference between a *preparado* and a tribal Indian was that the *preparado*, who had acquired a civilized taste for whiskey, couldn't afford to get drunk as often as an uncivilized drinker of *aguardiente*, a cheap liquor. *We* drank the *aguardiente*. It smelled of ether and had a fierce laboratory flavor. Every time the door opened, the marimba music pressed on our eardrums. At last, it ended.

Calmo was becoming uneasy. "In



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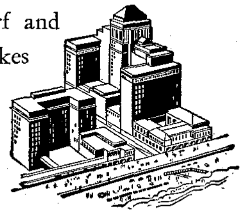

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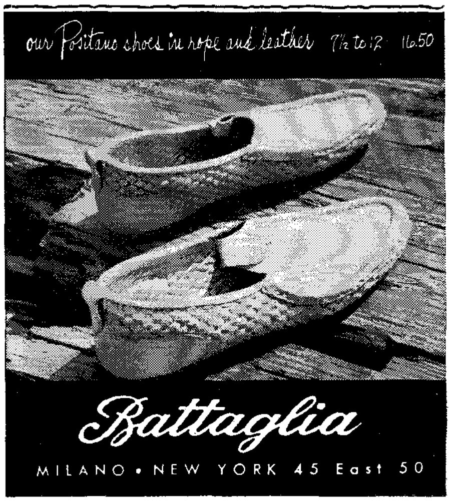

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my opinion, it is better to go," he said, in Spanish. "These people are very peace-loving, but they are getting drunk, and when they are drunk they sometimes assassinate each other in places like this. Not for malicious reasons, understand me, but as the result of wagers or to demonstrate the accuracy of their aim with the various firearms they possess."

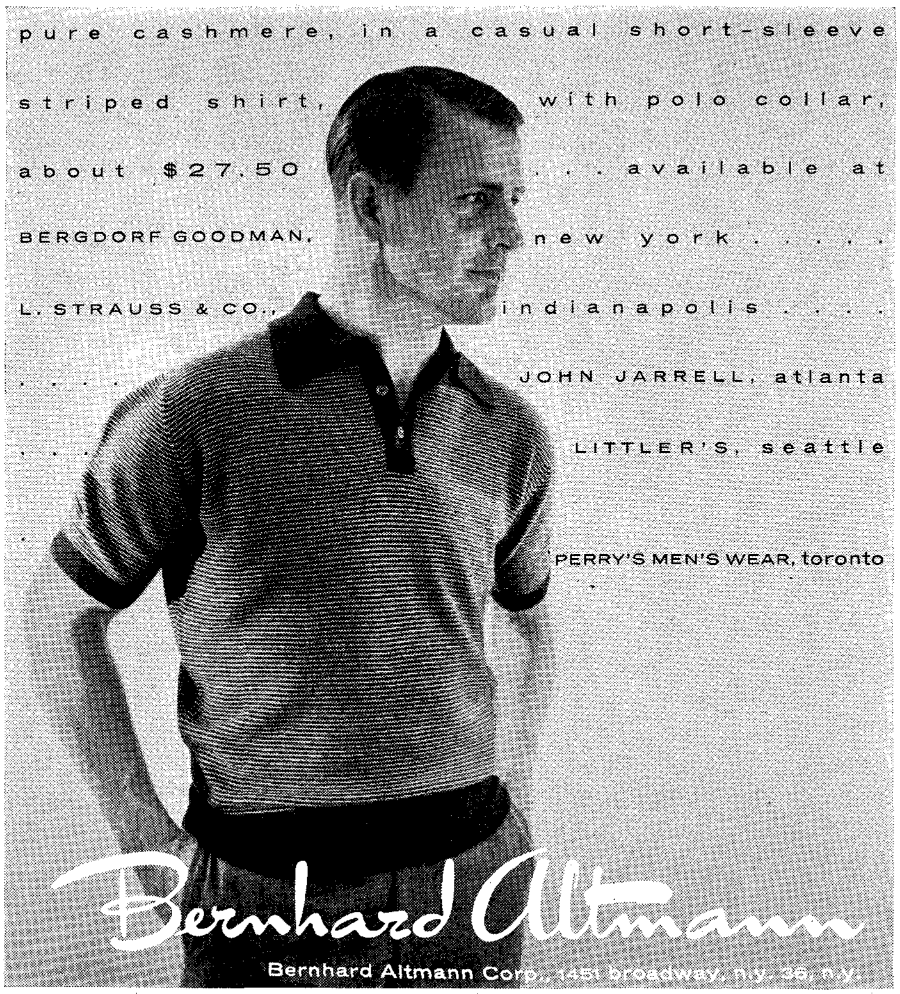
We paid our bill and had just got up when the door was flung open and three of the toughest-looking desperadoes I had ever seen reeled in. These were hard-muscled Ladinos, or half-breeds, wearing huge machetes in their belts. For a moment, they blocked the doorway, eying the company with suspicion and distaste; then one of them spotted the jukebox, which is still a rarity in Guatemala. His expression softened and he made for our table, putting each foot down carefully, as if afraid of blundering into quicksand. He bowed. "Forgive me for addressing you, sir," he said to me, "but are you familiar with the method of manipulating the machine over there?"

I said I was.

"Perhaps, then, you could inform me whether the selection of discs includes a composition played by a marimba?"

I went over to the jukebox. These Ladinos, I had heard, were still living the frontier life of the last century—a breed of tough, illiterate outcasts, picking up a livelihood as best they could, bandits and cutthroats if pushed to it, ready, as it seemed from the frequent newspaper reports, to hack each other—or the lonely traveller—to pieces for a few dollars, and yet with a tremendous, almost deadly punctiliousness in ordinary matters of social intercourse. I studied the typewritten list, in Spanish, on the jukebox. There were several numbers played by marimba bands. I read the names of these numbers to the Ladino. He looked relieved. Then he conferred in an undertone with his two companions, came back, bowed again, and handed me a Guatemalan ten-cent piece. "If you could induce the machine to play 'Mortal Sin' for us, we should be much indebted."

From the bartender, I got some United States nickels, which are fairly common currency in Guatemala, gave the Ladino five cents change, and then put a nickel in the slot, while all three Ladinos edged forward, studiously casual but eager to watch the inner workings of the machine, by which their choice was singled out and maneuvered into the playing posi-



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tion. "Pecado Mortal" turned out to be a rollicking *son*—a kind of *paso doble*—executed with the desperate energy of which the music-makers of Central America are so prodigal.

Calmo and I were halfway through the door when I felt a tap on my shoulder. We turned, and the principal bandit insisted that we join him for a drink. "Otherwise, my friends and I would feel hurt, Señores." He laid bare his teeth in a thin, bitter smile. We went back and sat down again.

While the Ladino was getting the drinks, Calmo said, "In the education of our people, the most important thing taught after religion is *urbanidad*—good manners. Even those who have no schooling are taught this. I do not think that we should risk offending these men by showing a desire to leave before they do."

A moment later, our bandit was back with a bottle of *aguardiente* and a handful of salt. He poured some salt into my palm and some into Calmo's, and stood over us as we each took a lick, between gulps of *aguardiente*. The music stopped, and his face clouded with disappointment.

Behind him, a second Ladino loomed, swaying slightly. He was holding a coin. "Might I trouble you to perform the same service for me, sir?" he asked politely. It seemed that this second Ladino wanted to hear "Mortal Sin" again. "It is remarkable," he said, "and most inspiring. I do not think it can be bettered."

"Mortal Sin" had been played five times, and we were still bound by the polite usage of Central America to our chairs, still gulping down *aguardiente* and licking the salt off our palms, when it suddenly occurred to me that it was illogical that an electric train should be rumbling through a subway immediately beneath us. I got up, grinning politely at our hosts, and, balancing the liquid in my glass, went to the door and stepped outside. The lamps in the plaza jogged about like spots before my eyes, and then I heard a noise like very heavy furniture being moved about somewhere in space. The world shifted slightly, softened, rippled, and behind me there was a tinkling of shattered glass. I felt a brief, unreasoning stab of the kind of panic that comes in a nightmare when one suddenly begins a fall into endless darkness. *Aguardiente* from my glass splashed on my hand, and at that moment all the lights went out, on the plaza and in the buildings

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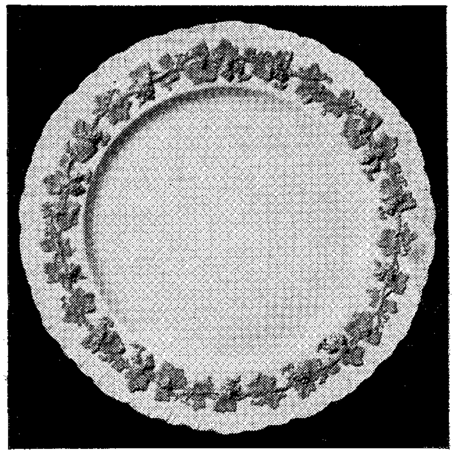

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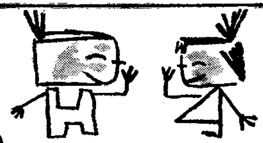

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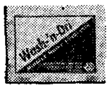
This  miracle-moist towelette does it all!

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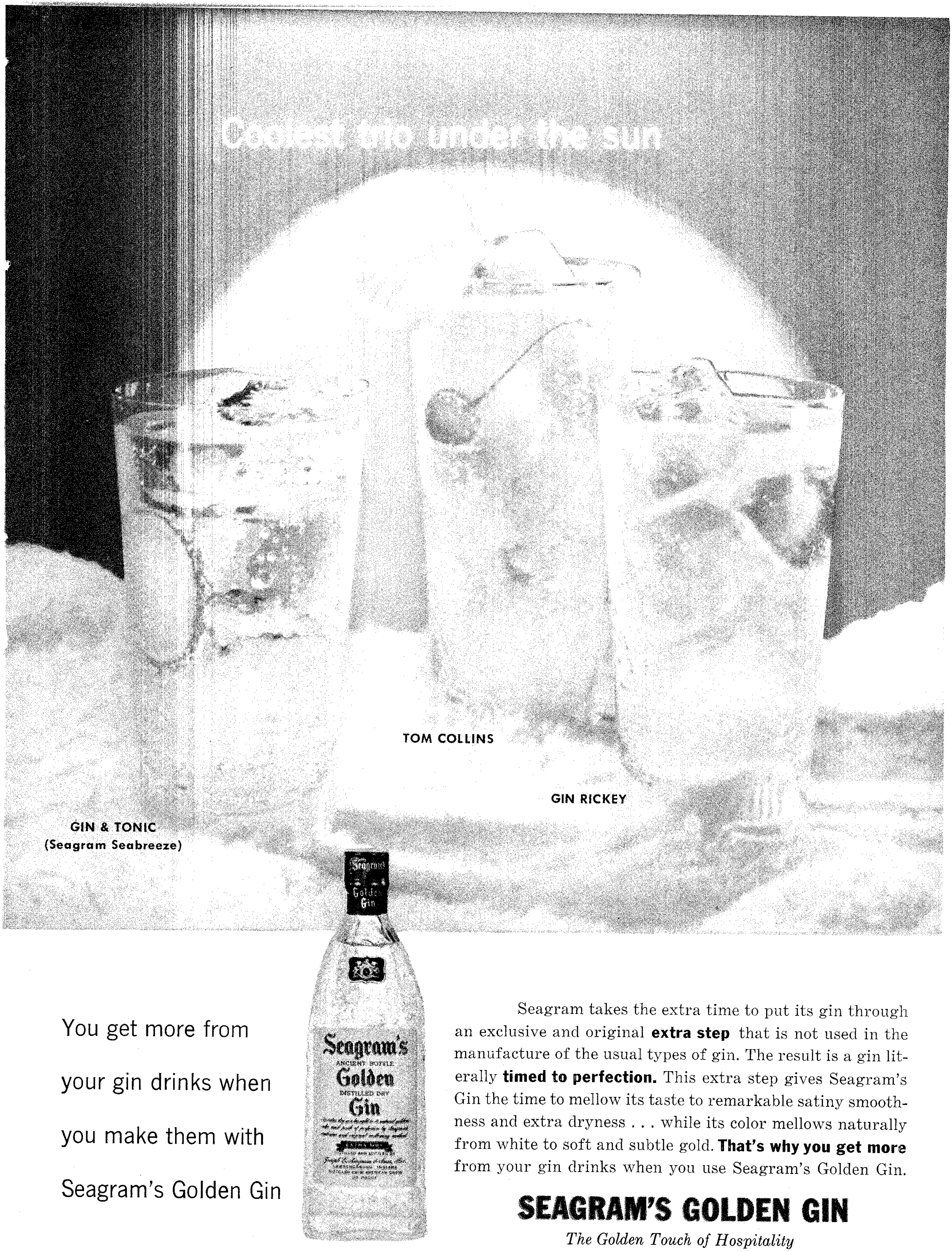
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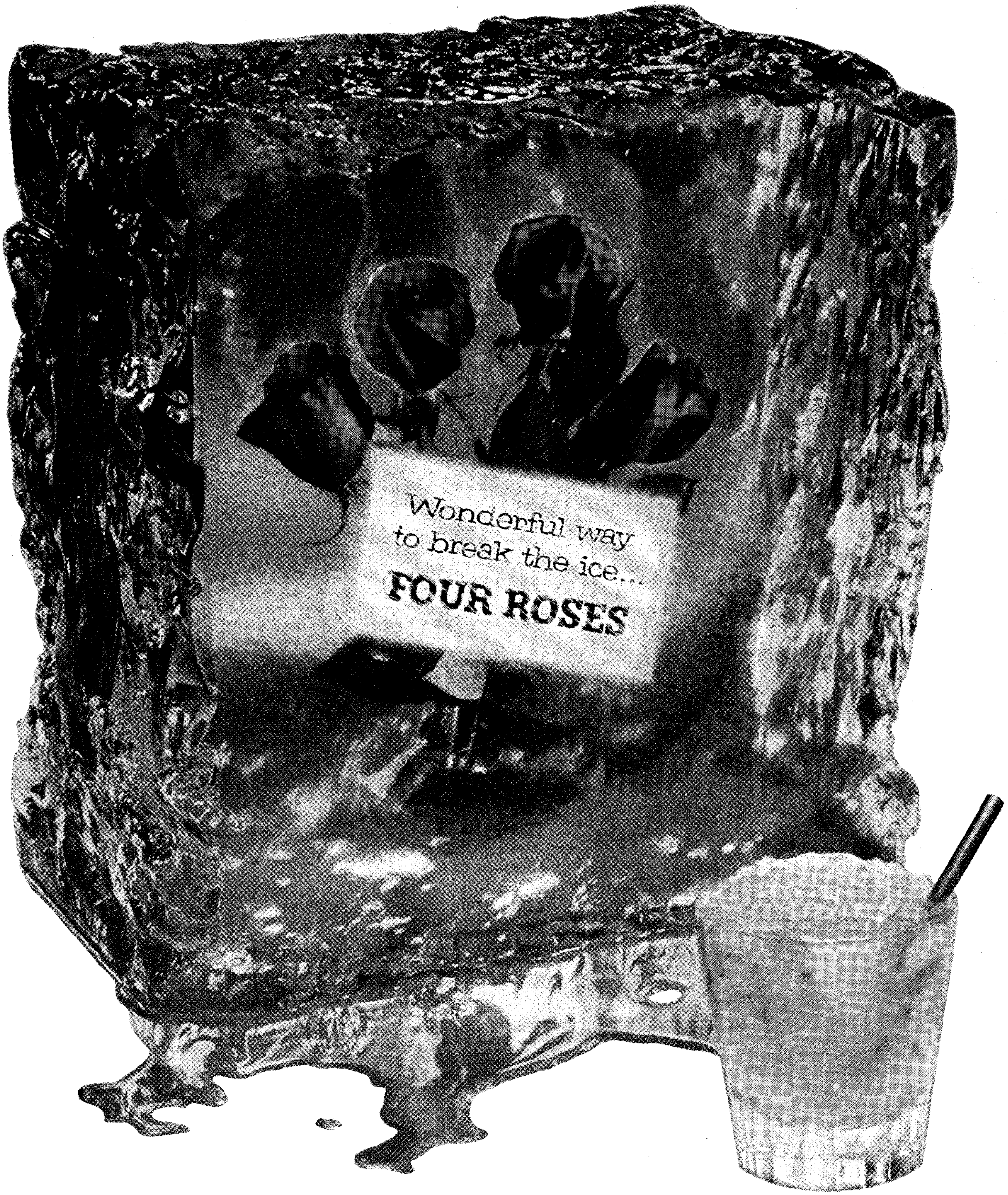
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FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY around it, and the music stopped with a defeated growl.

A second later, Calmo and one of the Ladinos burst out through the doorway and into the sudden crisp stillness. "And so, my friend, we must leave you now to buy candles," Calmo was saying to the Ladino. "Patience—we shall soon return."

"But in the absence of electricity," the Ladino grumbled sadly, "the machine no longer functions."

"Perhaps they will restore the light quickly," Calmo said.

"In that case, we shall play the machine again. We will spend the whole night drinking and playing the machine." The Ladino waved and fell back through the doorway of the Little Chain.

Calmo and I moved off quickly under the petrified foliage of the plaza. Nothing stirred. The world was solid under our feet again. A coyote barked several times, sounding as if it were in the next street, and a distant clock chimed sweetly an incorrect hour.

"A quiet evening," I remarked. "With just one small earthquake thrown in."

"A tremor, not an earthquake," Calmo said. "An earthquake must last at least half a minute. This was a shaking of secondary importance." Then he said in English, "Sometimes earthquakes may endure for a minute, or even two minutes. In that case, it is funny—no, not funny. I mean very serious." —Norman Lewis

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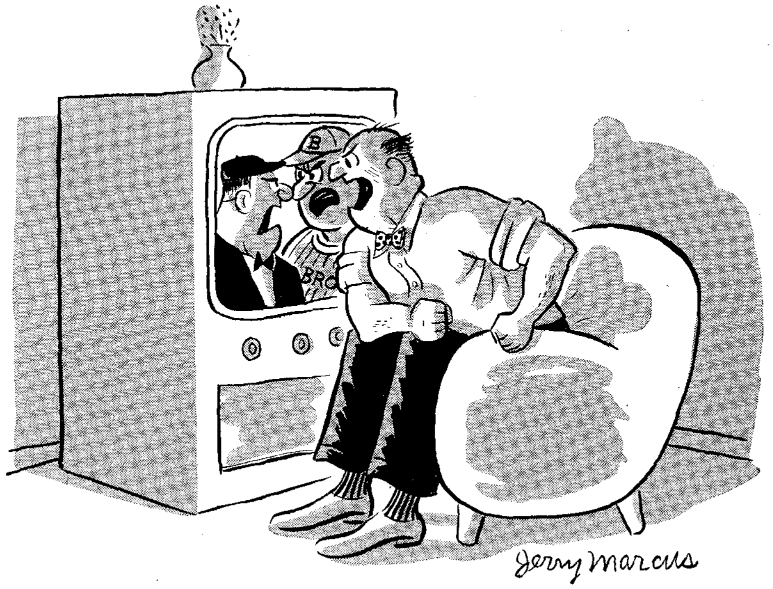

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DAYS AT THE RACES

LONDON

POLITICS is a rascally game in any country, but it reached its nadir, I think, in the House of Commons debate on the sale of the Trinidad Oil Company to the Texas Company on Wednesday, June 20th, which fell in the week of the Royal Ascot race meeting. The London *Times* reported that Mr. Harold Wilson (Huyton, Lab.), the top economic man in Labour's shadow cabinet, had called the Government bill to permit the sale "a regrettable transaction," and one that "had caused dismay and deep despondency throughout the country." When the news of the contemplated deal broke in the press, Mr. Wilson said, "the first result throughout the country, except in the City, was consternation." The City, which is the financial district of London, has the same symbolic significance in Labour speeches that Wall Street has in congressmen's. "The 1922 Committee was against it," Mr. Wilson said, referring to a nub of particularly Tory Tories, who were said to have threatened revolt. In its account of the debate, the *Times* at this point records "(Opposition cheers)." So far, Labour had stayed within the bounds of civilized warfare. Then Mr. Wilson demanded, "But where are those brave souls today?" The imperishable pages of the *Times* bear witness to what will go down as Labour's ineradicable shame: "(Opposition cheers and cries of 'Ascot!')."

I say "shame" because, even as I consumed the story over my bacon and sausage on Thursday morning, before starting for Ascot to see the Gold Cup, I remembered the apologetic voice of the chap, a Conservative M.P., who had invited me to go along with him. Speaking to me over the blower, or telephone, the M.P. had said, "I am afraid I shall have to have a Socialist with me. Do you mind?" When I said that I didn't, he sounded relieved. "Do you see, our majority isn't very vast," he explained, "and it would be awkward if a lot of us missed a vote and they carried it. So I always take one of their chaps down with me when I go racing, and then if I miss the vote, he will. He's a very decent sort. Keen on bloodlines."

I asked my man if this was a common practice, and he said it was universal. I was thus in a position to know, as I read the account of the Opposition gibe, that it was not only a blow below the belt but a case of the pot calling the kettle black—and even, one might say, a case of biting the hand that fed one, since for every Socialist M.P. who gave his Tory hostage a lift to the races, there were, I felt sure, two Tories who provided the bipartisan transport. Tories almost always have bigger cars. It was also, I felt, a breach of the rule that what the public doesn't know won't hurt it, and an invitation to Nosey Parkers to check up on where sensible legislators spend their afternoons. It would do nobody good in the long run.

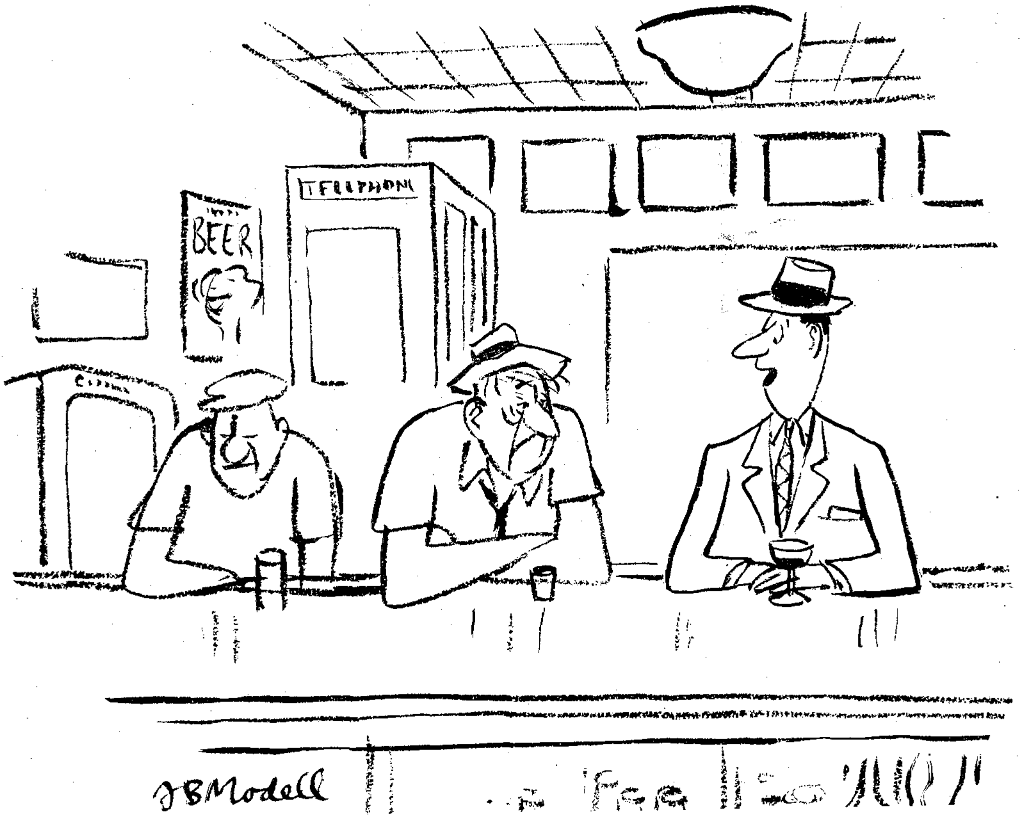
Lord Beaverbrook's Empire-boosting *Daily Express*, death on the oil deal, used the "Ascot" gag in a front-page headline. My view of the Opposition's ethics was, as I had expected, shared by my host for the day, who told me, when I arrived before lunch at his house on a quiet square in Kensington, that he didn't mind the *Times'* reproducing the pleasantry of doubtful taste down in the body type, but felt compelled to say that the *Express* headline had rather annoyed him. I asked him if the Socialist had arrived, and he said there had been a slight change of plan.

"My wife is going down with us," he said, "and she needs all of the rear seat, because she's got rather a big hat. So I asked Gregory to go down by train and meet us after the last race to drive back with us. [Gregory wasn't the Socialist's name, but it will do.] She won't give a hang about what happens to the hat then. She only comes down on Cup Day."

"Can you trust him?" I asked, and the Tory said, "Oh, quite. He's the soul of honor."

After a goodish lunch, the M.P. drove his wife and me down to Ascot. She is a very pretty woman, and it was a smashing hat.

When we got to the track, the M.P. parked his car, walked around to the boot, or luggage compartment, took out his tailcoat and gray topper, and put them on. He had his trousers on already. I had stuck to civilian clothes, since I was attending the races on a green-and-red press badge, which would have given me away as no duke even if I had rented an outfit for the occasion, and the outfit would have, too. The M.P.'s looked as if he owned it. Ascot badges for the Royal Enclosure display the wearer's name and station, like those at a convention of refrigerator dealers, and the M.P.'s wife suggested that the badges worn by the débutantes might also carry a reserve price, indicating the minimum income



"No, I don't think it's a crummy world. As a matter of fact, I'm here celebrating."

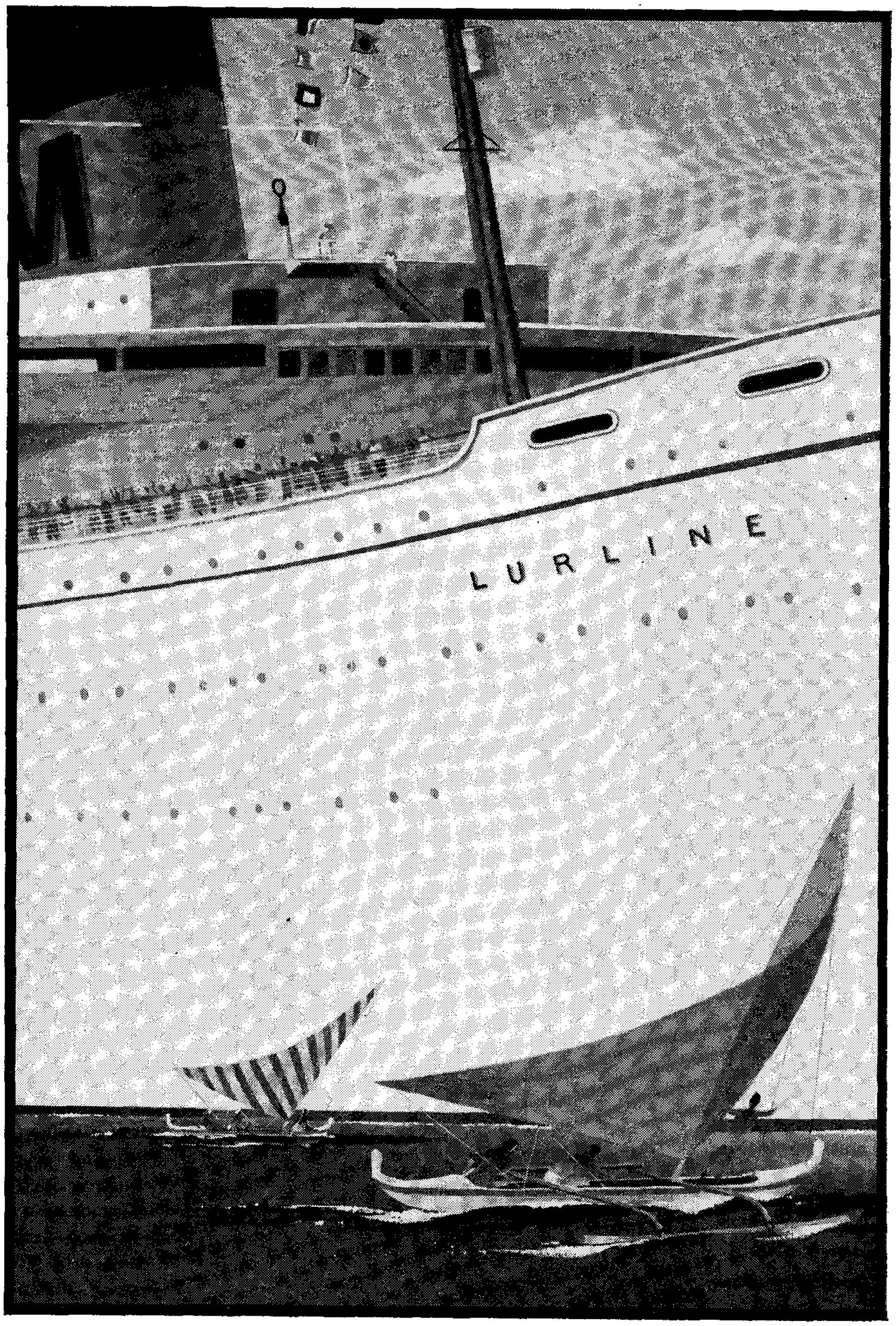
required of a prospective husband. "There are girls at Ascot every year that you've never seen before," she said, "and if they're lucky, you never see them again. It's like the Doncaster yearling sales."

We arranged to meet after the last race under a tree by a white booth at the entrance. "Gregory knows the tree," the M.P. said. "He'll be there." Three and a quarter hours later, I made my footsore way to the tree, twenty-nine quid down on the day, and dropped my weight on one of a ring of benches under its welcome shelter. Shade is not often required of trees at British courses; they mostly serve to temper a drizzle. It was drizzling. To pass the time, I looked over my race card—a record of excusable mistakes. A solid, square-jawed sort of man, like a bespectacled John Bull, in a no-nonsense worsted town suit, lounged against a railing under the branches farthest from me, also reviewing his day's card, from the first page on. From his expression I deduced that he, too, was engaged in a recapitulation of disasters. Although I felt sure of his identity, I hesitated to introduce myself at such a moment.

We both moved off, in divergent directions, to get out of earshot of a large woman seated between our two positions who was telling another woman how much money she had won. I thought it a vulgar performance. I looked around at the nearby trees—there is a pleasant grove at that end of the grounds—and under each I saw another solid, topperless, bobtailed-worsted Briton, lounging as if waiting for somebody. To each tree, sooner or later, came a chap in a topper and tails, not always of such convincing fit as my host's. Topper and tails were sometimes accompanied by large hat and frilly dress, both of which were usually limp by now. The chap in the topper and the solid Briton would shake hands and march off together, a symbol to me of that agreement on the basic values that held London together under the doodlebugs.

In a couple of minutes, my M.P. and his wife came along. "It was a great disappointment," the wife said. "There was only one hat there worth looking at"—she made a modest exception, I suppose, of her own—"and that was a flowerpot, with flowers growing out of it." Her disappointment, I was sure, had not cost her twenty-nine quid, and I thought she took a flippant view.

The Conservative M.P. introduced me to Gregory, the Labour M.P., who



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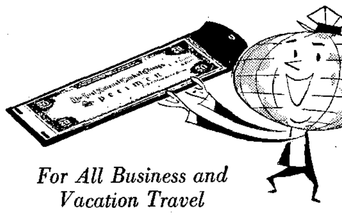

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was, as I had been sure, the gloomy horseplayer, and we all drove back to London together. We unloaded the wife in Kensington, and then the Conservative M.P. drove the Socialist and me to the House of Commons. There was to be a vote on some dry issue like state-supported technical education, they said. After the vote had been taken, the Conservative drove me to his club and bought me a drink. There are, I suppose, some limits to interparty fraternization. I thanked him for a nice day and a lesson in British constitutional practice.

THE racing at Ascot had seemed to me a bit flat and the crowd unexcited, which was natural enough in a year when there were more French than English horses in the field for the Gold Cup—six out of ten—and when none of the English horses was given a chance to win. The racing public, with nothing to select from but a pack of names it could not pronounce, was numb. Since 1807, the Cup, at two and a half miles, has been considered the final test of British breeding. The first three horses past the post this year were French, and so was the fifth. He was the one I had. The only sound betting principle I've ever discovered—to back a French horse in an English race—has gone sour on me, because there are so many French horses in England that picking a winner in an English classic is as hard as picking one at Longchamp. There were five in the Epsom Derby, on June 6th, and four in the Oaks, the race for three-year-old fillies over the Derby distance, on June 8th. French horses finished one, two in the Derby, and one, two, three in the Oaks. If you had bet a pound on each of the French entries in the Derby, you would have had a profit of only three pounds on your five-pound venture, although the winner came in at 7–1, and if you had done the same thing in the Oaks, you would have broken exactly even, although the winning price was 3–1. You would also have broken even backing the six French runners in the Gold Cup, won by Macip at 5–1. The potential major flaw in the system is that someday an English horse may again win an English classic race, in which case you won't even get your money back.

For the small English backer, this French equine blight has taken much of the fun out of betting on the big races. (The ultimate humiliation came at Longchamp, when, in the Grand Prix de Paris, on June 24th, the Derby winner ran twelfth in a field of his com-

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patriots, and the Oaks winner eighteenth.) English racing has a strong element of magic; the horses, trained in seclusion on private gallops scattered over England, are mysteries to the bettors until they manifest themselves on race day. Even their public form can be compared only on the basis of races run over courses of widely varying configuration, and a useful animal on one course may get vertigo on another. This puts a great emphasis on arcane "information"—stable tips at multiple removes, and conversations at the bars of London clubs, as reported by club attendants. But these lose their significance in the big events, when the winner is sure to arrive from France in an airplane a couple of days before the race, surrounded by a trainer, a jockey, and grooms speaking an impenetrable gibberish.

In lesser events, where there are no invaders, the tip retains its old magic, and there is still fun in racing. Early in Ascot Week, for example, there was a wave of speculation all over the West End based on what the owner of a horse entered in the Royal Hunt Cup was said to have let slip to his barber in Bond Street. The Hunt Cup is a handicap, and whenever a handicap is involved, the wide distribution of weights makes all rumors more credible. By the time I got the tip, from a room waiter in my hotel, it had crossed Piccadilly and worked three blocks down toward Pall Mall, and it must have moved as fast and far in all other directions. The betting price on the horse dropped from 33–1 to 12–1. English prices are, in general, more alluring than ours, because of the lack of form, and a 12–1 shot is a grandmotherly kind of investment. The horse ran out of the money, but everybody in the neighborhood, including the room waiter and me, had had an afternoon of happy anticipation, and nobody got hurt much. The Queen's horse won the race, but if Her Majesty had let anything out to her maid, the word didn't get farther than the Guards' barracks.

The reason for the French dominance in the big races is pursued with infinite soul-searching in the serious portion of the British press. Lord Astor, in a speech in the House of Lords on June 27th, which was reported *in extenso* in the *Times*, said the reason was that the French have state-operated pari-mutuel betting, while most betting in England is done with bookmakers. The French state puts some of the money back into racing in the form of big purses for distance events, he said, with the result

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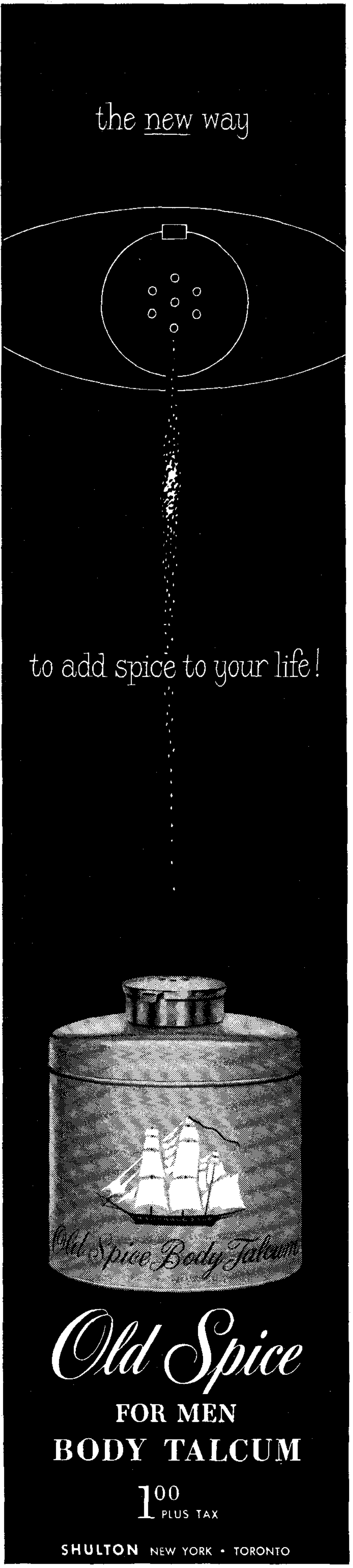

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that French owners can afford to breed distance horses, which mature later than sprinters, and to race for purses instead of to win bets. He therefore seriously proposed doing away with bookmakers—a reform in British folkways only slightly less fundamental than the abolition of tea. Bookmakers, he suggested, should be replaced by mutuel machines on the course and by legalized pari-mutuel betting shops, with licensed messengers. Lord Pakenham, rising, after the Parliamentary equivalent of a nine-count, to reply to this revolutionary proposal, reminded Lord Astor and his other noble colleagues of an old adage:

"Be sure to keep a hold on nurse
For fear of finding something worse."
(Laughter.)

My own entirely unsolicited diagnosis of the reason the French win the international races—you must have a theory if you are to have any saloon-bar conversation these days—is that they quarter their horses at two big training centers near Paris and race them all season over a few major race tracks. They therefore get a much better idea of the relative value of their horses, which is important in picking classic entries and essential in breeding. The English, hiding their horses away from rival betting interests and then racing them over an infinity of amusing little courses, never know until Derby Day whether a particular colt is good at anything except the particular eccentric layout he has performed on, carefully avoiding any direct competition that might give his form away. (The American system is much more like the French.) The English way is more fun, but the English horses, in order to break even with the French, would have to be intrinsically much superior—by about the margin that a horse is faster than a mule.

On the day after the Gold Cup, the sole cheerful item that even the *Express* could think up to display on its front page was an account of the conversation between the Queen and M. and Mme. Boussac, owners of the winning French horse. The Queen, the *Express* reported, had spoken to the Boussacs in their native language, and it gave a purported transcript of the French spoken, with a line-for-line translation: "'*C'était bien fait*,' said her Majesty. ('It was well done.')" The Boussacs had been as astonished, the *Express* intimated, as, say, the Queen of Tonga would be if the Queen of England addressed her in fluent Polynesian. Queen Elizabeth is one of the most interested and patently

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pleased racegoers in England, and it is a shame that the home horses don't give her a better run for her money. The spell of hard luck, though, is creating a bond between her and her people like the one the Spanish Armada forged for the first Elizabeth.

AT Epsom, earlier in the month, the mood had been a lot more optimistic, as well as less formal, than at Ascot. The Derby is a race in which every year great hopes are founded on horses that will never be heard of again, and every half crown that journeys to the course in its owner's pocket is a five-pound note in his expectations. It is a mile-and-a-half race for three-year-olds, and, as everybody knows, two-year-old form is highly noncommittal, even in countries where form can be taken seriously. It is a truism that bright children often turn out dismal failures in later life, and dull boys become great men. The transition from two- to three-year-old form is every bit as chancy, and so all hopes are permitted, all reports credible.

This was my third Derby, and on my two previous excursions French three-year-olds had won. In 1948, I had seen My Love finish in front of another Frenchman, Royal Drake, and an Irish colt, Noor. In 1955, Phil Drake had beaten an Irish runner, Panaslipper, with Acropolis third. Acropolis was the only English Derby entry I had seen in the money. Nevertheless, when I took the train for Epsom Downs on Derby Day, I fell a victim to that surging, unreasonable optimism that has seen England through the darkest turnings of her history. I am not English, but that has nothing to do with it—it is a contagion. The measles, after all, was a disease of the white man, but it proved even deadlier to the Indians. I was especially susceptible this year, because the pre-race favorite was a French horse named Lavandin. I have never heard anyone advance what I would consider a logical reason for a favorite's winning any race at all. I will admit that a number of them have lucked in on me while I was backing good, sensible 30–1 shots, but I have never let that affect my basic thinking about horse racing. My reasoning about Lavandin was particularly self-convincing, because I had seen him beaten in France by a couple of horses I didn't think much of. Those horses hadn't come on for the Derby. With a favorite that was less than not much, it seemed to me inevitable that England, the cradle of the thoroughbred, would come up with a

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horse that was at least not much, which would be good enough to win. When I got to the course, I therefore peppered a few bets on intuitions like Gilles de Retz (English despite the name), at 25–1, and Hornbeam, at 33–1. One of the attractive features of Derby Day is that you can wager on the big race from the moment you set foot on the grounds. Gilles de Retz, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, a race of a mile, earlier in the season, had subsequently gone lame, but I had read in the reliable *Times* that he was again galloping soundly. In such circumstances, 25–1 looked like something only a fool could afford to ignore. Hornbeam, the property of Lord Astor, who was not yet taking such a gloomy view of British prospects, was reputed a stayer who could run on all day—obviously just the kind of investment I needed for the long haul. It then occurred to me that the French might be planning a coup—not with Lavandin, at a beggarly 7–1, but with one of their entries that had shown *nothing at all.* It struck me like a thunderbolt—a horse that has shown himself not much is not much, but a horse that has shown nothing at all in public may, *en clandestin*, be *un crack.*

So I took a French animal named King David and a sprinter named Buisson Ardent. The fact that a horse has never gone more than a mile, I told myself, is no proof that he cannot go a mile and a half, but I was to find that practice helps. I got 25–1 against King David from a benevolent old Pickwick with a Sam Weller accent. He had Buisson Ardent marked on his slate at 16–1, but I made the mistake of pronouncing "Buisson Ardent" in the French fashion when I asked for him. The old chap paled, rubbed the chalked "16" from his blackboard, substituted a "10," and said to his assistant, "Bwissen Ardint, twenty-to-two for Moussoo." He could spot a marauding Froggy as well as *n'importe qui*, he could.

After that, having effected *mes placements*, I went off to lunch at the fish-and-chips wagon by the car park, across the road from the Mann's Ale tent. Fish-and-chips, as served here, is fish-*on*-chips. The fish-and-chipstress hands it to you in a paper bag of a size suitable for squeezing in the fist. She first fills the bag nearly to the top with chips and then floats the fried fish on them, so that it just peeps over the brim. By exerting the correct amount of pressure on the bag, you extrude the fish upward into your open mouth. It is a combination of the simple operational

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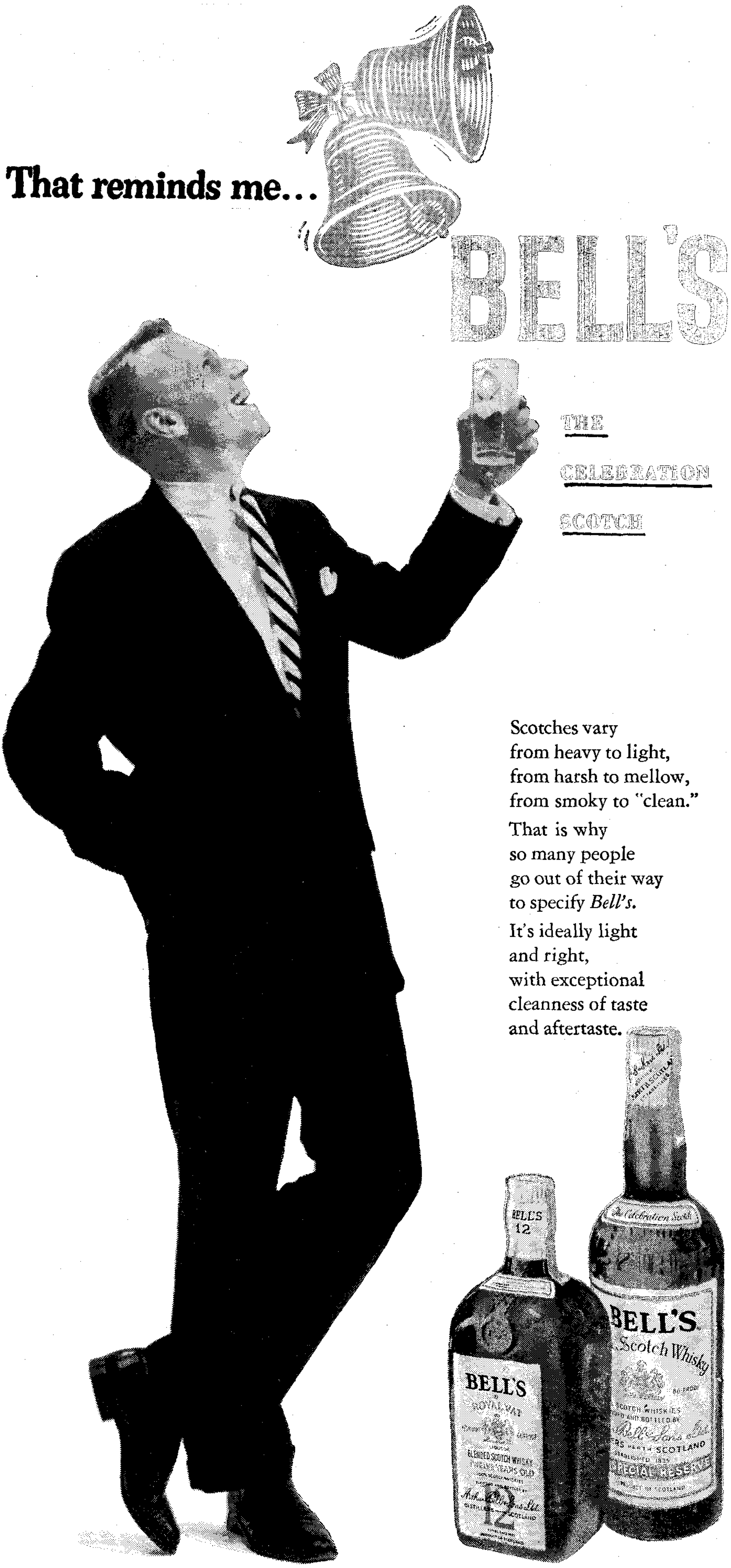
techniques of the ice-cream cone and the toothpaste tube. When you have squeezed all the fish into your face and have begun to get chips, which are not good, you apply to the fish-and-chipstress for a refill. When you have had enough fried fish, you throw the bag of cold chips under a parked automobile and cross over to the ale tent for your wet. An advantage of the fish wagon for those making a late *déjeuner* is that it is more than halfway to the paddock.

I always go out to see the horses before a big race, because you sometimes get onto things that way. On this occasion, as an example of what I mean, I was taken with the beautiful, intelligent head of a horse named Pirate King, and put a fiver on him on my way back to the course. If I hadn't gone out to the paddock, I might have missed that one, and I might have weakened sufficiently to put a saving bet on Lavandin, whom I could have had at 8–1 from one xenophobic bookie. As it was, however, I noticed that both the favorite's forelegs were heavily bandaged. I also remembered that Johnstone, his jockey, who was a great man in his day, had just ridden about seventy successive losers in France. I had backed a dozen or so of them myself, because of Johnstone's former greatness, but it is silly to stick to an old fellow for sentimental reasons.

There was a deluge as the race began. I hadn't a raincoat, and I watched the epic struggle from under the molding of a notice board by the winner's circle, just opposite the finish line. I had to stand straight to get the advantage of what shelter there was, with my back flattened against the board, like a spy in front of a firing squad. There were twenty-seven starters—a moderate-sized field for a Derby. The horses run a hairpin course. The start is at the open end of the hairpin, across the infield from the stands; the first six furlongs are over rising ground; the next seven, including the bend, are downhill; and the last furlong is a sharp rise. I couldn't make out the positions of my runners on the far side or around the turn, but the race caller on the public-address system gave me reason to congratulate myself on having twigged to Pirate King. He was in fine position every step of the first mile, according to the caller, and so was King David. (I had King David each way, which is like win and show in America, and I figured to make a double win.) They were second and third at the turn into the homestretch, but then I heard their names no more. Pirate King, I can only suppose, was too



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intelligent to run after it had ceased to be fun, and King David just chucked it on general principles. Lavandin won, with another French horse—Montaval, a 40–1 shot—second, a neck behind. Johnstone rode a great race. The bandages were purely decorative. An Irish colt named Roistar was third, two lengths farther back, which reminded me that the Irish had placed a horse in the money in every Derby I had seen. This is an observation that will probably cost me money next time. The English were out of the money again, but Hornbeam, one of my thoughtful investments, was fourth, less than a length behind Roistar. If the Derby had been confined to English horses, Lord Astor and I would have won it. My five horses in the race, in case you are interested in statistics, finished fourth, twelfth, fourteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-third; my composite selection would have finished a good fourteenth. I made a large, wet ball out of all my losing tickets and threw it at a woman who was screaming, with what I thought execrable taste, "*Mais c'est merveilleux!*" It hit her in the back of the neck. She turned to the man with her and said, "*Comme tu as les doigts froids, mon petit chéri, loup-loup, fripon!*" She grabbed him with both arms and kissed him, and I sloshed away through the slop, by now a large, wet ball myself. The French have had all *la veine* this racing year.

In the railway compartment going back to London, I found myself with a party of seven spirited women, who had done no better than I but who were not half so put out about it. They had been to the Derby for their annual flutter—an outing to talk about until next Derby Day—and they were not to be depressed by a bit of adversity.

"I done seven, and not one in the money!" one announced, with a peal of high laughter.

"Today's Wednesday, and I'm broke," said one of her pals.

"Still, it's exciting to see them running, ain't it?" a third offered, in consolation, and a fourth said, "Lovely."

The one who was broke said, giggling, "They run as if they wanted to get out of the rain, don't yer expect?," and the one who had done seven said, "Mine didn't mind the wet, then!," and went off into an amused howl.

A fifth woman, tired of racing talk, said, "Did yer see 'ow Lillian 'as 'er 'air done now?," and the *commère* opposite said, "I wondered what she done with her bun."

"George liked it like that, so she done

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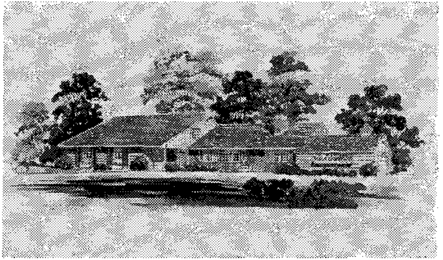

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it like that," the woman who had turned the conversation said.

But she was not to have it her way yet. The woman who had done seven emitted a whoop that reduced them all to silence until she got control of her hilarity. "I wonder," she gasped then, while tears of laughter streamed from her eyes, " 'ow many bookmakers there is in the world. And you very seldom see a thin one!"

They all got off at a stop called Norwood Junction to change to a train for some suburb where they lived; I imagine it must be a happy place.

I DO not want to leave you with the impression that this international turf year has been entirely without successes for me. I had an 11–1 winner in a race for Arab horses at Tunis on April 8th, and if I had bet more than five hundred francs, I might have won a lot of money. I might also have cracked the price in the pari-mutuels, since the volume of betting at Kassar Said, the Tunis racecourse, is not large.

North Africa can claim to be one of the seeding grounds of the thoroughbred race horse, because one of the three prepotent male ancestors of all present-day thoroughbreds, the Godolphin Barb—"Barb" standing for "Barbary horse"—came from there. The Barbs were and are horses of Arab type and chiefly of Arab blood, and are even more enduring, if generally less fast, than pure Arabs. The Godolphin came from Morocco. In recent years, North African owners have snobbishly turned back to breeding straight Arabs, and on the day of my triumph three of the eight races on the card at Kassar Said were for *chevaux de pur sang arabe.* Two were for some pretty ratty thoroughbred descendants of the Godolphin Barb, returned to the ancestral heath by way of cheap selling races on French bush tracks; two were trotting races; and one was a steeplechase for Army horses ridden by noncommissioned officers of the Tunisian Spahis.

There are races only on Sundays at Kassar Said, and only from October until the end of May, when it gets too hot. I went out there in one of the taxis that on race days line up along the curb of the then Avenue Jules-Ferry, since changed to Avenue Bourguiba. Like their confreres in every other city of the civilized world, the Tunis taximen fill up with assorted horseplayers—six fares to a car designed for five, including the driver. Each horseplayer pays approximately half the normal whole-taxi fare from town to the racecourse,

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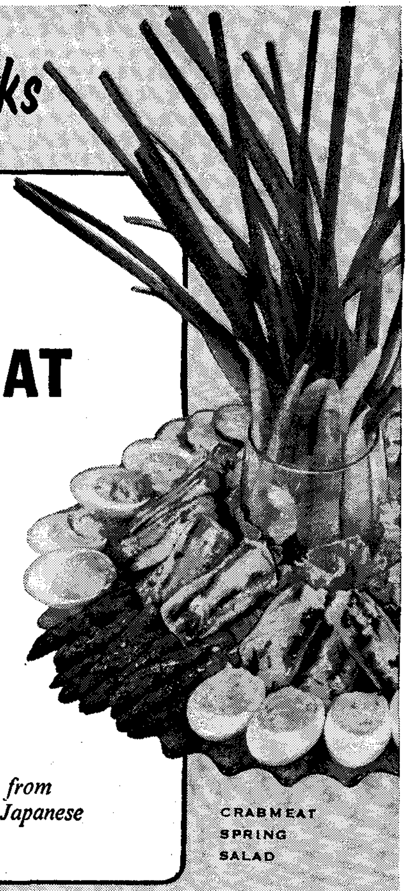

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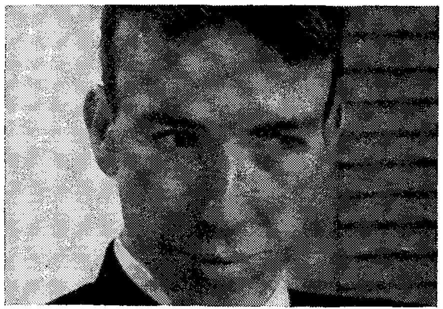

takes the place

of good music

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Radio station of The New York Times

which is about the way it works in New York, Paris, and London, and the driver makes three times his usual tariff. This provides him with money to lose on the first three races, and he can spend the rest of the afternoon working *mots croisés*, or the Arabic equivalent. Then, if he gets a full load going back to town, he will have enough money to fill his tank with *essence* for the next day's work. Tunis is the only town I know where the taxis take account of the universal fate of horseplayers. They charge two hundred francs, or four bits, for a fraction of a seat going out, and a hundred francs, or two bits, for the same exiguous space coming in.

The chief advantage of this system of transportation, everywhere, is that *you have an opportunity to exchange* ideas on the way out and a captive audience for your hard-luck story on the way in. If you are the first man in the cab, you can sit with the driver, and if you are second or third, you get a corner of the rear seat, which guarantees you an irreducible minimum of space. The last three places are hell, but at least you haven't long to wait before the taxi gets going. Leaving Tunis, I got a corner, and was packed into it by two bareheaded young Moslems in bright-blue mohair European suits and by two Europeans with heavy Meridional accents, who were a bit baggy and rumpled. A prosperous-looking old citizen of indistinguishable nationality had the front seat, and it wasn't until the French cop on the beat came over to kid him that I could tell which camp he belonged in. The cop kidded him in Arabic, and the two younger Moslems, anxious not to miss the first race, protested in French, telling the driver, a Maltese, to get going.

"What's itching you?" the old fellow asked. "You'll be broke soon enough."

I was equipped with the *pronostics* of all the regular papers, and also with a Tunisian tout sheet I had bought by the cab rank. And my waiter at lunch, a Spaniard, had given me a tip on a trotter named Belfort. I backed him, and he won by about a hundred yards. His number went up, but the crowd booed and whistled until the officials took it down. They put up the number of the second horse to finish, but that evoked an even bigger demonstration. I could see in my mind the headlines of the next day's Paris papers—"SANGUINARY RIOT IN TUNISIA"—but the judges took down the second horse, too. Finally, they put up the favorite, who had finished so far be-

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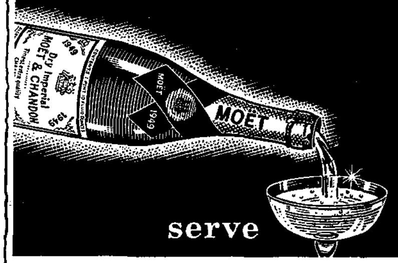

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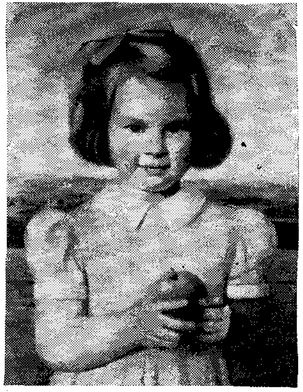

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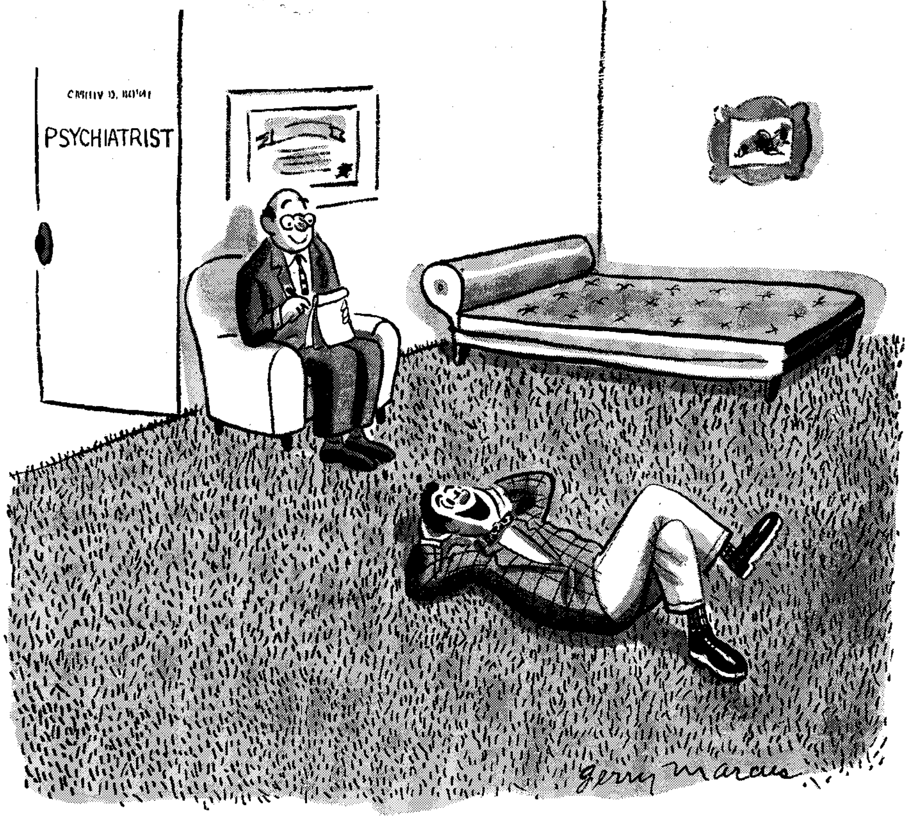
hind that I hadn't even been looking when he passed the last post. The public-address man announced that the first two horses posted had been *distancés*—disqualified—for breaking into a gallop. There were loud cheers. It was the nearest thing to popular suffrage I have ever witnessed on a racecourse.

In the next race, for three-year-old European thoroughbreds, at a mile and three-sixteenths, I had the winner, a filly named Lamina. She was second choice but paid only twenty francs, which means even money. (The mutuel unit, as in France, is ten francs.) The odds-on favorite, a colt named Kemander, finished third but was promoted to second when the public-address man announced that the horse that finished second had carried the wrong weight. The horses, as one might expect in Tunis in the spring, were a very ordinary lot; in winter, when the French flat tracks are closed, the quality of Tunisian racing is somewhat better. The winner ran the distance in 2:14½.

The feature of the day was the race after that—the Arab Derby, or *Derby des 3 Ans Orientaux*, for purebred Arab colts and fillies. This was a beautiful field to see in the paddock. The Arab is the picture-book horse, the one that every man recognizes from his childhood as what he thought a horse should look like. And, in the manner of most beauties, Arabs give the impression of liking to be looked at. The ten Arabs in the walking ring acted like the contestants in a bathing-beauty contest, fairly mincing under the approval of their public. Smaller than thoroughbreds but of more rounded contours, they compared with the entries in the Epsom Derby as Tiller Girls would with the females who compete in the two-hundred-metre run at the Olympic Games. Their Berber grooms had put a high shine on their lovely coats. Six out of the ten were chestnuts of varying shades, three were bays, and only one was a gray. It would have added to the spectacle, I suppose, if the jockeys had been costumed as sheiks, but they wore ordinary jockey silks. They were European except for two Moslem boys, and they all rode like race riders everywhere now—high and short. The purse—five hundred thousand francs, or about fourteen hundred dollars—would rate as very respectable even for a good class of horses on a major track in France or England. With that kind of money up, there is no room for romantic folderol.

The 1–10 favorite—a dark chestnut named Chetoui, by a stallion named

(*Advertisement*)



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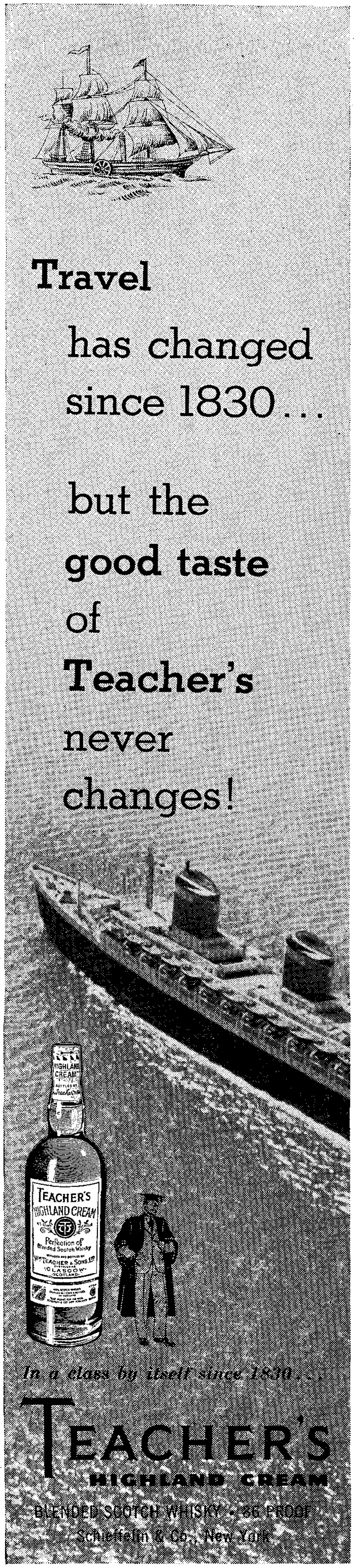
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Loubieh out of a mare named Ouzira—wasn't the prettiest Arab of the lot, but he was the tallest and the most like a Western race horse in conformation. It made me wonder if, in working toward race-track speed, the breeders weren't approaching by a straight process of selection the same result that Europeans had sought centuries ago when they crossed Arab stallions on tall, rangy European mares.

In the race, the big colt had it all his own way. He won by ten lengths. The newspaper *Tunis-Soir* the next day said "CHETOUI A CANTERE DANS LE DERBY," which is an accurate headline. He was "a whole class" better than his competitors, the paper reported. The distance was the same as for the preceding race—a mile and three-sixteenths. I was interested to note that this paragon of Arab horses had run it fourteen seconds slower than the unremarkable Lamina, a thoroughbred filly of the same age by a sire I had never heard of. Fourteen seconds, even at the rate Lamina ran, is equivalent to a full furlong, so I don't suppose a full-bred Arab will win the Ascot Gold Cup for a long time to come—donkey's years, anyway—which should be some consolation to the British.

My 11–1 winner came in the last race. He was an aged chestnut Arab named Tamaris, ridden by a juvenile dark-bay Arab apprentice jockey named Abicha, who brought him into contention at the head of the stretch and hit him all the way home, wafting him to victory by the strength of his good right arm. The biped Arab hit that horse so hard that I found myself involuntarily rubbing the seat of my pants when I went to the cashier's window to collect, but I did not donate the six thousand francs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

THE DECENCY EDITOR OF THE "TIMES" NEVER SLEEPS

Mr. Greer's forte has long been curvaceous clothes with bosoms-on-the-half-shell bodices.—*City edition of the Times for July 3rd.*

Mr. Greer's forte has long been curvaceous clothes with revealing, low cut bodices.—*Late city edition of the same issue.*

•

Gregory Peck plays the title role in the film version of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," arriving Wednesday at the Majestic.—*Houston Post.*

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[*Communication distributed at Langley Air Force Base*]

*****Co-op Plan 2-46*****
Hindquarters, 504th Turkey Wing
Langley Air Force Base, Virginia

Date : 8 May 1956
References: Duncan Hines "Eating Out"
Maps : World Gastronomical
Charts : Dietetic

1. General: This exercise is intended to re-acquaint concerned personnel with the pleasures associated with summer outings and Wing get-togethers.

2. Statement of the Situation:

a. *Enemy Situation:* The potential enemy is Inclement Weather. His forces are known to be capable of disrupting, if not completely prohibiting, friendly operations. During the period 6 May thru 8 May a grouping of enemy forces is known to have taken place to the north and northwest of planned maneuver areas. It is anticipated that this group of forces will be high-pressured into complacency or non-existence prior to implementation of this plan.

b. *Friendly Forces:* Wives and friends of officers assigned to this headquarters will assist in the conduct of operations commensurate with this plan. Baby sitters, known to have provided assistance in the past, will be utilized to the fullest extent possible. In the absence of baby sitters, base nursery officials will render required support.

3. Assumptions:

a. All personnel will be ravenously hungry upon notification of CAGI (Come And Get It) times.

b. Parties engaged in gourmet activities will not exceed known limitations. Participants in BYOL activities are thoroughly proficient in the use of the chemicals employed and are acutely aware of the circumstances which may result from being on the high side of the tolerance curve.

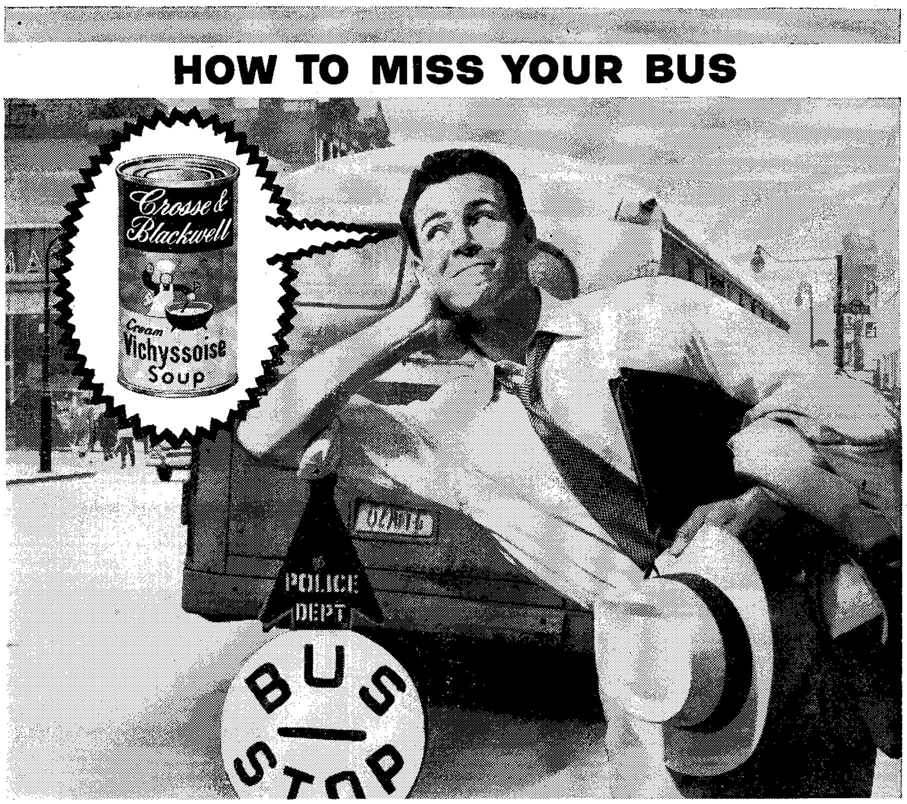
c. Upon completion of this exercise no "strangers" will exist within this headquarters. Each officer, wife, and friend will extend every effort to become acquainted with other members participating in this exercise.

4. Operational Concept, Capabilities and Limitations of the Plan:

a. All personnel will deploy to WIMSATT PARK on or immediately after H-hour, Saturday, 12 May 1956. H-hour is designated as 1800 hours. (For those personnel utilizing watches bearing only twelve numerals, this hour is interpreted as being 6 PM.) WIMSATT PARK is located on Langley Air Force Base immediately across from building 1158, TAC DCS Communications building.

b. Chemical type operations will be conducted. These will consist of BYOL and BEER. Adequate quantities of items nicknamed SET-UPS will be available to support BYOL operations. BEER chemicals will be available in the quantity of two barrels; the nicknames MICHELOB or BUDWEISER will be used to requisition or identify the latter type chemical.

[Remainder of communication omitted because of lack of space.]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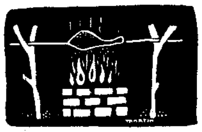
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

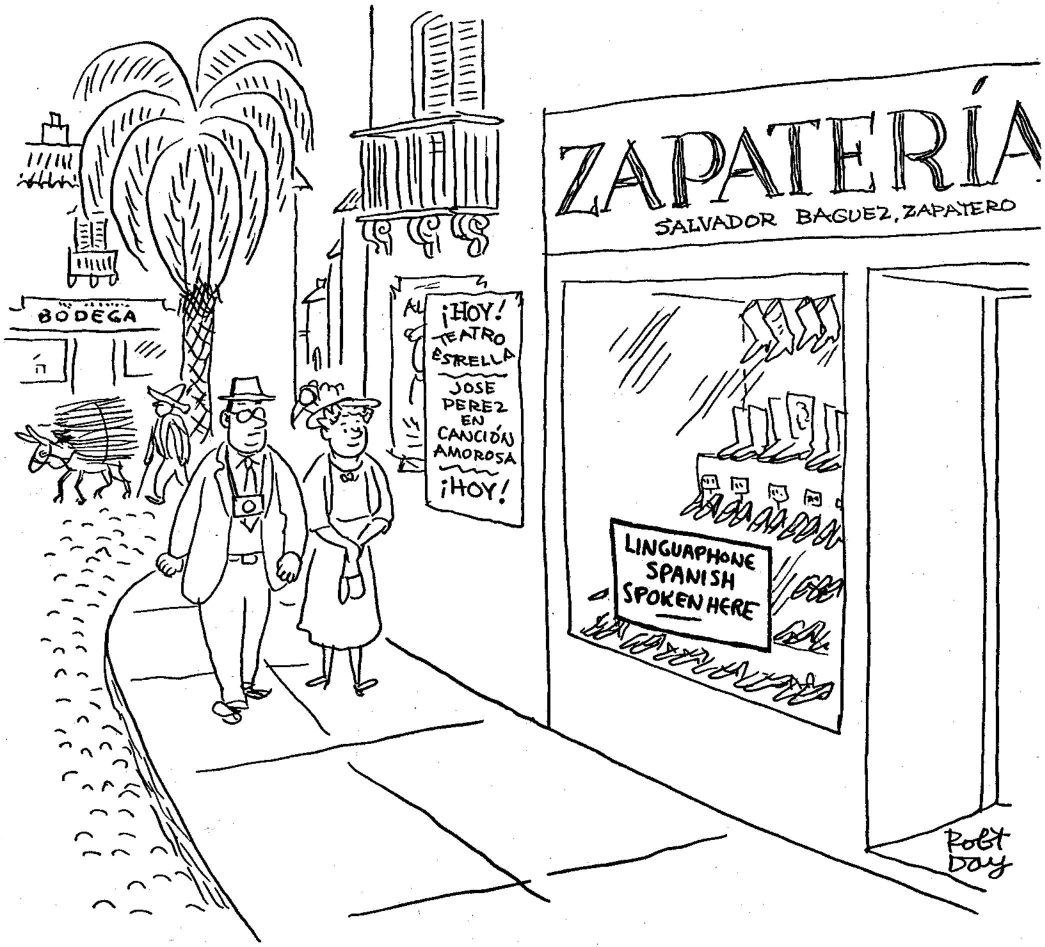


I HAVE it on the authority of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers that there are at least eight hundred thousand Americans who, on weekends and during vacations, leave their refrigerators and ranges, their magnificently appointed pastel kitchens, and their brand-new patios, complete with barbecue grill and the latest thing in outdoor furniture, to live in the utmost discomfort on board boats designed, if not equipped, for pleasure. Perhaps I had better hasten to explain that the N.A. of E. and B.M. doesn't put it just that way. What it actually says is that there are eight hundred thousand medium-sized pleasure craft in the U.S.A.; it is my own experience of small-craft accommodations—the ill-lighted galley, the pervasive smell of kerosene, the washing in cold water, the uneasy suspicion that there will be peanut butter for lunch—that enables me to fill in the stark details. The Association also calculates that around five and a half million pleasure boats are in operation in this country's waters at present, but this figure includes big luxury yachts, whose owners and ship's companies are as well off as they would be at home, and rowboats, fishing boats, and racing sailboats, none of whose dedicated crews *expect* to be coddled, so I think that for the purposes of this essay, which is to be devoted to seagoing comfort, or the lack of it, we had better concentrate on the galleys and cabins of the eight hundred thousand.

Since stoves and lighting fixtures are by far the most important items of galley equipment, anyone who cooks on a small boat will think of them first. As a matter of fact, galley stoves have shown very little change—to say nothing of very little improvement—over the last ten years or so, but recently I did see a couple of run-of-the-mill two-burners displayed in pink and blue enamel, which would seem to indicate that the ladies are about to take over in the galley. One of the few stoves that offer even an approach to a new design is the dependable Swedish Primus, a pressure-fed two-burner that comes in two models—one for kerosene and one for alcohol—and has a two-quart fuel tank. The new feature is a galvanized-steel frame, twenty-two inches long, twelve inches wide, and six and a half inches high, that is meant to be permanently secured in the galley; the cooking unit and the fuel tank fit into this, and can easily be lifted out for cleaning. The stove is made of white-enamelled steel, and the price is $64.95 for the kerosene-burning model and $67.45 for the alcohol one, at Arthur Peck, 123 Chambers Street. At this point, I'll mention a contraption that will not take the place of a standard cookstove but is extremely convenient as an extra unit for heating things, or perhaps making a pot of coffee or frying an egg. It consists of a single burner set in gimbals, which you attach to a bulkhead; the burner stays upright with marvellous efficiency, even in the heaviest weather. Fitted with a Primus burner, this useful gadget costs $24.95 at the Crow's-nest, 475 Fifth Avenue (41st), and fitted with a large can of Sterno it is $16.95, there and at most other yacht-supply houses.

You will find a good selection of nautical stoves, ranging in price from $24.50 to $66, at Abercrombie & Fitch. They operate on kerosene, alcohol, or Sterno, and while they may not be new models, they are very serviceable; moreover, every one of them meets the rigid safety requirements of the Yacht Safety Bureau, which works hand in hand with the National Fire Protection Association in drawing up fire-protection standards for boats and is as nervous as a witch about fire hazards. The Bureau is firmly against gravity-fed alcohol stoves with built-in fuel tanks (the tank is nearly always too close to the fire), and even more firmly against any appliance—stove, lantern, or whatever—that is fuelled by gasoline. (The stuff is too volatile.) If, by the way, you are looking for galley fuel, Abercrombie has gallon cans ($2.50) of a highly effective hundred-and-eighty-proof alcohol, which burns with an intensely hot flame and without forming carbon or giving off any odor, and is O.K. with the Yacht Safety Bureau.

The miserable lighting in the galleys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BODEGA
¡HOY!
TEATRO ESTRELLA
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¡HOY!
LINGUAPHONE SPANISH SPOKEN HERE
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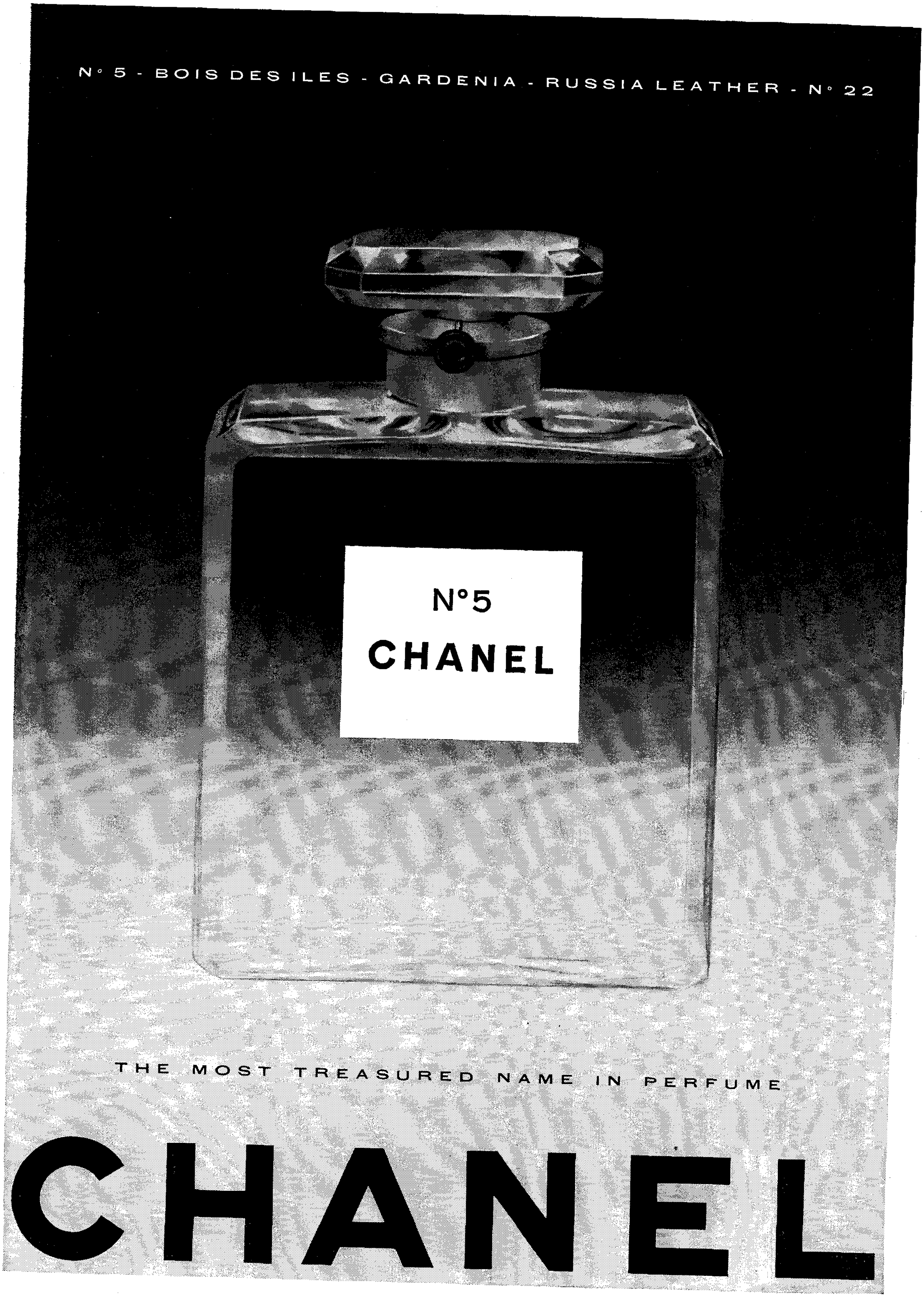
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N°5
CHANEL
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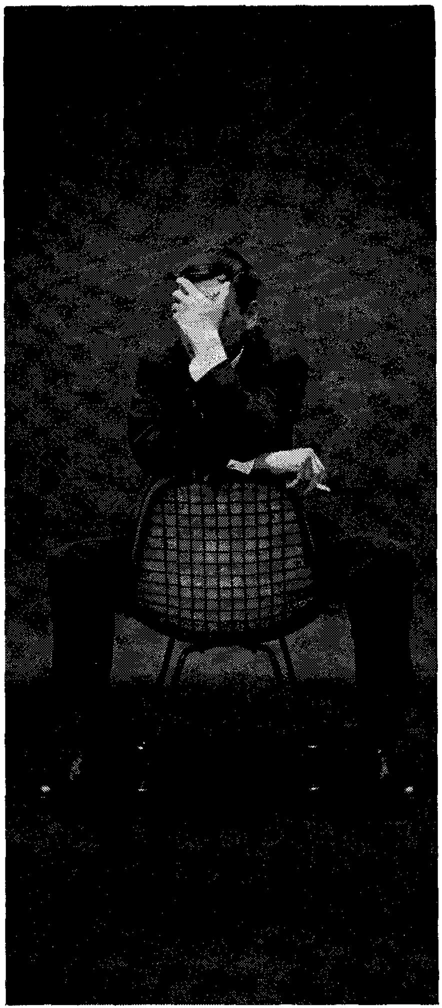

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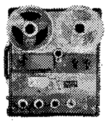
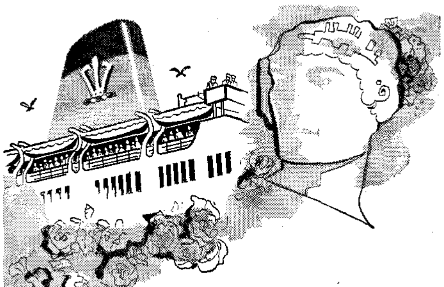


of most small craft doesn't seem to dismay the seasoned sailor, but to the crew member who is asked to whip up an omelet by the glimmer of a minuscule kerosene lamp or a flashlight held in a bracket, this dimness is as exasperating as it is dreary. Small-boat cooks who, like me, want to see what they are doing should investigate some recently developed fluorescent fixtures that were designed specially for nautical use. These work on either six or twelve volts—the usual voltage on small craft—and are to be had at the Manhattan Marine & Electric Company, 116 Chambers Street. They come in circles ten inches in diameter, for $34.95, and in narrow tubes ten inches long, for $24.95, and are said to give seven times as much light for the voltage as ordinary bulbs.

IF the danger of fire in the galley is not the preoccupation of every cook afloat, it ought to be. Certainly it is something the Yacht Safety Bureau and the Coast Guard spend a lot of time worrying about, and therefore, in looking into the matter of extinguishers, I have kept the safety standards of those outfits constantly in mind. One apparatus in particular not only is spoken well of by underwriters but is held by sailors of my acquaintance to be beyond praise. It weighs fifteen pounds and has a pistol-grip handle with a trigger; when this is pulled, it releases a shower of carbon dioxide that yachtsmen assure me is easily sufficient to smother any of the blazes most common in the galley—from faulty stoves, grease in frying pans catching fire, and so on. What is more, the extinguishing agent leaves no trace; as anyone familiar with the action of dry ice knows, carbon dioxide disappears within a few minutes. The filled extinguisher costs $39.25 at the manufacturer's, Walter Kidde & Company, 140 Cedar Street, and refills can be had for around $2 wherever liquid carbon dioxide is sold—at firehouses and at fire-extinguisher-recharging stations all over the country.

SO many of the seafaring men I know have sung the praises of a portable icebox put out by the Coca-Cola people that I journeyed all the way over to the company's plant, at 34th Street and the East River, to see for myself the virtues of this box, which is adorned large as life with the Coca-Cola trademark and costs $15. Well, the cooler obviously makes no pretensions to elegance, but it will hold a whole case of Coke packed in generous quanti-



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ties of ice and has a food tray big enough to hold a dozen sandwiches or so, and some fruit, and, altogether, it appears to be everything its friends claim it to be—a sturdy and well-insulated box admirably adapted to the rough life. It is eighteen inches long, thirteen inches wide, and nineteen inches high, and is finished in that Coca-Cola red enamel (the white lettering shows up just fine on this); the interior is galvanized steel, and the insulation is Fiberglas, completely sealed in. Other details are stout clasp locks and a drain with a rustproof aluminum cap. You can pick up this box at the Coca-Cola plant (it weighs only twenty-five pounds) or simply mail in a check; they will deliver it, at no extra cost, anywhere in the metropolitan area. Pepsi-Cola offers what I am told is a similar cooler, at a similar price ($15.45), as well as a smaller one, for $9.27, but the Pepsi-Cola plant was on strike when these notes were being made, and I wasn't able to examine the two boxes for myself.

Sailors who are too proud to sail with either of these trademarked jobs and hold out for a really handsome ice chest should inspect the Arga cooler at Abercrombie & Fitch—a bang-up piece of equipment made of waterproof Presdwood with a stainless-steel lining, Fiberglas insulation, and good-looking trimming of chrome-plated brass. It is twenty-three and a half inches long, thirteen inches high, and twelve inches wide, and will hold a hundred and fifty pounds of ice; the price is $44.

AND now for a couple of minor pieces of small-boat gear that yachting circles have been making a great to-do over lately. The more important, at least from the point of view of the skipper, is a portable air horn that serves as a foghorn and general-utility signal, weighs only a pound and a half, works on the principle of an aerosol bomb, and produces a blast that nearly sent me through the roof of the store where I saw the thing. All there is to it is an aluminum horn screwed onto a disposable can of Freon gas that is good for more than three hundred two-second blasts; you aim the horn in the direction you want the honk to go, and pull the trigger. The uproar can be heard for two and a half miles, I am told (and I don't doubt it for a minute), and the Freon that does the work is said to be nontoxic, noninflammable, and nonexplosive. Complete with a can of Freon, the horn costs $20 at Abercrombie & Fitch, the Crow's-nest, Manhattan Marine & Electric, and

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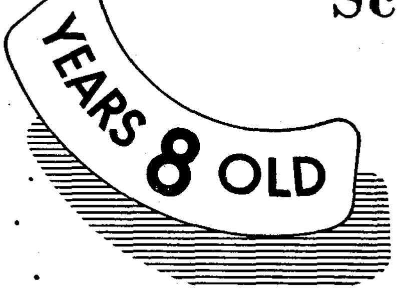

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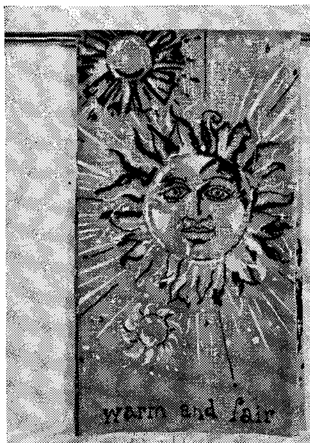

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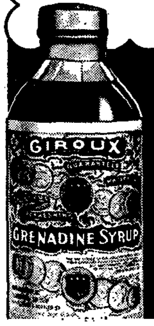

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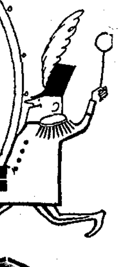

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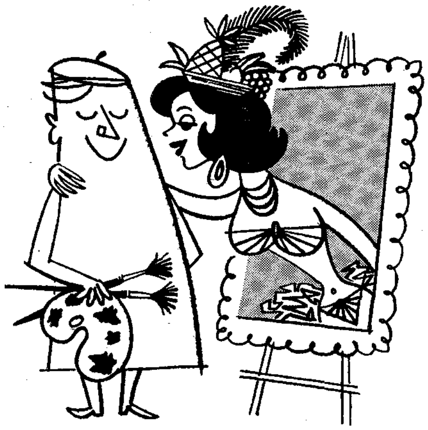

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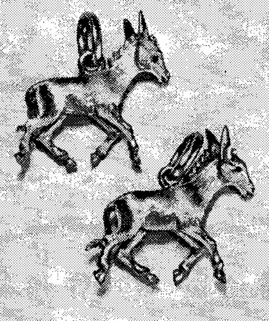

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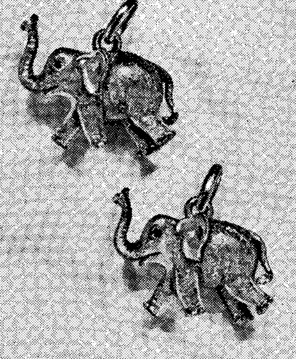
other yacht-supply houses. Extra cans of Freon are $1.50 each. The other item, while it may be of less importance to the helmsman, should prove a great blessing to the cook. It is a so-called electric match, something we have been needing for a long time, and it consists of two parts—a leakproof reservoir, about the size of a teacup, which contains ordinary lighter fluid absorbed in the same kind of stuff that is used in cigarette lighters, and, stuck into this, a three-and-a-half-inch steel wand, which lights automatically when it is withdrawn. The device operates on flashlight batteries (four of them are fitted into the top of the reservoir) and involves no flint or moving parts; it is on hand at just about all ships'-supply houses, for $15.

THIS seems a good time for me to remind everyone about the splendid United States Coast and Geodetic Survey charts on sale at Rand McNally, 7 West 48th Street. The shop's supply includes coastal charts of the entire Eastern seaboard, from Maine to the Florida Keys, and charts of all the harbors from Cape Cod to Cape May. The harbor charts are, of course, much more detailed than those of the coast, giving soundings, showing the placement of buoys, and so on, while the coastal charts cover a greater area of ocean—a strip about fifteen miles wide. (Rand McNally has a catalogue of these charts, and customers are welcome to consult it, but if you want one for yourself, you can order it from the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Department of Commerce, at 90 Church Street. There is no charge.) The charts vary in size from two feet by three to three feet by four; the coastal ones cost a dollar each, and the harbor ones from fifty cents to a dollar. In addition, Rand McNally has a series of four volumes called the U.S. Coast Pilot, also put out by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which should be enormously useful to any boatman cruising coastal waters. These fascinating books form a sort of descriptive supplement to the charts—giving the physical appearance of the coast, telling where to expect buoys and what they look like, and all the rest of it. The titles are "St. Croix River to Cape Cod," "Cape Cod to Sandy Hook," "Sandy Hook to Cape Henry," and "Cape Henry to Key West." Each volume costs $2.50.

A NAUTICAL book of a different sort, but one that should also prove helpful to people sailing about in

That Certain
Party of Yours



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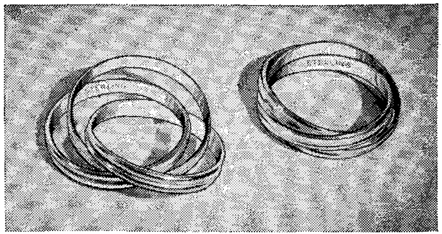

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medium-sized pleasure craft, is "The Cruising Cookbook," by Russell K. Jones and C. McKim Norton (Norton)—a first-rate guide to cooking and catering in small quarters afloat. It was published several years ago, and for all-round convenience in the galley it has never been improved upon, as far as I know. It is carried by Abercrombie & Fitch and by the Crow's-nest. . . . And Long Island boatmen may be interested to know that the late-lamented firm of Lewis & Conger is being resurrected, with a special new yacht-supply department, on Northern Boulevard, in Manhasset. It won't be open until late in August, however.

—S. H.

•

LITTLE POEMS

Overcome, Kim [Novak] flees in bitter frustration to her TV studio dressing room where she angrily flings a vase of flowers to the floor and sobs in abandon to a rose she destroys: "I'm tearing this flower apart like I'm destroying my life." As she often does, she later turned the episode into a little poem.—*Photograph caption in Life.*

I woke up tousled, one strap falling
  Off the shoulder, casually.
In came ten *Time-Life* lensmen, calling,
  "Novak, hold that *déshabillé!*"

I went to breakfast, asked for cocoa,
  Prunes, and toast. "Too dark," they
    said.
"The film we use is Pallid Foc-O.
  Order peaches, tea, and bread."

I wrote a memo, "To my agent—"
  "Write instead," they said, " 'Dear
    Mum.' "
In conference, when I made a cogent
  Point, they cried, "No, no! Act
    dumb."

I told a rose, "I tear you as I
  Tear my life," and heard them say,
"Afraid that 'as' of yours is quasi-
  Classy. We like 'like.' O.K.?"

I dined with friends. The *Time-Life*
    crewmen
  Interrupted: "Bare your knees,
Project your bosom, and, for human
  Interest, look ill at ease."

I, weary, fled to bed. They hounded
  Me with flash bulbs, tripods, eyes
Of Polaroid—I was surrounded!
  The caption read, "ALONE, Kim
    cries."

—JOHN UPDIKE

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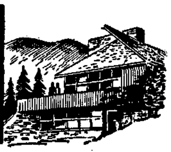

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 11

OVER the weekend, with the French government's authorization but without warning, French hotels, which were already the most expensive in Europe, increased their prices by from five to twenty per cent, with the rich travellers' palaces taking the smallest boost, the middle-class luxury hotels raising their rates by ten per cent, and the modest hostelries getting the biggest augmentation. The prices of rooms already booked by tourists or by the vacationing French will not be affected. The franc has been weakening since January, and it now stands at around four hundred to the dollar in the free market, the long-obsolete legal rate still being three hundred and fifty to the dollar. French businessmen are buying not only dollars but their own gold napoleons in their rush to convert and solidify their paper cash. Three years of exciting French prosperity, one recent and inevitable (if inadequate) social reform, the resultant new taxes to pay for it, and the more urgent taxes for the preposterously expensive Algerian war—these successes and troubles, among other cumulative elements, have helped spiral already high prices to the point of dangerous inflation today, with still higher prices now a necessity. According to the portly, realistic M. Paul Ramadier, Minister of Economic and Financial Affairs, France has been consuming more than she has been producing, despite the highest production figures in her history. Even the labor supply is now insufficient, with half a million men siphoned off as soldiers in the war. Next month, as a result of prosperity, the government will have to borrow from the Banque de France, for the first time since 1952.

Premier Guy Mollet's social reform, which he spiritedly fought for, consists of an increase in the meagre old-age pension, as a humane political gesture amid the unprecedented postwar French riches. The increase amounts to only thirty-two thousand francs, or ninety-one dollars, a year, so the elderly could still starve, but the tax structure to finance it is enormous. Last month, economic experts warned Mollet that the Communists in Parliament were

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logical in demanding that he stop the Algerian war and start paying the increased pension, that the Assembly conservatives were also logical in insisting that he continue the war and delay the pension, and that, as a Socialist, he was financially illogical in backing the war and the old folks at the same time. The recently announced taxes to pay for the pension are like locusts, foraging everywhere. They include an additional ten-per-cent tax on income; higher taxes on automobiles, Bourse transactions, death duties, and corporations; and, in a way, even a tax on tax evaders, now hit at last with bigger fines and the threat of jail. Two have just been popped into La Santé Prison to inspire others to pay up. French passports and identity cards now cost more, because the price of the tax stamps for them has been raised. Apéritifs have been supertaxed. As part of the propaganda war between Mollet's strictly anti-alcoholism government and the liquor interests, a Paris café has just installed a cynical sign reading, "Have another drink and help pay for the old-age pension." To help pay for the Algerian war, which demands another hundred billion francs in immediate taxes, the first blow has been levelled this week, on cigarettes, a state monopoly, with price increases of as much as twenty per cent. Gauloises Bleues, smoked by three-fourths of France's smokers, have been jumped from eighty to ninety-five francs a pack, of which the state will take seventy francs. Chesterfields and similar American brands, which sold at a hundred and eighty francs a pack, are now a hundred and ninety, or about fifty-five cents. It also costs more to eat in Paris than it did last year, because of the destructive winter freeze of vegetables, fruits, grain, and fodder for cows. Butter and milk have just gone up, following steel, coal, and wages. Obviously, all these new high taxes on what have been high profits can lead only to higher prices. Right now, it would seem that France's recent prosperity is unhappily going to cost much more than the average French citizen or the average American tourist can afford.

THE second volume of General Charles de Gaulle's "Mémoires de Guerre," covering the years 1942-44, has now been published. It is selling less well than the first volume, which became a best-seller largely through public curiosity, but its high literary style, matching de Gaulle's exalted patriotism—and, indeed, his physical stature, as if the latter permitted him a superior,

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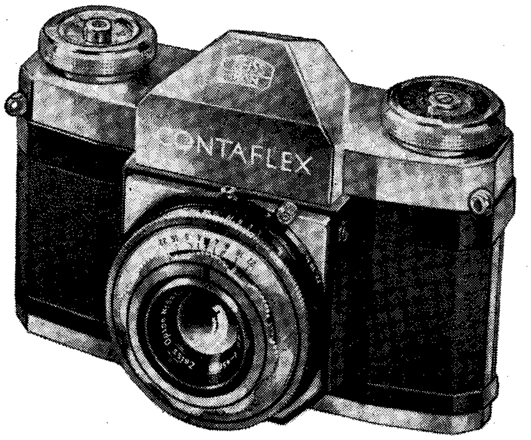

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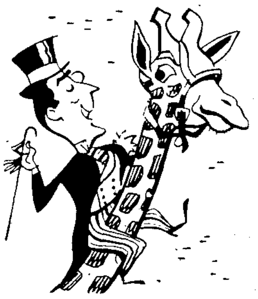

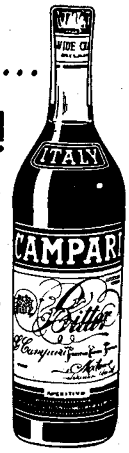

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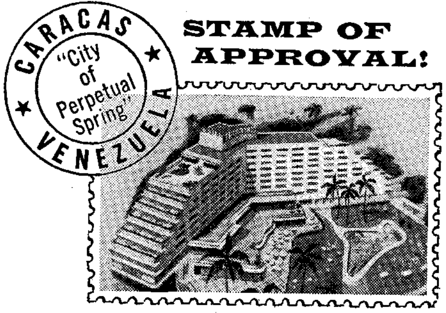

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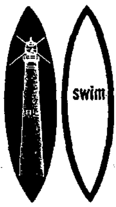

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lonely view—allows this second record to become a classic, indifferent to popularity. His historical position was strange and unique, like his Gothic nature and vision, and what he records is as individual as his experiences. "As for human relations," he writes poignantly, "my lot has been that of solitude." The memoirs are, signally, his story of his and France's history. They lack the universality and humanity that could perhaps be characterized as the genial reek of cigars—part of the smoke of the democratic battle—which hangs over Sir Winston Churchill's books on the same war. De Gaulle's aim as leader of the Resistance is summed up for himself and for his comrades of that time in the sentence "We bring back to France independence, the Empire, and the sword." A few days ago, when asked by a French journalist to make a statement on the present situation in the French Empire, de Gaulle said merely that he had made so many statements over recent years that a new one would add nothing and have no effect. This is tragically true, and the sadder for being stated by him.

THE French Communist Party's efforts, with Moscow's help, to meet the crisis among the Comrades here caused by Khrushchev's de-Stalinization speech are being watched by Paris with unflagging interest as the new policy is tortuously traced in the Party paper *Humanité*. Last week, *Humanité's* Moscow correspondent telephoned a dispatch saying that the idea most prevalent now in the Soviet newspapers is the following: "The struggles against the personality cult and its consequences have affected the entire national life. The Communist Party, the U.S.S.R. institutions, all the workers' organizations, all the press, all the people have since 1953 been multiplying their efforts to remove the limitations imposed upon Soviet democracy, so it may enrich itself and come into full flower." This is certainly the first news the Party here has had that on Stalin's death, in 1953, everybody—press and people—at once began working to counteract the harm he had done in his lifetime. *Humanité* has also just published *Pravda's* answer to the question "Why is there only one party in the U.S.S.R.?" After solemnly saying that some outsiders would be interested in seeing non-Communist political parties, financed by foreign capitalists, set up in Russia, *Pravda* and *Humanité* gave this answer: "The Soviets do not need such parties. They

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do not wish to impose their social institutions on others, but neither are they ready to accept the institutions of others." This is indubitably the first time that *Humanité* has ever said that the Communists do not aim at Communizing the whole world, beginning with France. You might have thought that all the other Paris newspapers would reprint this delightful bit of brand-new international good news. Nobody paid any attention to it.

UNTIL the ballet from the famed Moscow Stanislavski Theatre came here for a month's visit to the Châtelet, Paris had never seen a Soviet ballet troupe or Tchaikovsky's "Le Lac des Cygnes" done in four acts—in this case three-quarters rechoreographed, unfortunately, by the company's ballet master emeritus, Vladimir Bourmeister, in 1953. Acts I and III were uneventful—jolly, dull peasant dances on the village green, and then Spanish, Neapolitan, and Hungarian dances by international temptresses of the Prince. But Act IV took the cake. In a sudden storm on Swan Lake, the stage broke out into rising and falling green calico waves, the Prince sank, the Swan Queen sank, he surfaced first, and, *mirabile dictu*, she, who had disappeared in short tarlatan skirts and short hair, emerged in a trice in a long chiffon chemise, long corkscrew curls, and half drowned. Carrying her carefully over the subsiding waves, to avoid stepping on her subaqueous dresser and coiffeur crouching beneath, the Prince and his now humanized sweetheart clinched in a big hug and a happy ending, guaranteed to end all poetry and romantic glamour in the finale of "Le Lac des Cygnes." In between all this old-fashioned, tawdrily dressed and staged claptrap, what alone counted was the familiar old Act II, with the Ivanov-Petipa choreography of 1895 almost too impeccably danced by a young Soviet corps de ballet in the pure Czarist tradition; the Marxist unity of undulating winged arms and the overprecise collectivity of flying pointed feet and rigidly straight lines of swans furnished the only modern mannerisms. The young Soviet ballet dancers' perfect technique was not transmuted into the ease of art. Critics here praised them by condemning their depersonalized lack of soul and charm and then damning the Paris Opéra Ballet for its lazy inability to equal such technical mastery. Sophia Vinogradova, the second-string Swan Queen, was really the star and the single, vivid exception—a spectacularly individualistic and accom-

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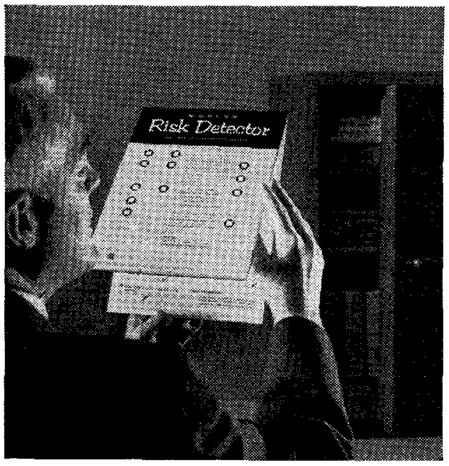

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plished young ballerina, surely headed for the Bolshoi, which is the senior Soviet company, the Stanislavski being only Moscow's secondary troupe. In the May season of forty-seven years ago, also at the Châtelet, Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes burst upon Western eyes—the aristocratic, revolutionary ballet that eventually modernized all ballets except those of Soviet Russia, which even today tend to remain imperial.

As part of the summer international Festival de Paris, the Ljubljana National Opera Company has just given two performances, at the Paris Opéra, of Prokofieff's "Love for Three Oranges," which is unknown here, except for the famous march, sometimes played on orchestra programs. The Yugoslav singers sang in Russian, and though none of them had a memorable voice, practically all of them—especially the chorus—were such wonderfully able and funny actors that this 1919 *opéra bouffe*, written when Prokofieff was in the United States, provided a hilariously enjoyable evening, additionally pertinent because of the political grotesquerie of its plot, which the composer in those days felt free to underline. The stage set, modernist in style, was equipped with a balcony at each side, on which the Ridiculous People sat watching what went on among the royalty and politicians on the stage, sometimes climbing down from their perch to take a corrective part in the political events and to voice their opinions, in excellent chorus singing. Their wigs, cranial buildups, putty noses, and beards—and particularly their clothes—made them look like animated photographs of any provincial European bourgeoisie today, and their intelligent byplay helped unravel the complicated, unusually crazy operatic story for the mystified French audience. The hypochondriac Prince was realistically and admirably sung by the tenor Janez Lipuscek, who, when some comedy characters were brought to his bedside to make him laugh, stuck his tongue out and was sick at his stomach to music. It was a thoroughly agreeable evening for the rest of us.

Far removed from such theatrical and musical diversions, "Le Vray Mystère de la Passion," played at night under spotlights on a platform set up before the carved façade of Notre Dame, was also one of the Paris summer spectacles. The text used was the five-hundred-year-old versification, in rhymed couplets, by a certain Arnoul Gréban, which tells the story of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus. In the recent pro-

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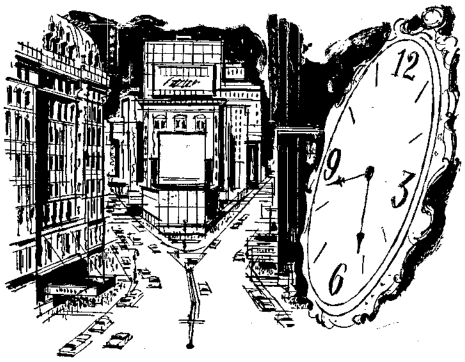

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duction here, the audience sat in stands erected on the *parvis* in front of Notre Dame, and the stage was on a level that allowed the actors to have behind them the Gothic carvings of the church portal, showing Jesus in glory—a perfect setting of Catholic majesty and piety. A cast of fifteen hundred actors, mimes, and singers took part, including girl dancers dressed as little red devils; the Petits Chanteurs à la Croix de Bois, singing fifteenth-century music in Latin; and the brass section of the band of the Garde Républicaine, in medieval costume, who trotted in as Pontius Pilate's Roman guards, blowing trumpets and on horseback. The Archangel Gabriel, played by a woman, spoke from a heavenly spotlight high up in the Cathedral's north tower; the organ and the bells of Notre Dame also participated; and twice the magnificent purple Rose Window was illuminated from inside the church, hanging like a Crusader's circular carpet in the night sky. Occasionally, the music or speech was drowned out by the Fire Department and its sirens, hurrying along the *quai* across the Seine. Jhésus (the old spelling) was played by the actor Guy Kerner, a strong, well-built man. By means of a series of ropes and pulleys, the cross bearing Jhésus and the crosses bearing the two thieves were all suddenly heaved upright—the trio of crosses and human forms appearing without warning from a recess behind the stage—and they hung aloft in a startling theatrical reincarnation during the long trumpeting and singing of the final "Te Deum" and the triumphant clamor of the bells of Notre Dame.—GENÊT

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*]

ARLINGTON, VA., June 26 (AP)—Certainly heroism should be recognized, but—

Arlington County got into quite a dither about it.

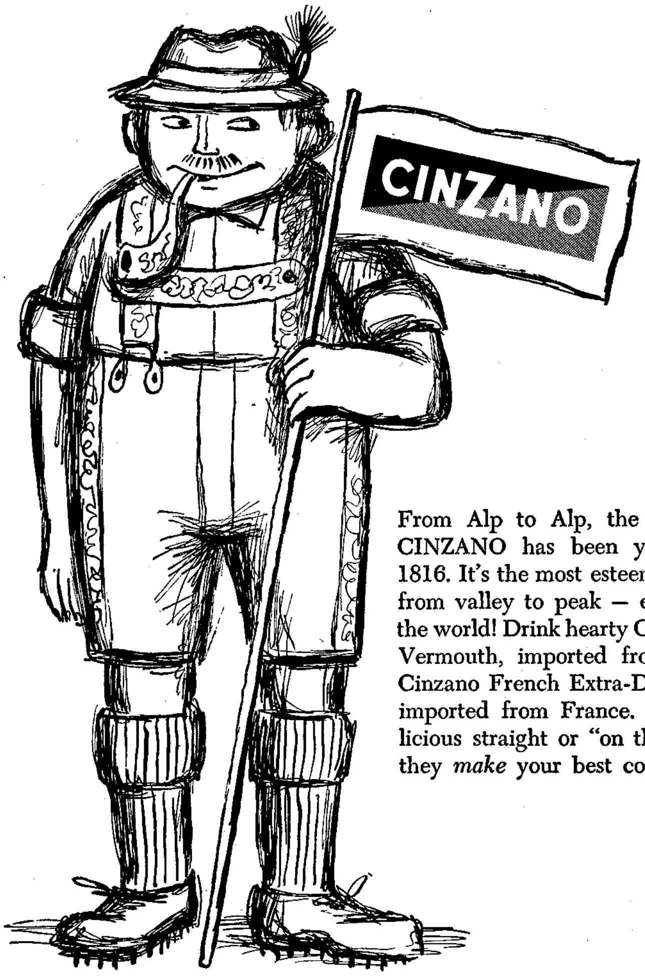
Two policemen—Pvts. Ormond S. Runnels Jr., and Clarence A. Sims—were to receive plaques honoring them for the rescue of a man from a burning automobile.

All went well until almost time for the ceremony.

•

Marine Capt. Richard McCutcheon, who was the first to win the top money on "The $64,000 Question" last year, and Chef Joseph Amblard, his challenger, both answered food questions correctly to retch the $4000 mark.—*Washington (D.C.) Daily News.*

No vivid writing, please.



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THE RACE TRACK

Money, Money, Money

WHAT a week-end! Three one-hundred-thousand-dollar races the same afternoon—the Hollywood Gold Cup in California, the Arlington Classic at Chicago's Arlington Park, and the Monmouth Handicap in Jersey. (Diogenes Checkpoints says nothing like that has ever happened before.) They had a total gross value of $435,325, and favorites won all three.

Although my heart was with Swaps in Hollywood, I settled for a trip to nearby Monmouth Park, a very pleasant place to go racing, and saw Nashua gallop off with the Monmouth Handicap before a crowd of thirty-eight thousand. Because the track was muddy, many horseplayers wondered how willingly he would run, since he loathes getting his feet wet, but he seemed in high good humor on the way to the saddling paddock and looked very much the sort of horse that people dream of owning. He didn't leave the starting gate as nimbly as he does sometimes, and as a result had mud splashed on his blinkers, but he got down to business quickly, and in less than a furlong he had overhauled Flying Chief, a fast runner who was expected to give him trouble. Nashua left him behind at the turn into the backstretch, and from there on it was just a romp. Mr. First made a mildly thrilling but vain effort to catch Nashua on the stretch turn, and took second money for his pains. That's about all there was to it. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:02⅘, which is first-rate time, considering the condition of the track. On the whole, it was Nashua's easiest victory this year, but then it figured to be, even though he carried a hundred and twenty-nine pounds and gave from eighteen to twenty-four pounds to his opposition. The fact is that the seven other runners weren't really quite top-class. Anyhow, Nashua picked up $78,200 and increased his earnings to $1,236,965. Neither Leslie Combs II nor any other member of the syndicate that owns Nashua was at Monmouth to receive the gold cup that goes to the

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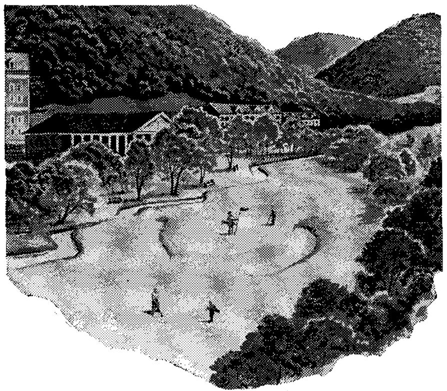

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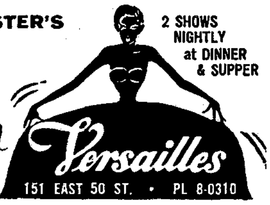

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winning owner, so John Fitzsimmons, who is Mr. Fitz's eldest son and usually travels with Nashua, accepted it on their behalf. Maybe the syndicate members will now toss a coin for it.

NEEDLESS to say, Swaps was the whole show in the Hollywood Gold Cup, which I heard over the radio. Mr. Gus made another gallant try, leading until the runners were halfway round the turn off the backstretch, where Swaps usually starts to go. Half a furlong more and it was all over but the shouting. Mr. Gus was second and his stablemate Porterhouse was third. Swaps ran the mile and a quarter in 1:58$\frac{3}{5}$; he's been setting world's records lately, but this time it was only the track record. If anyone cares, this was the third time in a row that Swaps has won carrying a hundred and thirty pounds, and it was his sixth victory in seven starts this season. At Monmouth the other afternoon, I ran across Marshall Lilly, who was head exercise boy for the famous trainer Jimmy Rowe in the heyday of the James R. Keene and the H. P. Whitney horses (he used to gallop Sysonby and Colin and Regret), and he said, "Swaps must be a great horse to run the way he does. I don't mean just a good horse, I mean a great horse." I'll string along with that.

THE way the Arlington Classic was run surprised me. I knew that Swoon's Son was fast off the mark and expected him to go right to the front, but, instead, the filly Doubledogdare led until the last furlong, where Swoon's Son, who won, and Ben A. Jones, who finished second, passed her easily. It was interesting to learn that David Erb, who rides both Needles and Swoon's Son, thinks that Swoon's Son, who is unbeaten in five starts, is the better colt. He should know.

ARTISMO, an old pet of mine, hadn't won a race for about a year, so just for that he had to beat Summer Tan, another of my pets, in the Edgemere Handicap at Jamaica last Saturday. Midafternoon, the winner of the Metropolitan, was third. My stay-at-home observer reports that it was the best race of the week at Jamaica, which I'd say was faint praise indeed.

—AUDAX MINOR

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[*Headline in the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Single Pebble, by John Hersey (Knopf). A short, faultlessly conceived, symbolic novel. The narrator is a young American engineer who travels two hundred miles up the Yangtze River in a cargo junk in the twenties to examine the possibilities of building the river's first dam. At first, slick and soft, he is revolted by the primitiveness about him. But the power and beauty of the river toughen him, and as he listens day after day to the magical fables about it and watches the trackers pull his junk inch by inch through towering gorges and over massive rapids, he begins to respect the river, and the toil it exacts, as a kind of ancient and cruelly just accretion of labor and honor; to snuff the river out in a day with a dam would be an immoral act, like puncturing a beloved myth. The second hero of the book, Old Pebble, who is the head tracker and whom Mr. Hersey turns into a wild, godlike figure, tells the engineer that he lives only for his unceasing work, for his friends, and for the wine that he can buy ashore. The engineer, emboldened, describes to Pebble his vision of a dam, and Pebble, suddenly grasping the unholy rightness of the idea, allows himself to be destroyed. A solemn double irony caps the book. The engineer suggests, more out of duty than inspiration, a feasible site for the dam to his employers in America, but "the idea was dismissed and I was tagged by sound men as impractical. The tag is still on me." Mr. Hersey's writing is impeccable in the descriptive passages, which become, like the best of Conrad, indelible images in the reader's mind. The design and printing of the book are more than handsome.

Mona Lisa, Part I: The Prince of Taranto, by Tiffany Thayer (Dial). The first three volumes of a projected twenty-one-volume historical novel, set in fifteenth-century Italy and having to do with the life and times of Signora Elisabetta Gherardini della Gioconda, the subject of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." Here, in what may be the windiest preamble ever written, we are given an exhaustive, labyrinthine account of the sexual and political doings of Neapolitan royalty over a couple of decades preceding Mona Lisa's birth. The wonder of all this is not its length—it comes to more than twelve hundred pages, and the completed project will be the longest novel in English—or the skull-numbing research that must have gone into it but the fact that the author has had the blind tenacity to crank out so many pounds of flat, smirking prose (" 'O, thou impudent maggot,' said the Constable, gaining better control of himself, 'when I crush you I shall step so hard you will not even leave a grease spot' ") for the sake of what appears to be a mammoth joke, since it is Mr. Thayer's contention that the whole thing was written by François Villon. Fortunately, there is a fifty-page key to persons and places mentioned in the text, as well as a diagram showing the scope of the entire work. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

The Daffodil Sky, by H. E. Bates (Atlantic-Little, Brown). These fifteen beautifully written short stories are concerned almost entirely with solitary people—people who are timid, or helpless, or simply withdrawn. Mr. Bates tells of their hopes and despairs, their secret happinesses, and their occasional victories over the loneliness they can never quite escape. The strange thing is that the physical world he describes—fields, streets, houses, a hotel dining room in France, a poor old Englishwoman's parlor, another Englishwoman's bedroom—is so substantial and so real that his human beings too often pale away into wraiths, as though their flesh were not quite solid enough, or quite vivid or alive enough, to maintain and express them in their splendidly realized surroundings. There are exceptions to this. In "The Evolution of Saxby" we read of a middle-aged government clerk's longing for a house and a garden of his own, and we see how he is defeated, and always will be defeated, by his wife's particular form of madness. In this story, Saxby and the house of his dreams play separate, well-defined parts, and are equally threatened by Mrs. Saxby. Saxby's house becomes a goal, a treasure, and Saxby is a fully drawn and memorable figure, overwhelmed but alive. Most of the stories are laid in England, and they are all about English people.

GENERAL

From Vienna to Versailles, by L. C. B. Seaman (Coward-McCann). An intelligent and lively re-examination of the political and diplomatic history of Europe over the hundred years between the Congress of Vienna and the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Seaman, who believes that most previous histories of the period are a mixture of inaccuracies, misinterpretations, and invalid generalizations, starts out by demolishing the notion that there was a "congress system" at Vienna (he shows that the great powers who assembled there to liquidate the Napoleonic empire were never of one mind) and goes on to demolish a number of other dearly held theories, among them that Napoleon III overthrew the Second Republic singlehanded and that Bismarck unified Germany and created the German Empire. (He created a Prussian empire, the author says; Hitler created a German empire.) In discussing the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Seaman defends the Balkanization of Eastern Europe on the ground that nothing else was possible but Germanization or Russification, yet he also lights into the idealists—especially Woodrow Wilson, whose promises of peace and justice, he says, bred cynicism and desperation in the postwar world and constituted "the worst of all forms of deceit."

Theodore Roosevelt the Naturalist, by Paul Russell Cutright (Harper). When Theodore Roosevelt was President, he often tiptoed to the window of his White House office, no matter who was visiting, for a spot of bird-watching, and took his and other people's children on expeditions into the bogs along the Potomac in search of the purple finch or the bay-breasted warbler. Roosevelt was a naturalist all his life—his first surviving letter, written when he was ten, was about birds, and his last complimented William Beebe on a monograph about pheasants. This book covers his prodigious achievements as a conservationist, as a student of American big game and of coloration in animals, and as one of the best field naturalists the United States has ever produced. Much of the story has been told before, notably by T. R. himself, but in any event this intimate portrait of a man in passionate pursuit of his avocation has

Courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job. Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information for a customer regarding his telephone service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She Likes to Help People

A story about one of the telephone Service Representatives whose "voice has the smile" whenever there's anything you'd like to know about telephone service.

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings us close to people.

Many, many times each day—in your community and in countless communities throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of friendly contacts with those we serve. Sometimes they are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those with these contacts are Business Office Service Representatives like Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

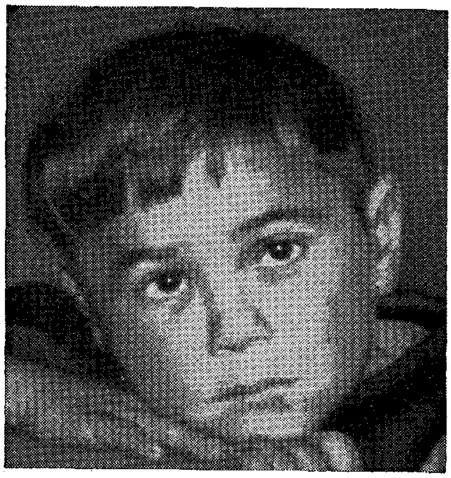
Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way:

"It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

Helping the Blind. Raising money to provide "Guide Dogs for the Blind" has been one of Mrs. Evans' activities in the Venture Club—an organization of Oakland (Calif.) business women.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



"My daddy wants to keep me"

Motherless little Klaus—so sad-eyed and pensive—has known much misery since his family was forced to flee East Germany with only the clothes on their backs. After months of weary wandering, they found refuge in a West German village. Then his mother died.

Klaus' father, a fine, industrious man, is recuperating from a serious operation and can only do odd jobs. There is little money, and often a shortage of food. The father is fighting valiantly to keep Klaus and to bring him up to be a good citizen. When Klaus' father recovers and resumes regular work, he can provide a better home and nourishing food. Until then, you can help keep them together, help make Klaus' future secure.

How You Can Help Klaus

You can help Klaus or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of **Save the Children Federation.** By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies—and other necessities—for "your" child in West Germany or in Finland, France, Greece or Korea. The cost is only $120 a year, just $10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

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GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM, by J. C. Furnas (Sloane). A sprawling book, held loosely together by the thesis that Harriet Beecher Stowe unwittingly advanced false concepts of the Negro that still plague American society. Although the characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" inspired a hysterical sympathy for the victims of slavery, the author says, they were examples of just the kind of stereotype that has nourished the doctrine of white supremacy. After shredding Mrs. Stowe's book as literature and as a social document (an operation on a pretty dead dog), Mr. Furnas casts a backward glance at the "peculiar institution" of slavery, describes the famous "Tom shows," which for eighty years presented a distorted version of Mrs. Stowe's already distorted fiction, and delivers a homily on the whole vexed subject of race. Much of Mr. Furnas's factual matter is new and arresting, but unfortunately he is an excitable writer with what seems to be an incurable predilection for journalese. The book is illustrated with photographs and old prints, and is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson (Random House). One of those rare studies of an artist's life that are not all encomium. The authors have gone in for a certain amount of critical evaluation, but their main effort has been to provide an all-round biography, in which Lautrec's artistic production, though important, is only one element. Their approach is sober, yet wholly sympathetic, and the book is a storehouse of information, anecdotal and otherwise, about the café life of the period that surrounded, and finally engulfed, Lautrec. Best of all, perhaps, the authors convey the sadness—the bitterness, even—underlying the artist's brief, flamboyant career. Illustrated.

•

ST. LOUIS, June 30—(AP)—Mrs. Laura Murphy was attacked by a Syrian brown bear in downtown St. Louis yesterday. "I felt like Pike's Peak was crashing down on me," she said.

The 450-pound animal, tied to a scaffolding outside the Post-Dispatch building where it had been taken for a television show, knocked down the woman and screamed. Then the bear was taken to her home after being treated by a physician.
—*Richmond (Va.) News Leader.*

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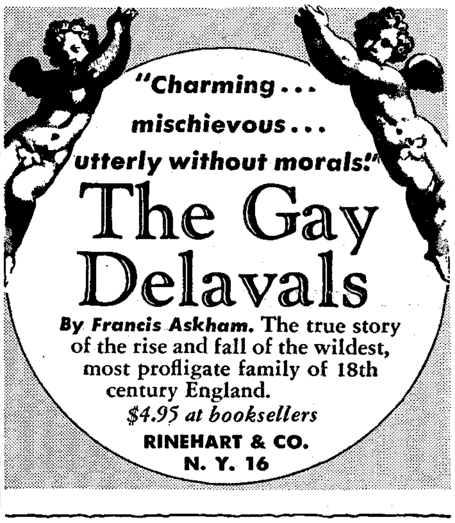

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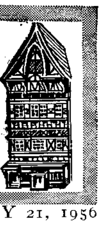

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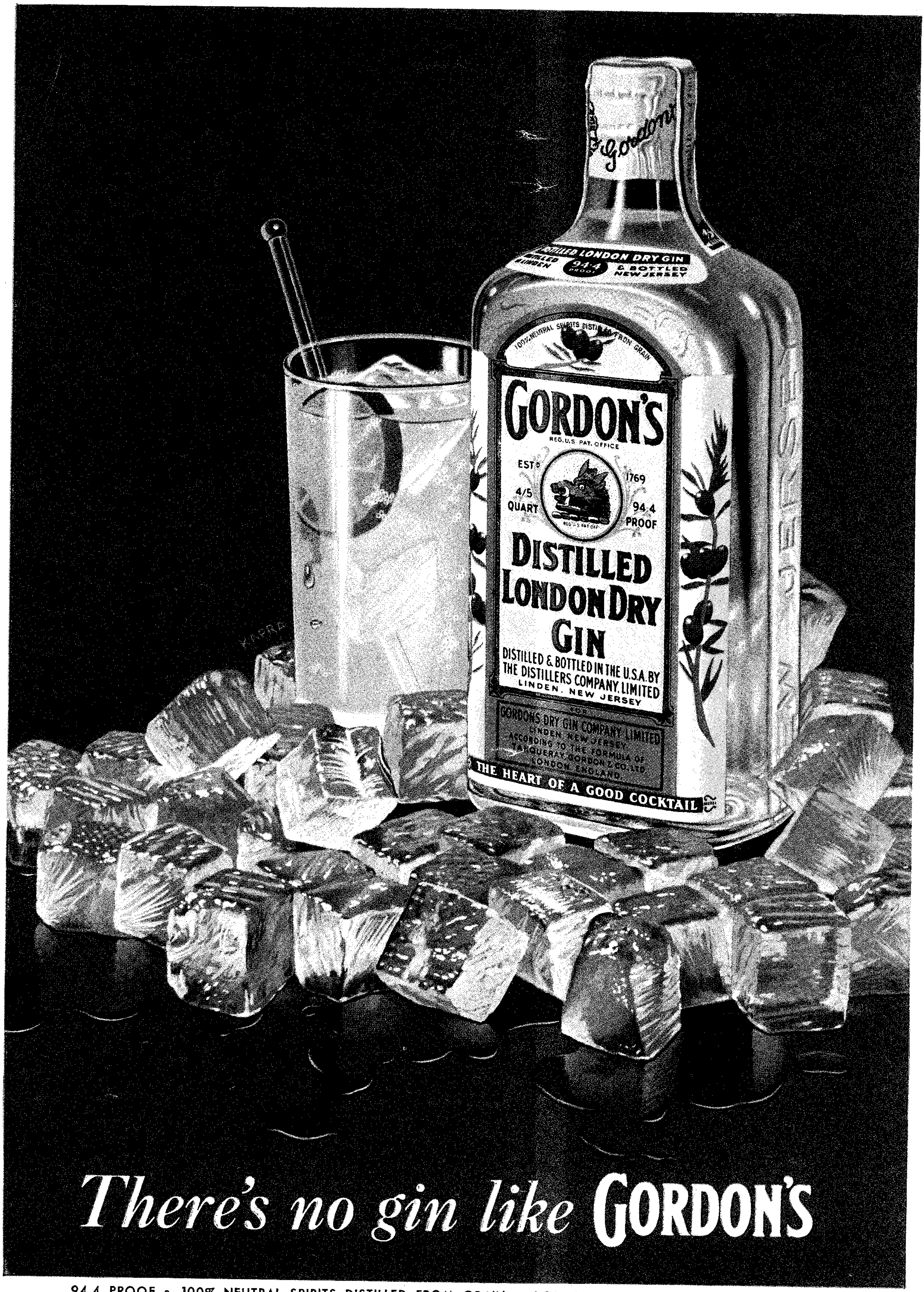
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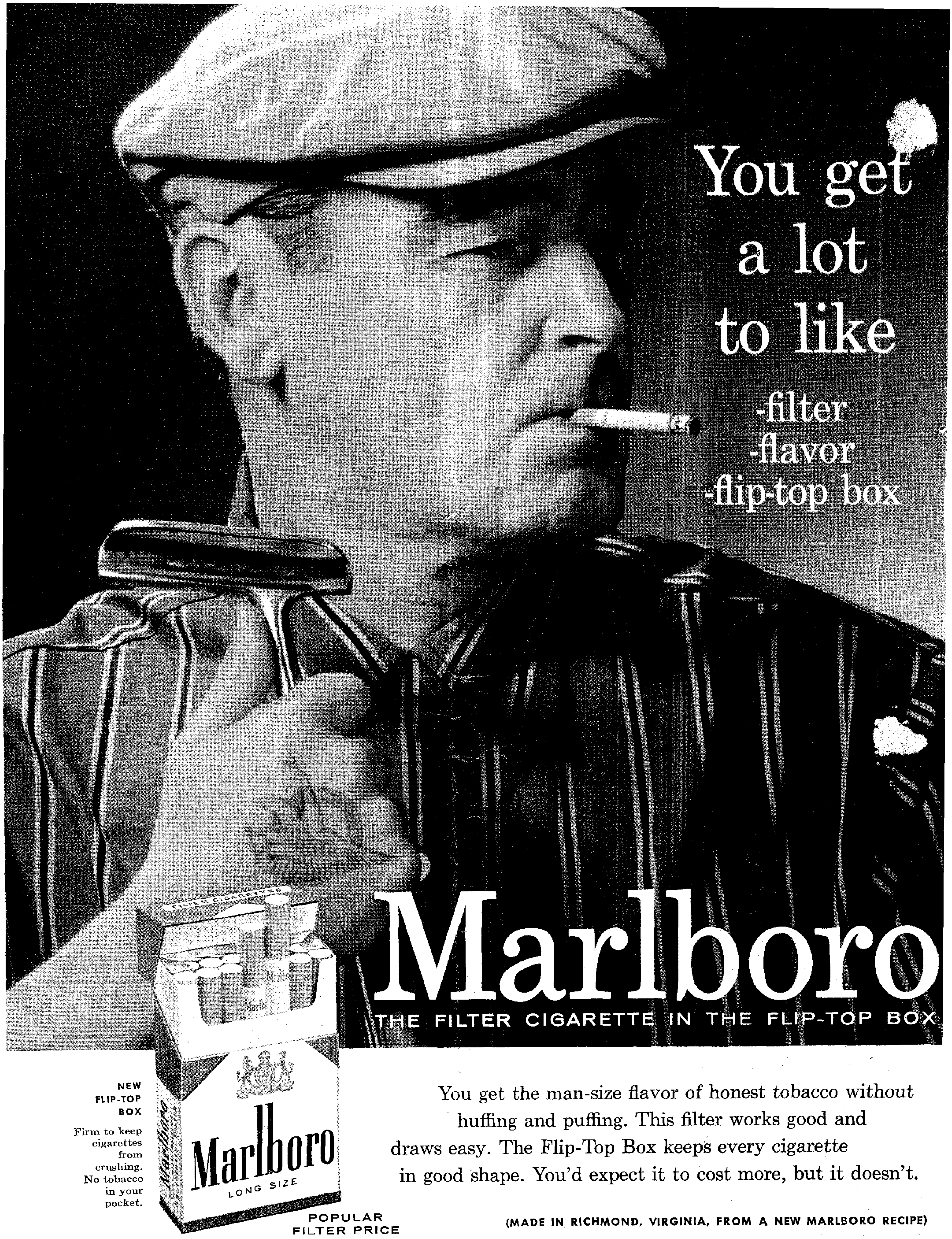
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